Collier's

APRIL 14, 1945

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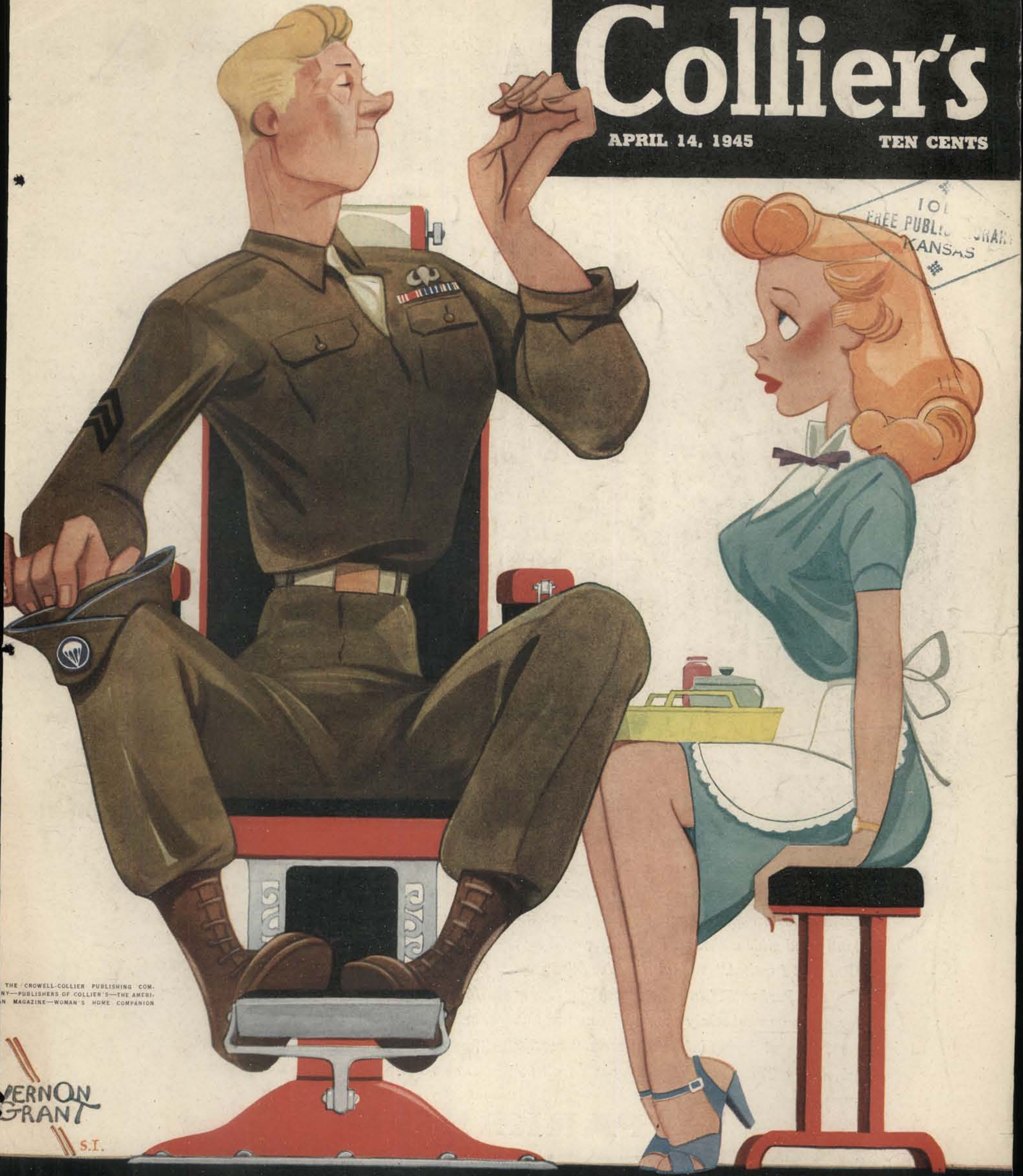

THE CROWELL-COLLIER PUBLISHING COM-
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N MAGAZINE—WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

April 14-1945

BEGINNING AN EXCITING MYSTERY ROMA

Darling, This is Death · By Dar

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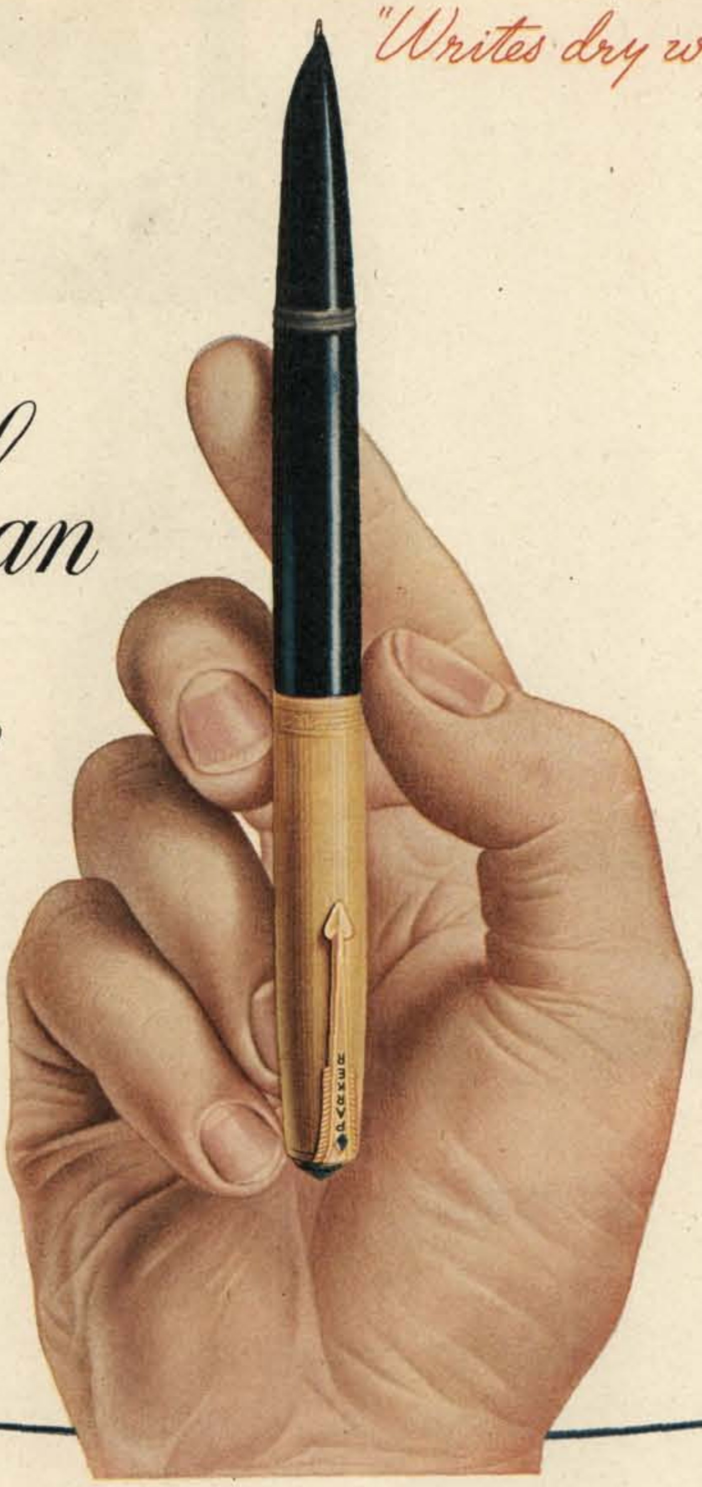
"Writes dry with wet ink!"

Sooner than you think... a Parker "51" may be yours!



More Parker "51's" are coming. So place a reservation order with your dealer. And perhaps sooner than you think, one may be yours! ♦ Then . . . as you see its ever-moist, protected point start instantly and glide without a sound . . . you'll say, "I'm glad I waited." ♦ And if you've filled your "51" with Parker "51" Ink . . . watch! Your strokes dry as you write! Only the "51" can use this world's fastest-drying ink. Yet it can use regular ink, too. ♦ This "most wanted" pen in all the world cannot be hurriedly mass produced. It must be created to the highest precision standards . . . as are the rocket fuzes and other war matériel Parker produces. So if you must wait for yours, remember . . . it's worth waiting for! ♦ Colors: Black, Blue Cedar, Dove Gray, Cordovan Brown. $12.50 and $15.00. Pencils, $5.00 and $7.50. World famous Parker Vacumatic Pens, $8.75. Pencils, $4.00. The Parker Pen Company, Janesville, Wisconsin

MAKE YOUR DOLLARS FIGHT—BUY WAR BONDS!

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PARKER "51"

The tire that sprouts wings

A PLANE can't land like a bird, reducing its speed to zero as it comes to earth. The multi-ton transports and bombers you see today come in at 65 to 140 miles an hour.

In most cases, landing wheels are standing still when all this tonnage first hits the ground. So there's a jolt and a screech because, for a measurable period of time, the wheels can't turn fast enough to match the plane's speed. Tires are dragged, scuffed, burned. Treads take a terrific beating.

Any engineer could think of the answer—make the wheels spin as the plane comes in. People even had a word for it—"prerotation." Yet no one found a way to make prerotation practical until B. F. Goodrich designed the tire above.

This tire has wing-like vanes on the sidewalls that open when the wheels are lowered for landing. B. F. Goodrich made the vanes flexible so they open at the bottom of the revolution, close at the top. The airstream pushing on these vanes causes a rate of spinning up to 80 per cent of the plane's airspeed.

This "simple" B. F. Goodrich device will increase tire life. It can save tons of rubber. Most important, prerotation lessens the shock of landing on the under-carriage. If airplanes grow beyond the super-bomber size, the latter feature will make prerotation a must.

The prerotation tire is another addition to a long list of developments . . . another example of the more-than-ordinary ability at B. F. Goodrich. You can be sure that B. F. Goodrich tires for passenger cars are built with the same care and "know how" that go into this new plane tire. *The B. F. Goodrich Company, Akron, Ohio.*

Skyway or Highway

B.F. Goodrich

FIRST IN RUBBER

Picture OF THE MONTH

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER
presents
SPENCER TRACY · KATHARINE HEPBURN
in
"WITHOUT LOVE"
with
LUCILLE BALL
KEENAN WYNN · CARL ESMOND
PATRICIA MORISON · FELIX BRESSART

Screen Play by Donald Ogden Stewart
Based on the Play by Philip Barry

Directed by . . . . HAROLD S. BUCQUET
Produced by . . LAWRENCE A. WEINGARTEN

Donald Ogden Stewart has adapted Philip Barry's Broadway play, "Without Love", into the best movie comedy we've seen since "It Happened One Night".

Spencer Tracy and Katharine Hepburn give tender, merry, and infectious performances that have a most warming effect on an audience. The direction of Harold S. Bucquet is pointed, bright, and graceful. As for the producer, Lawrence A. Weingarten, this story is right up the street he has traveled so well before.

We think there's genuine entertainment for you in every inch of this rare film. So witty is the dialogue that the laughs overlap and, if one dare say it of a comedy, come even too often! However that pace is the secret of all good comedy—laughs cutting into each other so fast that you aren't allowed a moment's respite.

This is the most outstanding Tracy-Hepburn picture since "Woman of the Year", which many of us remember so pleasantly. It will now be replaced in your affectionate regard by their latest opus, "Without Love", in which the romantic pair creates a new screen memory.

Spencer and Katharine are not the only ones in the film. Lucille Ball is in her always excellent form, and Keenan Wynn emerges as a definitely sure-fire comedian. He's headed for stardom, is our prediction. Then there are Carl Esmond, Patricia Morison, and Felix Bressart to make it just about a perfect show.

In fact, our selection of "Without Love" as the Picture of the Month is enthusiastically endorsed by capacity crowds at its World Premiere, Radio City Music Hall engagement. M-G-M holds the all-time record of this same theatre and "Without Love" now takes its place among the history-making hits which have played there.

Collier's

FOR APRIL 14, 1945

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this week

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Here's one soldier who didn't want to come back home—and for the best of all possible reasons!

I GOT THOSE BYE-BYE BABY BLUES By IRVING GAYNOR NEIMAN 18
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●

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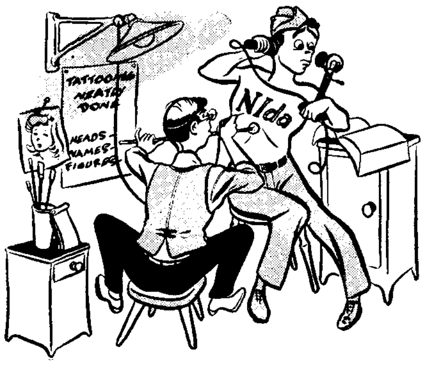
any week

THROUGH the happy agency of Mr. Frank Kavanaugh, Kansas City, Missouri, who publishes a mimeographed sheet called The Kavanaugh Kronikle, we've just heard of a G.I. who left this country with the name of his fiancée, Ida, tattooed on his chest. Before he was long gone, Ida married a 4F with a new car and a C gas ration, and it left the soldier out on a limb until he fell in love with a girl named Nida. It wasn't too much trouble to have the letter N prefixed to the Ida, but the unfortunate warrior later discovered that Nida had previously married several other soldiers. At this writing, the G.I. is looking for a girl named Nidania or something like that. Contestants for this doubtful honor are asked not to communicate with this department.



NEXT on this week's agenda is an anecdote the freshness of which we do not guarantee. The source is a veteran court reporter of Raleigh, North Carolina. He says there was a Negro preacher down there, appearing in a Superior Court case, who turned his back to the jury and spoke directly to the judge. "Address the jury," the judge ordered; but on the next question the witness again directed his answer to His Honor. "I told you to address the jury!" the judge roared. At which the witness turned to the jurors, bowed and politely said, "Good morning, gentlemen."

WE'RE hard put to make out the latest letter Mr. Walter Davenport banged out on the portable typewriter he calls The Mill. From the appearance of his communiqué, the machine must have been run over recently by an overloaded jeep. The more legible portions of the dispatch, however, reveal that your intrepid columnist is on Guam, that he has lost his third hat of the present campaign and that he's following the advice of old-timers to stay out of the midday sun. "I now have a sun helmet," W. D. admits. "When wearing it, I look as if I were standing on my head in a bathtub. Although a terrible fighting man at heart, I really don't look very damned military."

(Continued on page 74)

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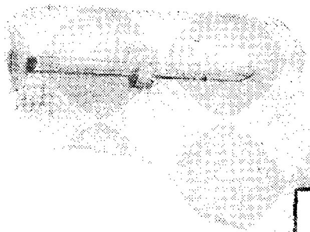
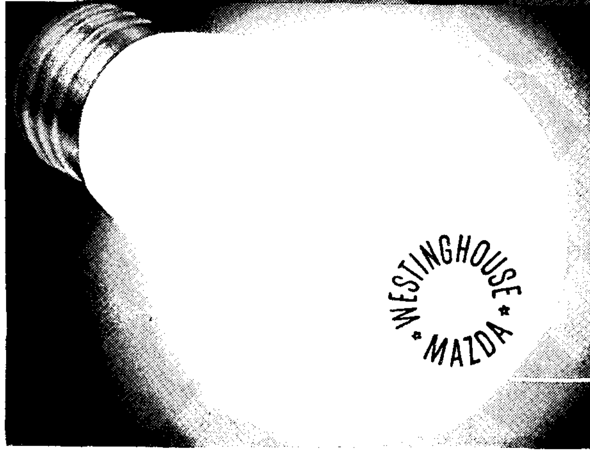
EVEN A *Princess in Pigtails* NEEDS SEE-ABILITY

Her eyes are a precious heritage. Nature gave them to her for *daylight* seeing. Yet every child must read, write, and do other close tasks under *artificial* light. That's why all indoor seeing jobs need well-diffused, glareless, *abundant* light. Why let a child go without enough light when you can fill every socket with bright, long-lasting Westinghouse bulbs? You can get the 25, 40 and 60 watt sizes for 10¢—and the big 100 watt size is only 15¢. So for better See-ability, better buy Westinghouse bulbs . . . right away. And for your free, illustrated copy of "The Lighter Side of Life" the *modern* lighting booklet—send at once to Dept. R-3, Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Co., Bloomfield, New Jersey.



A LAMP THAT KILLS BACTERIA

Today, manufacturers use the new Westinghouse Sterilamp to guard the purity of war-vital penicillin, serums and vaccines . . . for the Sterilamp produces ultra-violet rays which *kill* air-borne bacteria. Tomorrow Sterilamps will be available for home use in nurseries, sickrooms . . . wherever harmful bacteria must *not* be allowed.



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SHAVING CREAM

Guaranteed *not* to make shaving a pleasure?

No samples...no prizes... no premiums for box-tops ...yet intelligent men have flooded us with heart-warming fan mail

Before you put your money down for your next tube of shaving cream, we want to get started with you on the right basis. So we begin by presenting the biggest plank in our simple platform: The word *pleasure* shouldn't even be mentioned in the same breath with *shaving*.

From start to finish, the whole business of washing the beard with hot and cold water . . . of brushing up and rubbing in lather . . . of mowing down the bristles . . . and then applying hot towels, lotions, styptic, and talcum . . . the whole business, we say, is at best a nuisance and a bore.

That is why we do not pretend to offer you pleasure, if you use our Listerine Shaving Cream. We do promise you as much comfort as any reasonable man can expect, because we have devoted our technical skill and resources to the production of a *quality* shaving cream.

Now "quality" is an overworked word, but we think that you will agree that it's the right one, when you discover how a fraction of an inch of Listerine Shaving Cream quickly blossoms into lots and lots of good, rich lather.

If these reasonable claims for a quality product appeal to you, you're just the man who ought to meet our Listerine Shaving Cream face to face. Ask for it at any drug counter. The price is low, the tube lasts long; so it is just as smart to buy as it is smartless to use.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY
St. Louis, Mo.

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35¢ TUBE LASTS AND L-A-S-T-S

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Listerine Brushless is 25¢

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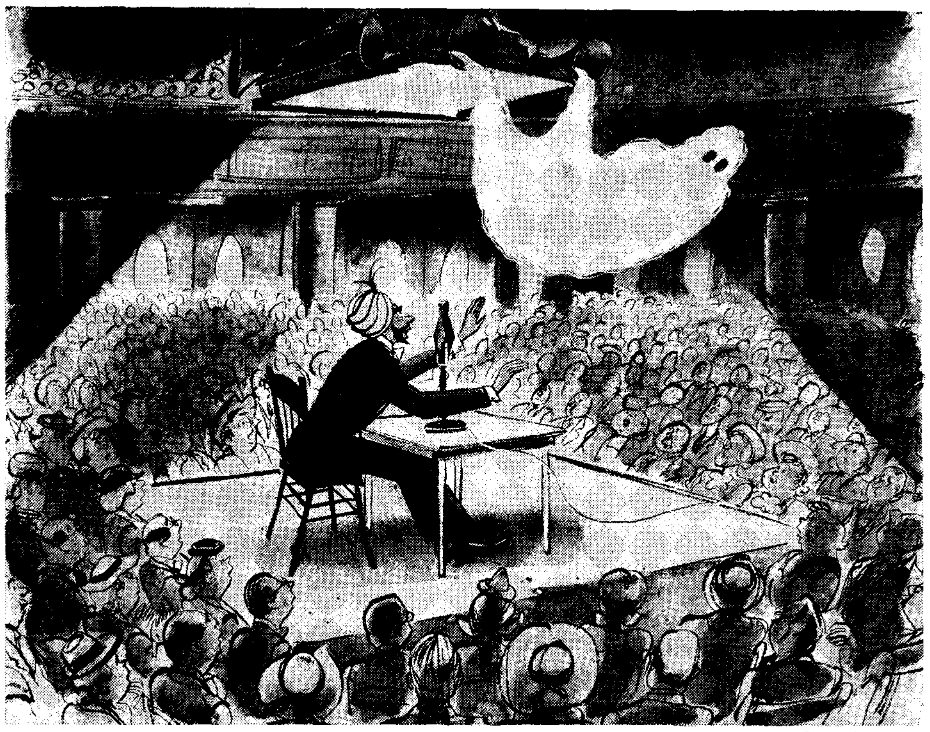
brushless
SHAVING CREAM



GREGORY D'ALESSIO

Keep up with the world

by Freling Foster

Spiritualism has become so widespread in England that today virtually all public halls are booked in advance for séances, even those so large that loud-speaker systems have to be used to enable the vast audience to hear the voices of the dead. Furthermore, faith in these voices is so strong that, for example, many women, convinced they have heard the spirit of a soldier son, have refused to believe a later official casualty notice that he was only wounded.

Two-way radio telephones are now used by 13 street-railway companies for communication between the dispatcher's office and supervisory motorcars and emergency trucks. A new device, used in conjunction with such systems, automatically records the exact time each streetcar passes a number of successive points spaced along its route. With it, a dispatcher can see at once when and where a particular car is behind schedule or stopped by an accident and can then radio the nearest supervisory car to make an investigation.

American soldiers who have landed on enemy-held territory by parachute, glider or landing craft, one or more times, are now entitled to wear a bronze arrowhead on the service ribbon for that theater of war.

During the 57 months of the war up to June 1, 1944, Nazi bombers damaged or destroyed 3,375,000 houses in Britain, an average of nearly 2,000 a day. But in the next four months, their V-1 robots destroyed or damaged 1,125,000 more houses, an average of 9,000 a day.—*By Jeanne Marks, New York City.*

In several recent cases in which collapsed veins prevented transfusions by the usual intravenous method, the patient's life was saved by injecting the blood into the marrow of the breastbone.

Experiments in transporting mail in rockets equipped with parachutes have been made in 15 countries since 1930. . . . Although young trees and other green plants require daylight, virtually all of their actual growth takes place at night. . . . In England today, a package of 20 cigarettes costs 47 cents, of which 35 cents is tax—at 292 per cent.

In a television broadcast today, the moving images are picked up by a postcard-size metal plate in the camera, containing 315,000 "electric eyes," which transmit their own individual charges of electricity so fast that they are transformed into 30 complete pictures a second on the screen of a receiver. Thus, a televised scene requires the transmission of 10,450,000 signals a second.

Several sawmills now remove bark from logs at the rate of 20 feet in 30 seconds with a new machine that fires two jets of water down at them as they rotate and pass by on a conveyor. As the jets exert the tremendous pressure of 1,400 pounds per square inch, they are moved back and forth rapidly on a carriage, so that they will not bore holes in the logs.—*By John H. Evans, Heilwood, Pa.*

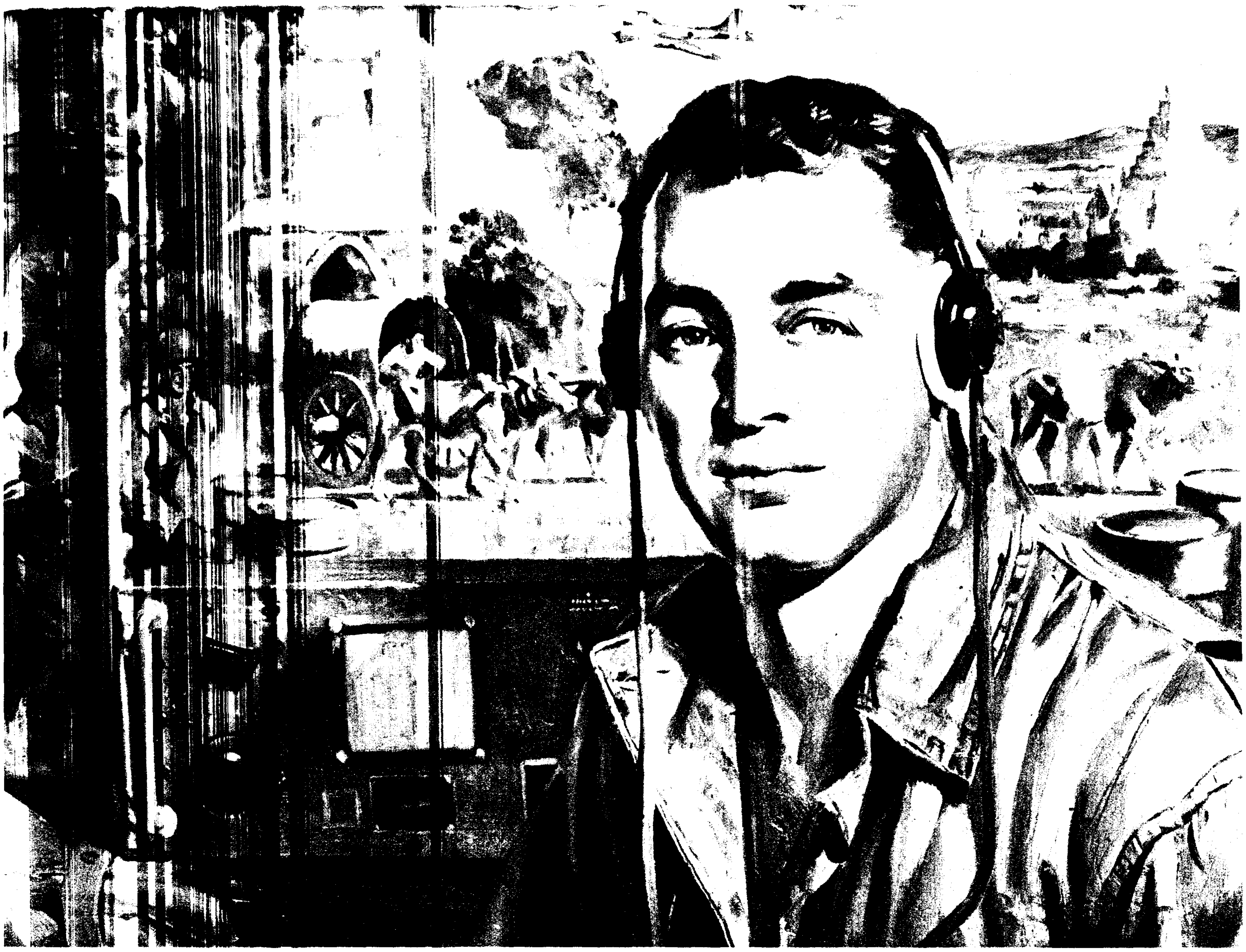
On August 30, 1914, the flower of the Russian army was annihilated at Tannenberg, East Prussia, by Von Hindenburg. So in the 1920s, the Germans erected a great eight-towered national memorial there for the burial of their war heroes and Hitler later boasted that, "Tannenberg will remain forever a symbol of Germany's greatness as a military power." But just before the city's capture by the Russians on January 21, 1945, the retreating Nazis blew up this "symbol of military power," thus indicating that they believed the entire province of East Prussia was permanently lost to Germany.

The leading aria in the opera Carmen is always called the Habanera and is widely believed to have been written by Georges Bizet, the opera's composer. But actually, the piece was written by Sebastian Yradier, its name is El Arreglito, and it is a habanera, a type of Cuban dance music.

When shedding their skin, all species of snakes also shed the outer film of their eyes. . . . A coin used in China today carries a thumbnail impression accidentally made in the wax model of its design by an empress in the seventh century.

Ten dollars will be paid for each fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by their source of information. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted, and none of its items may be reproduced without written permission

In dramatized form Keep Up with the World is now broadcast every Wednesday night (at 9:00 E.W.T., 8:00 C.W.T., 7:00 M.W.T., 6:00 P.W.T.) over 140 stations of the Blue Network



© 1945 The Studebaker Corporation

Studebaker is mighty proud of this father-and-son war team

Although half the world apart, they're still "working together"

THERE'S a lot more difference between India and Indiana than is represented by spelling and geography.

No one knows this better than U. S. Army Sergeant Roman Kowalski, now "sweating it out" as a radio operator in the steaming CBI theater, thousands of miles from his comfortable home in South Bend.

Until September, 1942, when he entered the armed forces, this young man had been a teammate of his father on a Studebaker automotive assembly line. And the two have continued to "work together" for victory because the father has been busy building Wright Cyclone engines for the Flying Fortress in a Studebaker Aviation Division plant.

One reason for the exceptional endurance of Studebaker cars and trucks is the quality of the craftsmanship which family teams like the Kowalskis have made their life work.

As the Studebaker employment roster shows, that kind of craftsmanship is a heritage which has been passed on from fathers to sons since Studebaker began business in 1852.

You may be sure the same high standards of motor car and motor truck construction will serve you faithfully after the war is won and new Studebakers can be manufactured.

Awarded To All *Studebaker Plants*

Studebaker

PEACETIME BUILDER OF
FINE CARS AND TRUCKS

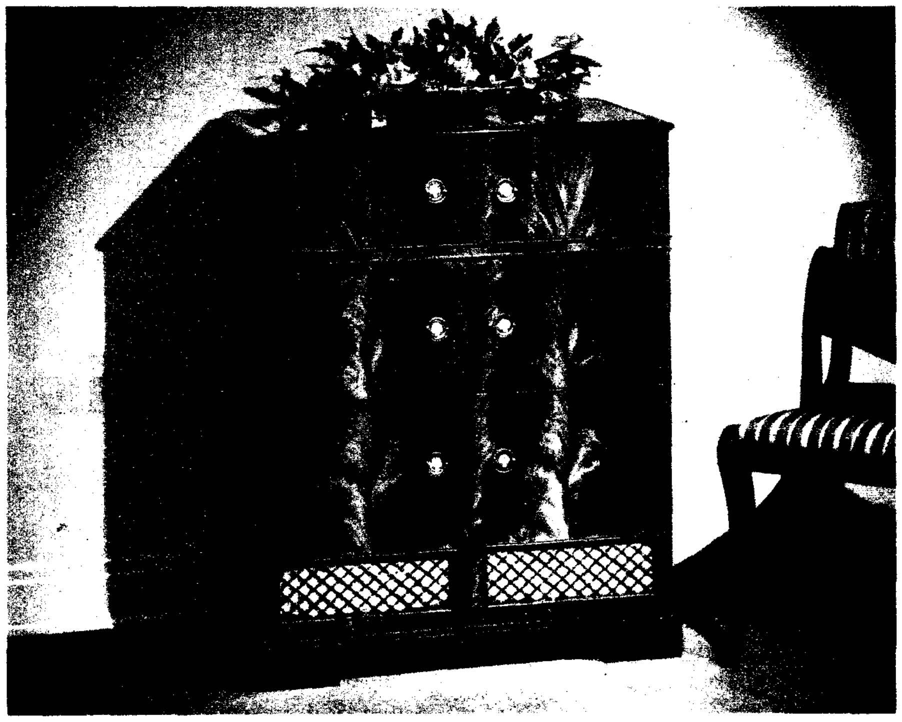
Wartime builder of Wright Cyclone engines for the Boeing Flying Fortress—heavy-duty Studebaker military trucks—the Army's versatile Weasel personnel and cargo carrier.

The sergeant's father has been busy helping assemble aircraft engines at Studebaker—A veteran of over 32 years' Studebaker employment, this head of the Kowalski family has two sons in the American Army—Edward in England—Roman, his former Studebaker team-mate, in India.

YOUR WAR BONDS HELP
KEEP AMERICA STRONG

"Music for Millions"

Today... enjoy this and other scenes in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's sparkling new hit comedy "Music for Millions."



Tomorrow... in a peaceful world, the Admiral Radio-Phonograph with Slide-A-Way will also bring *music to millions.* Just open the cabinet doors and out slides the phonograph with its trouble-free changer that automatically changes records in five seconds. Admiral Corporation, Chicago, 47—World's largest manufacturer of radio-phonographs with automatic record changers . . . makers of "America's Smart Set."

It's a postwar Promise ... *from*

Admiral

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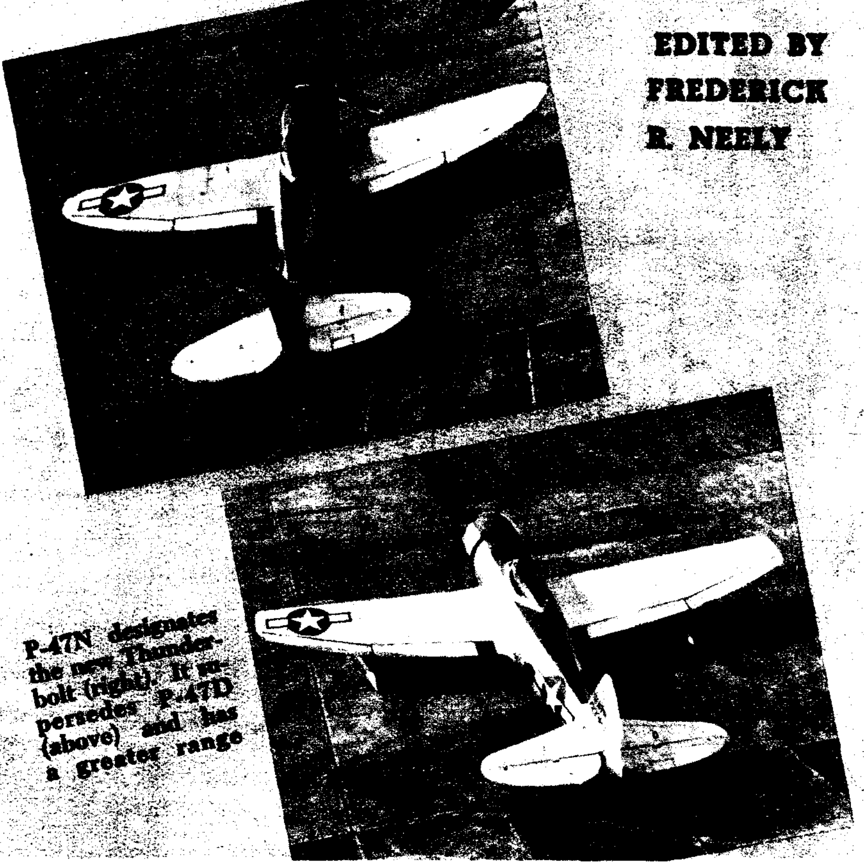
Wing Talk

EDITED BY FREDERICK R. NEELY



P-47N designates the new Thunderbolt (right). It supersedes P-47D (above) and has a greater range

AT THE start of the war, the combat radius of our fighters was about 150 miles; they could fight 150 miles away from base and still get home. But when unescorted American bombers were knocked down on their first deep penetration raids into Germany, the Army Air Forces replied with high-speed modifications for increasing our fighters' combat radius to as much as 800 miles, permitting escort to and beyond Berlin. That was still a short haul by Pacific standards. Out there, B-29s were scheduled to fly missions much longer than any in Europe.

So the AAF asked Republic Aviation Corporation engineers to increase the P-47 Thunderbolt radius, giving them 60 days in which to do it. In 55 days, the first plane, designated the P-47N, was in the air. Its existence can now be revealed and it has gone into production.

"Republic came up with more than the requested radius, and in less than the time allowed to produce it," says Major Ralph S. Foulger, project officer on P-47s at Wright Field, Ohio. Fuel range has marked significance for Major Foulger. In October, 1942, while flying from India to join Chennault's China Air Task Force, his Curtiss P-40 went dry. He made a belly landing on the Burma Road and broke his back. Rescued by Chinese peasants, he spent seven months in hospitals and nearly a year off flying status, but he's flying fighters again.

"Increasing a fighter's combat radius," he says, "is a tough assignment. You can increase range, the maximum distance a plane will fly, as in ferrying, by hanging external fuel tanks under the wings and belly. With such tanks, the P-47N will fly several thousand miles. But a plane must drop its external tanks before fighting; they would be torn off by combat maneuvers. So combat radius, the distance a plane can fly home after fighting, is measured by the capacity of its built-in fuel supply.

"The P-47's internal capacity had already been increased by 65 gallons for the European missions; that's why the job was harder. Fighters are packed with ammunition, guns, landing gear, radio and oxygen equipment. But Republic's engineers redesigned the wing, adding a section near the fuselage, and clipped the tips squarely, somewhat like those of a P-51 Mustang.

"In the added section they installed one tank at the leading edge of the wing and three around the landing-wheel well. This almost doubles the original internal fuel capacity."

Increased fuel means increased weight but the P-47N gets up beyond 450 miles an hour. It is faster than anything the Japs have in the air, and it is the most powerful single-engine production fighter in the world.

Its new Pratt & Whitney R-2800 "C" air-cooled engine develops well over 2,200 horsepower. It has a new, larger and more efficient turbosupercharger for operating above 40,000 feet. The "C" engine's water-injection equipment adds a substantial boost in power and for a longer period than earlier models.

No sacrifice was made in ammunition, guns or protective armor to provide the P-47N with this long range. It still carries eight .50-caliber guns, four in each wing. Also it can carry 10 five-inch rockets which pack the destructive power of five-inch artillery or naval shells.

"The whole problem of increasing range and combat radius," continues Major Foulger, "involved more than adding fuel. The longer the mission, the greater the chance of encountering bad weather going or coming. So the P-47N's navigating equipment, especially radio, is increased.

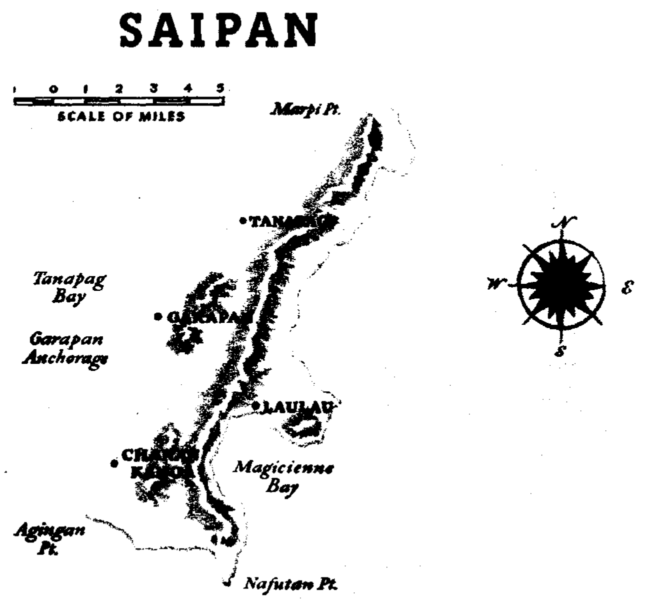
"Still more important is pilot fatigue. The first P-47N was flown for more than twelve hours nonstop. The pilot lost five pounds during that ride, just sitting there flying. Nervous and physical fatigue were very great. That showed us we needed special provisions against pilot fatigue on long missions. So we've provided arm rests on his seat, like those in a de luxe car. He can fold the rudder pedals and stretch out his legs, and if they become stiff during a long flight, he can get a free massage.

"By jiggling the valve of his G-suit, designed to prevent blackout during combat dives, the pilot can vary the pressure on the leg bands and relieve the stiffness of his muscles. During most of a long mission, the P-47N pilot can really relax.

"That may sound as if we're babying our fighter pilots. We aren't. The purpose of all this fatigue prevention is strictly military. We want the pilot to arrive at the scene of combat fresh, alert, ready to fight. We want to conserve his physical and nervous strength so that he can return to his base in any kind of weather, land safely and go out again to escort the Superforts on the long hauls."

PHILIP MCKEE

This tiny dot in the Pacific...



has more communications equipment than a city of 190,000 people!

The little island of Saipan today has communications facilities greater than those of Hartford, Connecticut.

Without this vast array of telephone, teletype and radio apparatus—much of it made by Western Electric—Saipan could not play its key part as an army, navy and air base in the great drive our fighting forces are making toward Tokyo.

When you realize that Saipan is only *one small island*—and that many more bases must be taken and similarly developed—you get some idea of the job still ahead.

In peacetime Western Electric makes your Bell telephone equipment. Today its manpower and manufacturing facilities are devoted to meeting our fighters' increased needs. That's why there is not enough telephone equipment to take care of all civilian requirements.

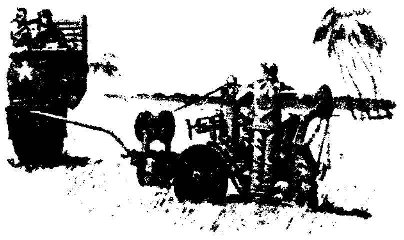
To speed final Victory, buy all the War Bonds you can—and keep them!

Western Electric

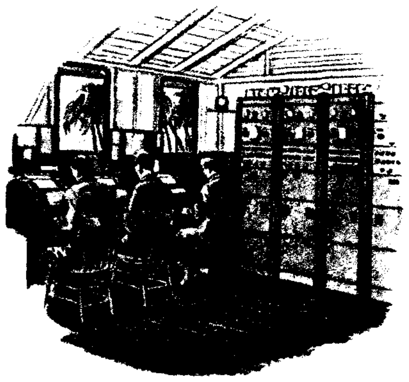
IN PEACE...SOURCE OF SUPPLY FOR THE BELL SYSTEM.
IN WAR...ARSENAL OF COMMUNICATIONS EQUIPMENT.

TELEPHONES are everywhere on Saipan, to provide instant communications throughout this island base.

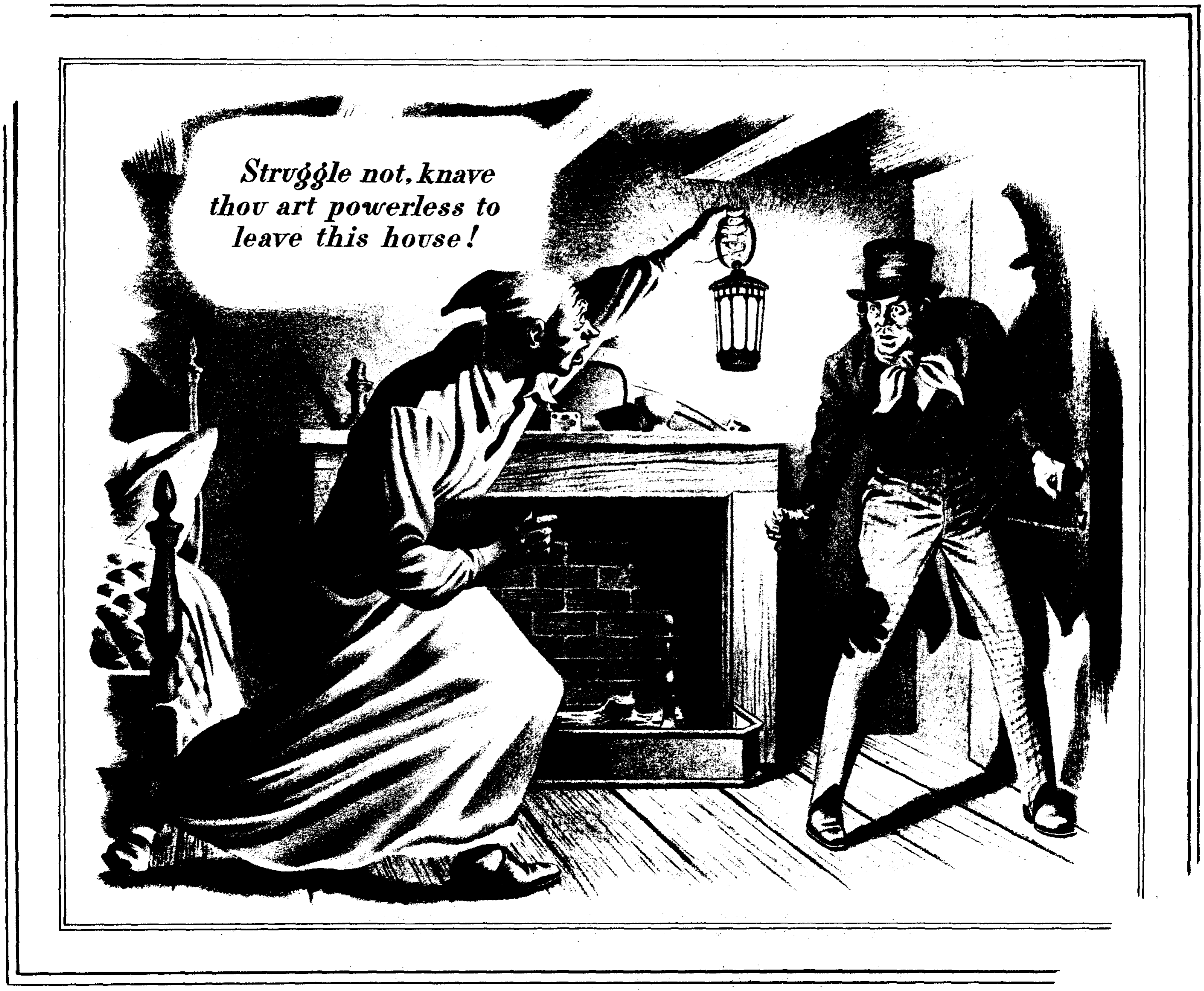
SWITCHBOARDS serving air fields, naval bases and army establishments speed vital reports and orders.



CABLE, much of it plowed underground, and open wire lines provide thousands of miles of telephone circuits.



RADIO equipment of many kinds keeps Saipan in touch with Washington, Hawaii, other islands, ships and planes.


Struggle not, knave thou art powerless to leave this house!

RAPHAEL, an English astrologer born in 1795, found in an old book these instructions for a "safe way to secure a house."

> "If thou suspectest thy House will be robbed, and would secure it from *Thieves*, as no doubt but that thou art desirous, consider the Night what Planet Reigns, and is Lord of the Ascendant, and these are the characters, the *Sun* ☉ on *Sunday*, the *Moon* ☽ on *Monday*, *Mars* ♂ on *Tuesday*, *Mercury* ☿ on *Wednesday*, *Jupiter* ♃ on *Thursday*, *Venus* ♀ on *Friday*, *Saturn* ♄ on *Saturday*.
>
> Now, consider on what night thou doest this, as to these Planets, and Write on fair Parchment these Characters, ♌ ♈ ♑, and suppose it to be on a *Sunday*, add the Planetary Character ☉ with this Number, 1, 3, 5, 1/4, 1/7.
>
> "And at that Night lay this under the Earth, or covered with a Tile in the Middle of the House, as near as may be: sprinkle it over with the Juice of Night Shade, and so go to sleep as soon as thou hast thrice repeated them over, and if the Thieves have power to enter the House, they shall have no power to get out again, or to carry anything away till the Sun Rises. And if thou be watchful, then thou mayest easily apprehend them before they are able to depart.
>
> "And this thou may'st do any day of the week, adding the Character of the Planet that Rules that Day, as I have set it down, to what is beside set down in order."

Far be it from us to scoff at these instructions.

True, it seems unlikely to us that any combination of parchment, planetary characters, and juice of the night shade would discomfit burglars. But, only too often, the most modern methods of our day fail, too.

When you come right down to it, there is really only one infallible way to deal with burglars or most of the other serious hazards which confront every one of us.

You cannot prevent burglars from breaking into your house and making off with all sorts of your dearest possessions. But insurance can help you replace these possessions.

Fire may destroy your home entirely, in spite of all the precautions you may take. But insurance will build you a new one.

In a 6-block trip to the drugstore, you might have an automobile accident which could cripple you financially and mortgage your earning power for years to come. You might, that is, unless you have insurance, which not only protects you from financial loss but takes care of all the details and troubles which an accident entails.

Even Raphael has no suggestions for coping with that final hazard, death. But, through insurance, a man can exorcise completely the haunting fear that his family will suffer from poverty and want after he's gone.

MORAL: Insure in The Travelers. The Travelers Insurance Company, The Travelers Indemnity Company, The Travelers Fire Insurance Company, Hartford, Connecticut.

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KANSAS

DARLING, THIS IS DEATH

COLLIER'S
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
FOR APRIL 14, 1945

BY DANA CHAMBERS

Beginning the hair-raising story of a chase that whirled from winter ice to summer sunshine, from Connecticut to Florida, from murder to comedy to romance

FIRST came the snow: hours of it, billows of it, and beautiful. Then the mist: a watery veil over all New England for two days. And when the whole sodden landscape had grown gray and water-logged, some invisible giant in the stratosphere far above Greenland blew a spectral icy breath—and the mist began with a kind of quiet ferocity to congeal. . . .

That night an astonished moon found every road, and field, every familiar outline cased in glistening blue-white ice. Across the whole countryside from Litchfield to the Massachusetts line, intermittent fierce violet flashes ran like some ghastly chain of signal fires as power lines collapsed. Then—with sharp hard crashes like pistol shots in the night—the big trees began to go. . . .

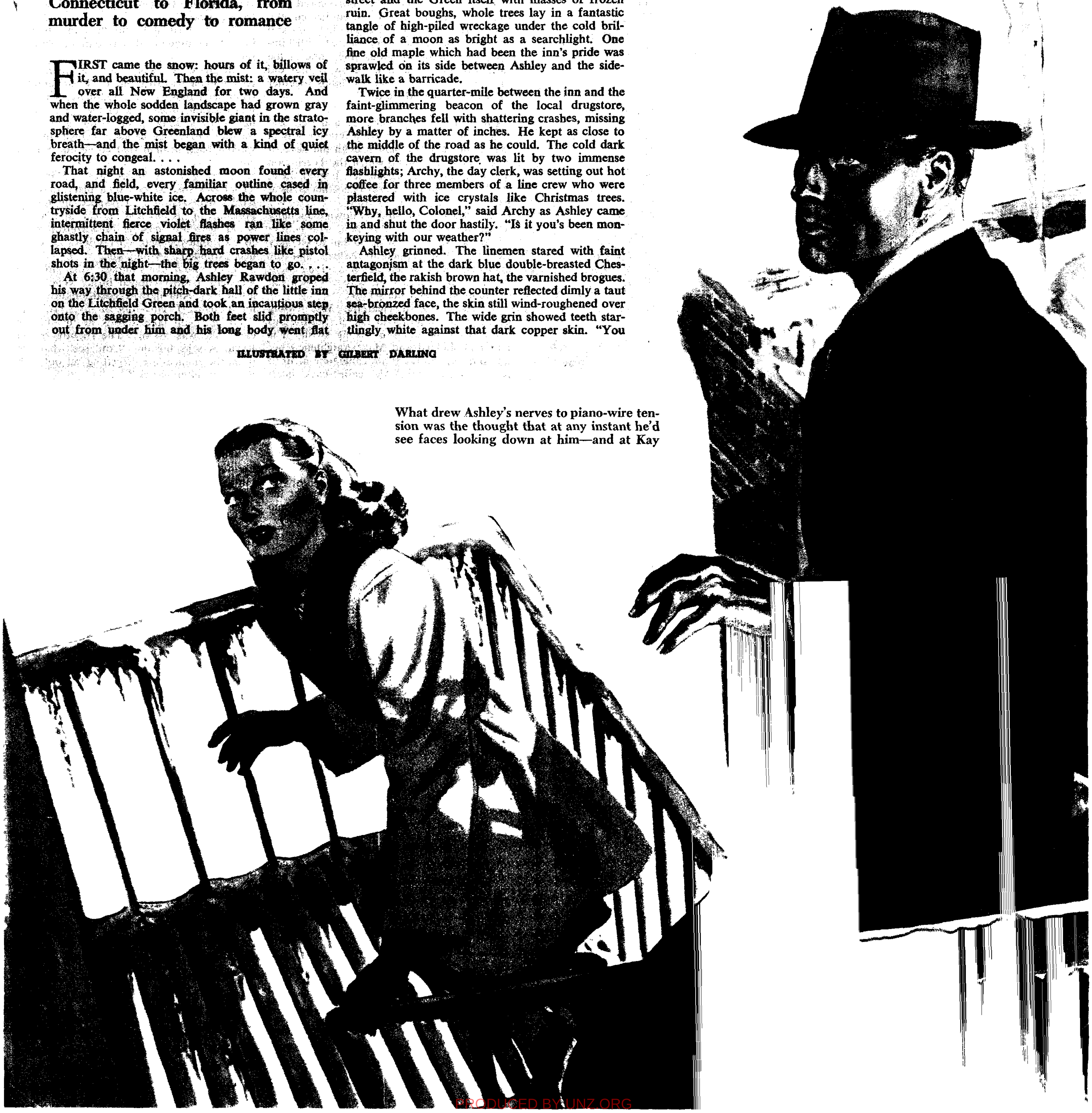
At 6:30 that morning, Ashley Rawdon groped his way through the pitch-dark hall of the little inn on the Litchfield Green and took an incautious step onto the sagging porch. Both feet slid promptly out from under him and his long body went flat with a bone-jarring crash. He picked himself up and stood staring in amazement.

The lovely Litchfield elms—trees that were old and famous in Washington's day—filled the long street and the Green itself with masses of frozen ruin. Great boughs, whole trees lay in a fantastic tangle of high-piled wreckage under the cold brilliance of a moon as bright as a searchlight. One fine old maple which had been the inn's pride was sprawled on its side between Ashley and the sidewalk like a barricade.

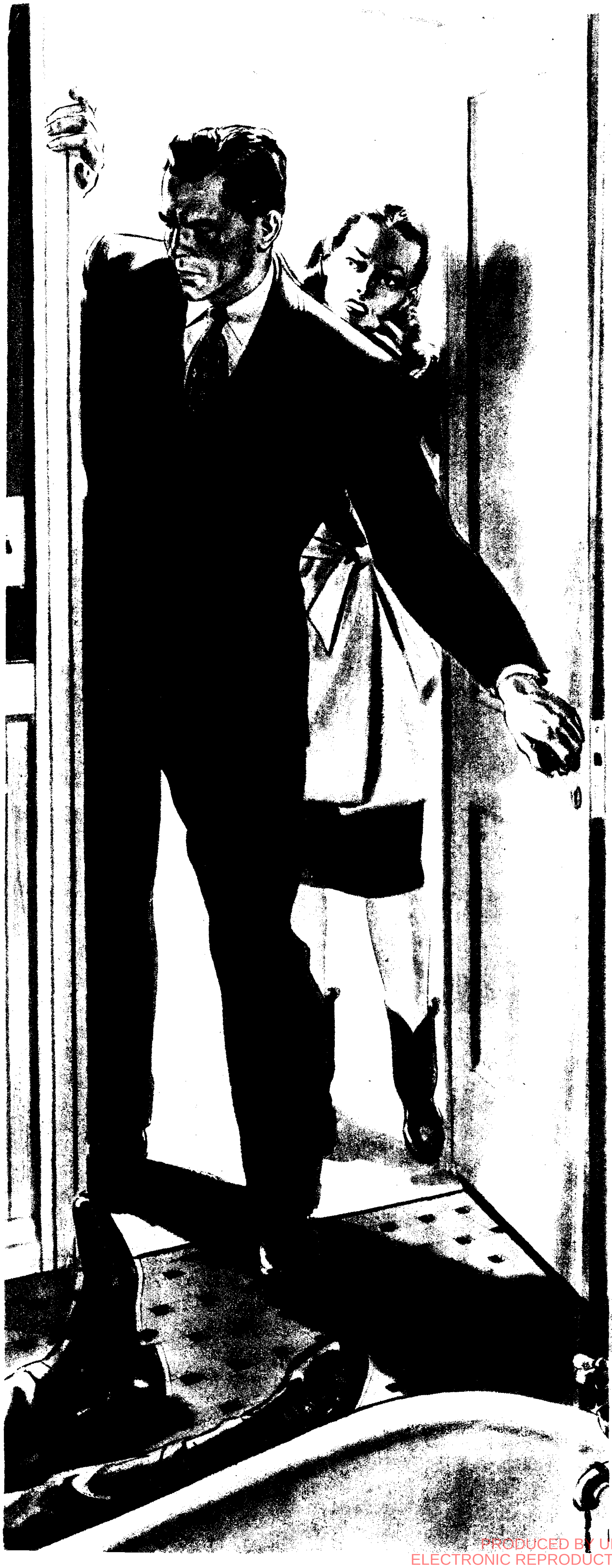
Twice in the quarter-mile between the inn and the faint-glimmering beacon of the local drugstore, more branches fell with shattering crashes, missing Ashley by a matter of inches. He kept as close to the middle of the road as he could. The cold dark cavern of the drugstore was lit by two immense flashlights; Archy, the day clerk, was setting out hot coffee for three members of a line crew who were plastered with ice crystals like Christmas trees. "Why, hello, Colonel," said Archy as Ashley came in and shut the door hastily. "Is it you's been monkeying with our weather?"

Ashley grinned. The linemen stared with faint antagonism at the dark blue double-breasted Chesterfield, the rakish brown hat, the varnished brogues. The mirror behind the counter reflected dimly a taut sea-bronzed face, the skin still wind-roughened over high cheekbones. The wide grin showed teeth startlingly white against that dark copper skin. "You

ILLUSTRATED BY GILBERT DARLING



What drew Ashley's nerves to piano-wire tension was the thought that at any instant he'd see faces looking down at him—and at Kay



There was no answer to his call and he opened the door. Evans lay flat on his back alongside the bathtub. Kay's face in the doorway was a pale question mark. Ashley said, "I told you to keep away. He's dead"

ever see anything like it, man or boy?" he asked. "I never did. Coffee, Archy, please."

After he'd warmed his insides with some of the coffee, Ashley asked, "You fellows think the bus can get through?"

"Dunno," said one. "'Tain't so bad outside of town here; Mac might make it at that."

"He'll make it," said Archy, with the calm assurance of the local sage. "We had storms like this before. Why, in nineteen-two—"

Ashley choked down the rest of the coffee as fast as he could and got a refill. The clock over the mirror ticked loudly. "There!" said Archy in triumph, interrupting his tale to point out the window, "Wha'd I tell you?"

Far up the fantastic canyon which was now the Torrington road two small bright stars appeared, with two violet lights riding close above them. The long truncated cigar shape of the cross-country bus slewed to a stop outside; the driver hurled his chunky body through the door slapping his arms and snorting. He seemed very pleased with himself. "Y'done pretty good, Mac," one of the line crew informed him. "Now if that old bundle of bolts of yours just holds together till you hit New Milford—"

ASHLEY left them debating and went out to the bus. Its freezing interior was at first glance empty; then through the haze of cold stale cigar smoke which the Torrington morning-shift workers had left behind them, Ashley saw that there was one other passenger.

He nodded briefly and sat down diagonally across the aisle from this man, who neither stirred nor spoke. It was too dim to see very clearly, but it seemed to Ashley that the man's eyes were closed. He was a long angular shape in a dark coat, with a slouch hat pulled down over a sharp nose.

As Ashley lit a cigarette, Mac swung aboard and the powerful Diesel shot the bus away from the curb in a long swish. The rear end skidded and Mac straightened her out and they hit the hill on the New Milford road. "Day like this," Mac called back cheerfully, "it's just God's mercy if we get there or not. . . ."

Ashley considered telling him that a little less speed might supplement divine mercy, but he said nothing.

In a few hours he'd be in New York where he would find out how his last article on the Merchant Marine was liked. He would collect payment for it, pick up his bags at the club, get a taxi to Penn Station and there send a telegram . . . then board a train south.

Count your mercies, he told himself. You're thirty-four years old, have enough money to live on for two years and a Florida ticket in your pocket. The piece of shrapnel still in your leg means you're out of the blasted war—for a while, anyway. You ought to be feeling simply swell.

Well, why aren't you?

I'll tell you why, he said to himself. It is merely a natural letdown after what you've been through. It—

But suddenly the attempt at cheerful objectivity petered out, and grinding out his cigarette he thought: You might as well come clean with yourself. The reason you feel low is very simple. You don't like to admit it but it gets back . . . doesn't it? . . . to Sandra. . . .

In the smoky haze her face appeared suddenly as clearly as though she had been there in the flesh; her face as he had last seen it, when she came down the steps of St. Thomas's two years ago with her hand on William Arden's arm. The only trouble with the vision was that William Arden's face was in it too: the faintly puffy jowls over the high collar, the hard, arrogant and slightly brutal look in the black eyes. Take a good look at both of them Ashley thought, she's gone for good now, she was gone for good long ago. Umpteen million dollars and the chance to be Mrs. William Arden of Sharon, New York and Palm Beach were just too tempting a prospect for Mrs. Wendell's little girl.

He fumbled for another cigarette. The bus careened round a sharp curve and the air brakes went on suddenly, slamming Ashley forward in his seat. The bus slid along like a giant sleigh while Mac fought the wheel; the bus stopped with a resentful jerk. Mac's voice was resentful too. "Goshamighty!" it said. "Another two feet an' there'd have been mighty little left of *that* crate!" He pointed through the window. "Nor that gal neither."

Ashley stood up and looked.

Crosswise across the road with the rear wheels in the icy ditch, a long primrose-yellow convertible lay like a crippled gull. Beside it, in the glare of the bus' headlamps, stood a girl. If the bus had skidded another yard, Ashley thought irritably, she'd have been mashed like—

Then his heart did a flip-flop: for one wild instant he thought it was Sandra standing there.

The girl wore a smart-looking fur-trimmed coat and she was stripping fur-lined gauntlets from her hands as she stood there. Her face was a dead-white mask in the glare but its lips were smiling a stiff little grin. "I'm awfully sorry," she called. "I ought to have walked back around that curve and warned you."

Ashley got out beside Mac. Mac said, "That was sure a heck of a place to stand, lady." He went on to inspect the relative positions of his bus and her car, and Ashley could hear him making little fretful noises like an annoyed hen. "How long have you been stranded?" Ashley said.

"Only about five minutes," the girl said. She had a swift clipped husky voice, very attractive. And darned good-looking, Ashley thought. Twenty-four or -five, probably.

"*Would* you take a look at this blasted car?" she was asking. The slightly shaded broad A said Boston. "And see what you think the chances are of getting her out without a wrecking truck."

"Your left-hand tire's flat," Ashley reported. "Thing for you to do is to leave her here—we can probably shove the nose around so she won't be blocking traffic—and ride along with us as far as New Milford—"

"Oh, I couldn't," the girl said. "I couldn't, I *really* couldn't leave the car." She sounded faintly shocked. The high blank side of the bus towered above them. Mac's petulant voice said:

"Well, we gotta do *some*thing so's I can get by. I gotta be on my way right *now*."

Ashley said, "Mac, I'll take the wheel and you see if you can bunt her around with your front end."

"Okay."

ASHLEY got in the yellow car; Mac got in the bus. Mac in his driver's seat gave her the gun; the Diesel roared. The girl had moved down the length of the bus to a point where, as it gave a forward lurch, she was standing directly under the open window of the apparently still-sleeping traveler who had sat across from Ashley. As Ashley glanced that way to make sure the girl wouldn't be sideswiped he could see the blurred silhouette of the man's upper torso, the forward-sagging shoulders, and the head sunk forward between them, chin on chest. Guy must be in a trance, Ashley thought, and his eyes swept down past the girl and back to the road again. At that precise instant a curious thing happened.

As though it had fallen from the sky or the window just above her, a tiny white object like a large snowflake streaked vertically down just in front of the girl's coat and then vanished from Ashley's sight on the hard white ice at her feet. The next instant his attention was concentrated on the huge snout of the bus edging against her bumper, but he could have sworn that out of the tail of his eye he saw the girl bend, pick up something and stand up again.

That was all, and the only reason it was curious was that the silent traveler's silhouette hadn't moved—and snowflakes were out of the question because there wasn't a cloud in the moon-drenched sky. Ashley forgot that

(Continued on page 59)

THUR GRIFFIN

New England State Grange Masters, meeting in Boston, asked to attend a recent F-L-S meeting. Reading clockwise from left are Harvey Turner, Dorothy Speare, Grange Masters Carroll Bean, Henry Stoddard and Harry Page, Grange Lecturer Mrs. Lillian Atkinson, Francis Carmichael, J. Claude Shea, E. J. Stewart and "Uncle George" Putnam

NEW ENGLAND GET-TOGETHER

BY ANDRÉ FONTAINE

For the first time in U.S. history, farmers, organized labor and small businessmen have joined forces to fight for their mutual economic rights. Here's the first report on who they are, what they are doing

THE gentlemen of the Senate Military Affairs Committee knew perfectly well what they were going to do, and consequently they were a little bored. The hearings were over, the deals had all been made and the necessary votes lined up. The committee was going to recommend that the Senate confirm President Roosevelt's appointments of Robert A. Hurley and Lieutenant Colonel Edward H. Heller as members of the Surplus Property Board. And the Senate, held in line by Administration whips, would duly give the okay.

But just before the committee was to vote, each member received a telegram. By the time all had read it, the battle over the appointments was no longer safely ended; it had flared up with renewed vigor. The wires were from something called the Farm-Labor-Small Business Congress of New England. It said that while Messrs. Hurley and Heller were probably both able and honest, they did not possess the exceptional qualifications which the job required. They were, the congress said, political appointees, when the need was for men of vast merchandising experience, "enlightened wariness," and an integrity strong enough to withstand enormous pressures from interested groups.

Describing the committee members' reaction to the telegram later, a senator said, "You should have seen their faces. They were thunderstruck! The thing had been all lined up; nobody was objecting. Then the wires came in. Why, it made them feel that someone was really watching them!"

Someone was. But the senators could be pardoned for not expecting it from that particular quarter. Because a few months before, the Farm-Labor-Small Business Congress of New England had been nothing more than an idea in the agile brain of an attractive Boston woman.

The organization held its first meeting in Boston on August 25, 1944, and within 24 hours had plunged into the surplus-property fight by opposing the Colmer Bill which would have placed a single administrator in charge of this vital reconversion program. By last December, its authority had grown so much that its telegrams to the Military Affairs Committee were sufficient by themselves to force reopening of hearings on the Hurley and Heller appointments. The group was not able to stop confirmation of the appointments, but it claims that its opposition did keep Hurley from being named chairman of the Surplus Property Board. Ex-Senator Guy M. Gillette of Iowa, the board's third member, was named chairman by the President on January 20th.

Probably the name of the congress is one of the reasons why its telegram had such an effect on the committee. American farmers and their families make up one quarter of our population; there are 35 million gainfully employed in the U.S., and more than 90 per cent of all American business units are small (less than eight employees). Any organization that spoke for these three was guaranteed to get a respectful ear from any senator.

No such organization has ever been formed in America before. Farmers and labor managed to get together for a time in Minnesota during the twenties, but the organization has petered out in recent years. Whether the present New England congress will long continue is open to question; it does have ambitions to extend to the rest of the country, organizing it on a regional basis. For the congress is not a mass organization; it works from the top, includes only the regional heads of member groups. If these plans are successful, it will be due largely to the work of the organization's keystone, Dorothy Speare.

(Continued on page 39)

SHE HEARD HIM SAY IT *Twice*

BY BERNARD VICTOR DRYER

I DON'T know how we got started talking about women; you never knew even though you came back to Topic A every time. The guys sit around talking about rotation back home to the States and discharge—or passing out misinformation about curing malaria and the green-apple quickstep—and all of a sudden somebody is murmuring about women who speak English and wear silk stockings. But anybody who doesn't know that your feelings about a girl can be as real as a chunk of shrapnel hitting you where you live—anybody like that must live in a cool, clean sterile vacuum bottle. I know. I had both the girl and the shrapnel.

Sol, who gets letters and pictures and pictures and letters from his wife, each one with the baby growing bigger and her smiling right into the camera, Sol said, "Women, women, women! You guys! Always talkin' in circles!"

"And that's the closest you'll ever get to rotation, brother!" put in Barney, which made everybody laugh, even though nobody really considered the subject funny.

All this was pretty much for my benefit, because my orders were signed and sealed; my replacement was here and I was being rotated back to States-side duty, leaving Africa the next morning.

And I didn't want to go.

It was one of those crazy G.I. accidents you know will never happen to you, and then does. After nineteen months in Oran, Salerno and now French West Africa, I still didn't want to go back; and I had my reasons.

"Son," Barney was saying to me, "you look like your motor needs a little antifreeze."

"Could be," I said. "I can still see."

Barney had stopped a slug with his shoulder at Salerno and met me in the next stretcher on the tank deck of an LST the day I thought I was dying; Barney and I had a lot of things in common; we'd been pinned under the 88s on the same beach, we'd been serving in the same outfit over a year, and we were the only ones who could *parlez français un peu* and make small talk with the native work gangs. I could always count on Barney.

He picked up the bottle of *eau de vie*. "How much?"

"Two fingers."

Barney held four fingers against the glass and started pouring.

"Take it easy," I said, "that's four." But he kept pouring.

It was cheap Algerian stuff, and it burned all the way down, but it dissolved a knot or two on the way. All my memories were so vivid and complete, every movement I made was so thorough and well controlled, that I knew I was drunk.

Sergeant Robbins, our CQ, stuck his head into the hut. I was looking hard at him, probably with a big question mark smeared all over my face, but he didn't seem to notice me. "A fine thing," he said, "a fine thing. We go to all that trouble supplying nice chlorinated water for you birds, and you guzzle a month's ration of beer in one night."

"It's a pretty special night, Robby," Barney said.

"Yeah," said the sergeant, "in more ways than one. Heard the news?"

"Have a drink, Robby," I said. "Take the film off your teeth."

He looked at me, then said, "By the way, General Rotation, there's a very sweet French voice on the phone for you. Hurry up, chum, you're tying up the line."

That answered my question.

"Pardon me, boys," I said getting up. "This is strictly Condition Red."

This phone call. I had expected it, yet I didn't want this burnt-end-of-a-candle kind of business—a phone call in an Army office with the efficient new desks and the efficient new sergeant busy at not hearing anything.

Robbins cleared his throat as we went up the steps of the Administration building.

"You know," he said hesitantly, and for a minute he was just a young fellow anxious to be friendly and swap a few words, "the Americans entered Paris this afternoon."

"No," I said. "That's sure moving."

"Damn' right. Heard it over BBC myself. This afternoon. Well, won't be long now."

So that was it. Helene understood how I felt, but when Paris was liberated, she knew, and I knew, that the good-by which we had said last night wasn't really what we both would want.

[redacted]

As we walked into the tobacco-smelling office I heard voices and the scrape of chairs upstairs. Robbins saw my look and said, "Big-shot meeting up there. The CO, the major, everybody."

"What's cookin'?"

He shrugged. "Some radio came in. No matter what it is, at this time of night, can it be good?"

When I picked the field phone off its leather case, I looked at the mouthpiece just a second before I said, in the half-joking way I'd used so many times before, "'Allo, Bébé."

"'Allo, Pete," she said. She sounded breathless. "The news, did you hear?"

"*Oui,*" I said, "just now. It's wonderful."

"You can hardly imagine, Pete."

"I have a rough idea."

"*Vous raisonnez avec votre tête mais pas avec votre coeur.*"

"*Avec mon coeur aussi.*" Her English was better than my primer French, but she knew I liked trying to say things her way. I could hear people singing in the background at her end of the wire; in my mind I could see the men and women and kids crowding the cobblestone streets outside her house.

"It is possible for you to come into the town, Pete?"

"*Non,*" I said.

"Oh, Pete." Her voice broke.

"Not before twenty minutes," I added.

"You," she said, "I'll kill you for that one."

As I started to put down the phone, I heard a new voice crackling in the receiver. I lifted it and said, "Hello?"

"That you, Crane?" Sandpaper voice. The major.

"Yes, sir."

"Finished with the line, maybe? And if you are, get the hell off it!"

So I did just that, fast.

Robby looked up from across the room. "Who was that, Chief Thundercloud?"

"Guess," I said. "Just try to guess."

"He told me to tell you to stick around. Very important, he said."

"No can do," I said. "Gotta go see some French authorities. Helene Moussac in particular."

"He'll nail your hide to the wall, Pete. He wants you here."

I picked up my cap.

"He can nail me," I said, "if he can reach me on that boat to the States tomorrow morning."

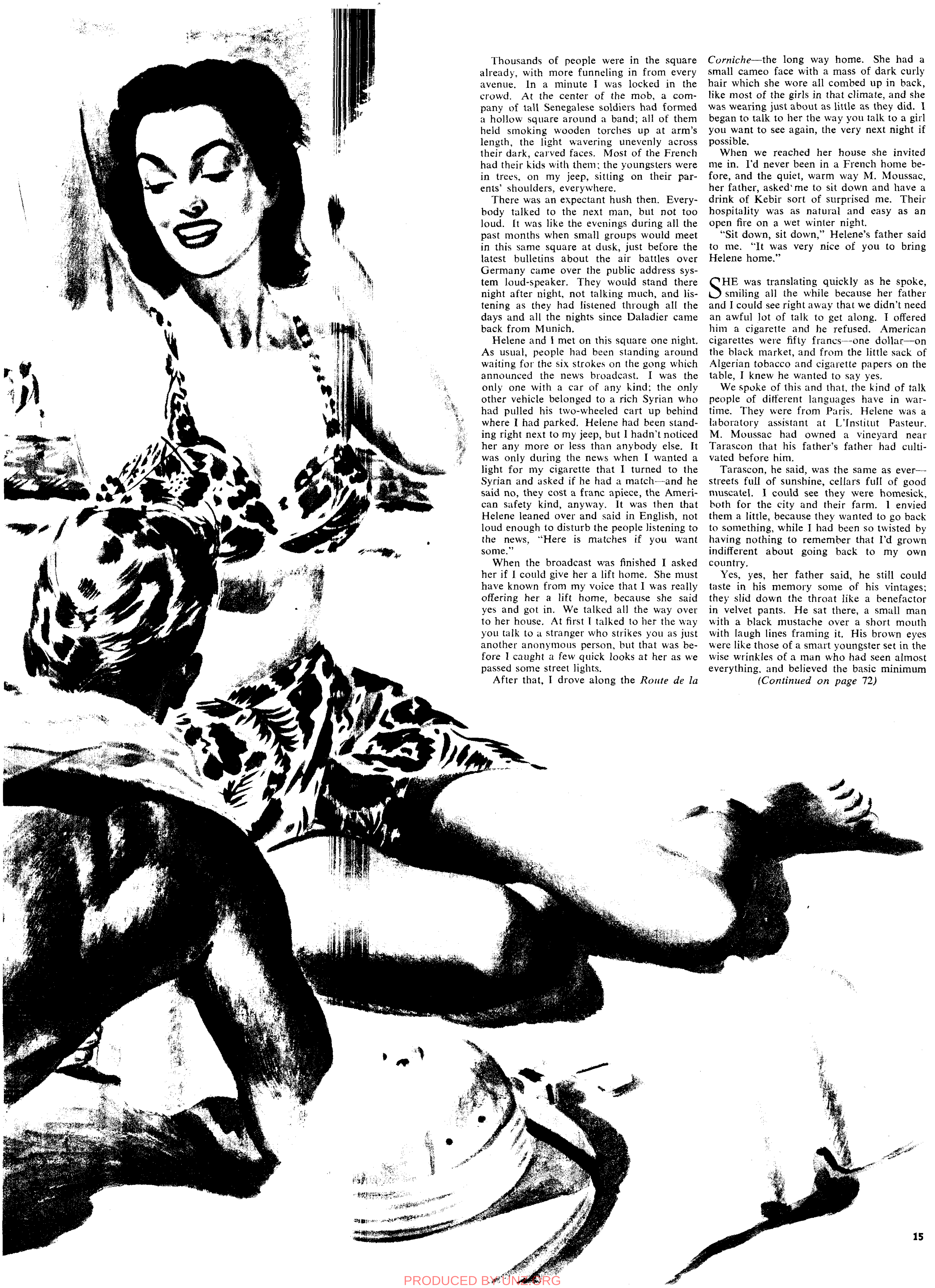
"You're drunk," Robby said. "And I wish I knew on what."

"It's an old French wine, Robby," I said, "called *toujours l'amour.*" And then I went away from there, because I wasn't kidding.

The trip through town was like trying to drive through a revolving door. I put one hand on the horn and plowed into the crowds jamming the streets, but people kept climbing aboard my jeep, clapping me on the back and offering me a drink. Finally, I ducked around Avenue Maginot toward *de la Republique,* but as soon as I hit the square—the *Place de la Liberté*—I realized my mistake.

"Pete," said Helene, "where do we go from here?" I squinted against the sun to look up at her. "Well," I said, "confidentially I'm planning to love you and leave you and never give you a second thought"

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL CORDREY



Thousands of people were in the square already, with more funneling in from every avenue. In a minute I was locked in the crowd. At the center of the mob, a company of tall Senegalese soldiers had formed a hollow square around a band; all of them held smoking wooden torches up at arm's length, the light wavering unevenly across their dark, carved faces. Most of the French had their kids with them; the youngsters were in trees, on my jeep, sitting on their parents' shoulders, everywhere.

There was an expectant hush then. Everybody talked to the next man, but not too loud. It was like the evenings during all the past months when small groups would meet in this same square at dusk, just before the latest bulletins about the air battles over Germany came over the public address system loud-speaker. They would stand there night after night, not talking much, and listening as they had listened through all the days and all the nights since Daladier came back from Munich.

Helene and I met on this square one night. As usual, people had been standing around waiting for the six strokes on the gong which announced the news broadcast. I was the only one with a car of any kind; the only other vehicle belonged to a rich Syrian who had pulled his two-wheeled cart up behind where I had parked. Helene had been standing right next to my jeep, but I hadn't noticed her any more or less than anybody else. It was only during the news when I wanted a light for my cigarette that I turned to the Syrian and asked if he had a match—and he said no, they cost a franc apiece, the American safety kind, anyway. It was then that Helene leaned over and said in English, not loud enough to disturb the people listening to the news, "Here is matches if you want some."

When the broadcast was finished I asked her if I could give her a lift home. She must have known from my voice that I was really offering her a lift home, because she said yes and got in. We talked all the way over to her house. At first I talked to her the way you talk to a stranger who strikes you as just another anonymous person, but that was before I caught a few quick looks at her as we passed some street lights.

After that, I drove along the *Route de la Corniche*—the long way home. She had a small cameo face with a mass of dark curly hair which she wore all combed up in back, like most of the girls in that climate, and she was wearing just about as little as they did. I began to talk to her the way you talk to a girl you want to see again, the very next night if possible.

When we reached her house she invited me in. I'd never been in a French home before, and the quiet, warm way M. Moussac, her father, asked me to sit down and have a drink of Kebir sort of surprised me. Their hospitality was as natural and easy as an open fire on a wet winter night.

"Sit down, sit down," Helene's father said to me. "It was very nice of you to bring Helene home."

SHE was translating quickly as he spoke, smiling all the while because her father and I could see right away that we didn't need an awful lot of talk to get along. I offered him a cigarette and he refused. American cigarettes were fifty francs—one dollar—on the black market, and from the little sack of Algerian tobacco and cigarette papers on the table, I knew he wanted to say yes.

We spoke of this and that, the kind of talk people of different languages have in wartime. They were from Paris. Helene was a laboratory assistant at L'Institut Pasteur. M. Moussac had owned a vineyard near Tarascon that his father's father had cultivated before him.

Tarascon, he said, was the same as ever—streets full of sunshine, cellars full of good muscatel. I could see they were homesick, both for the city and their farm. I envied them a little, because they wanted to go back to something, while I had been so twisted by having nothing to remember that I'd grown indifferent about going back to my own country.

Yes, yes, her father said, he still could taste in his memory some of his vintages; they slid down the throat like a benefactor in velvet pants. He sat there, a small man with a black mustache over a short mouth with laugh lines framing it. His brown eyes were like those of a smart youngster set in the wise wrinkles of a man who had seen almost everything, and believed the basic minimum

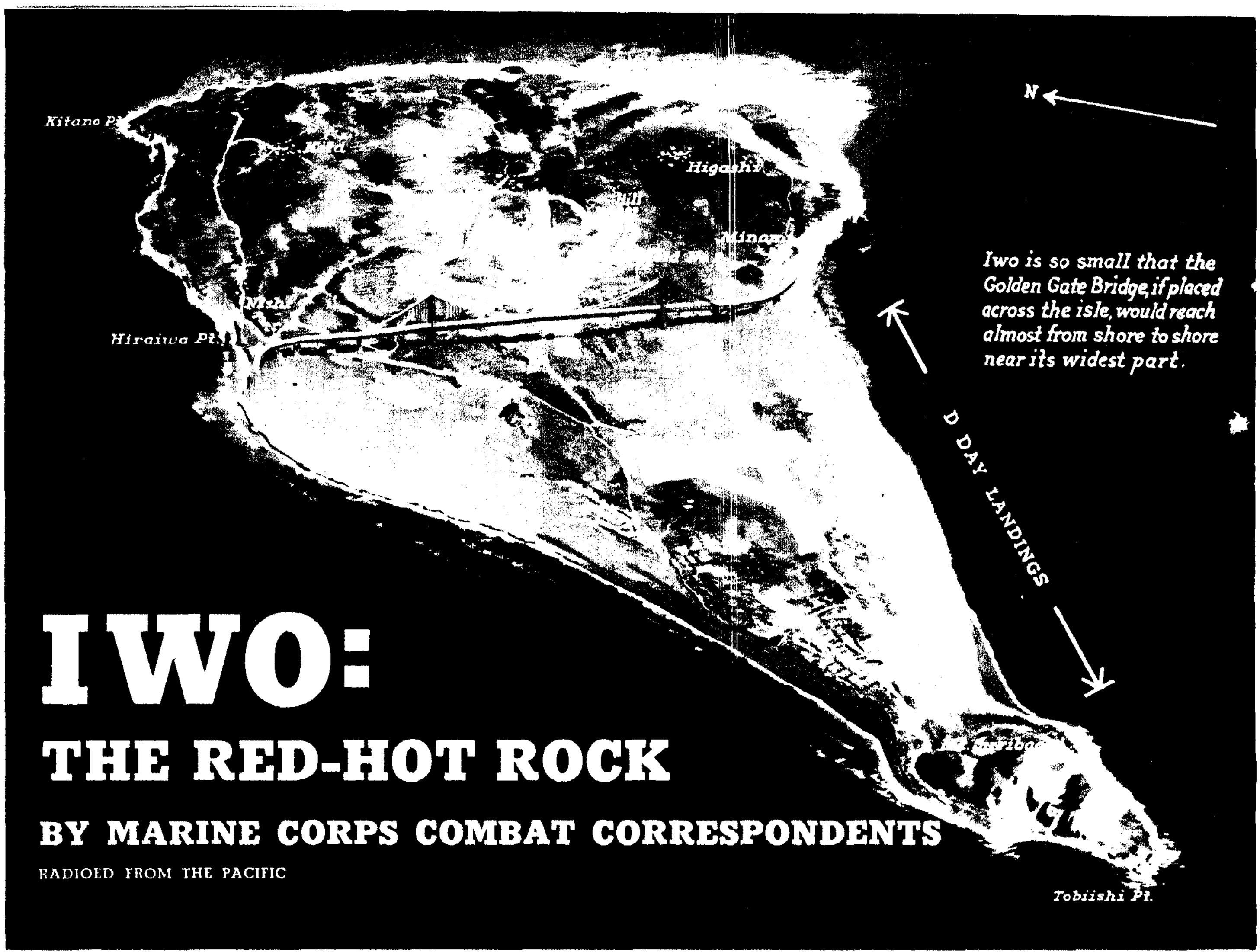
(Continued on page 72)

IWO:

THE RED-HOT ROCK

BY MARINE CORPS COMBAT CORRESPONDENTS

RADIOED FROM THE PACIFIC


N
Kitano Pt.
Higashi
Minami
Hiraiwa Pt.
D DAY LANDINGS
Tobiishi Pt.
Iwo is so small that the Golden Gate Bridge, if placed across the isle, would reach almost from shore to shore near its widest part.

KENNETH W. THOMPSON

SKETCHED FROM LIFE ON IWO BY FIRST SERGEANT HARRY DANIEL REEKS, U.S.M.C.

To understand why we had to take Iwo, remember that our B-29s pass it en route to bomb Tokyo. Iwo was a "seeing eye" that warned Tokyo of the approach of bombers hours before they reached Japan. We also needed Iwo as a base for long-range fighters escorting our bombers. The original idea was to send two divisions ashore on the southwest side, sweep across Airfield No. 1 to the opposite beach, then turn north and lock the remaining Japanese in the hilly country. But the struggle to get in off the beach was so terrific that a reserve division was landed to support the first two. It took 50,000 men 24 days to isolate the surviving Japs at Kitano Point, the northern tip of the island

For fifty-four consecutive days our Pacific Strategic Air Force dropped bombs on the Japanese island of Iwo. Then, on the 55th day, a Lightning photographic plane flashed so low past the island that its props occasionally flicked the spray. Not a shot was fired at the craft, but the pilot whistled softly as he studied the beach and as his camera clicked methodically. Silhouetted against the sky line of low terraces he counted two . . . four . . . eight . . . finally sixteen big guns that had not been there a week before. The Japs were still reinforcing Iwo.

That night his pictures confirmed that Iwo was still alive and ready to fight back. That night at headquarters the Marines knew that with each passing day, the cost of taking Iwo would mount. But we had to have Iwo as an air base and D-Day was established on the Pacific's war calendar. The bombers resumed their daily runs. So, when, on the 75th day, the Marines began landing, they knew it was their toughest job. . . .

FEBRUARY 19th was a clear and beautiful morning and the Fourth and Fifth Marine Divisions went over the side into their landing craft at 7 A.M. The beaches seemed dead under dull columns of smoke, but they weren't dead. We saw an American observation plane overhead shudder and go down in flames. A light warship took a hit and began spouting water from the starboard side. There were sharp, crunching explosions and we saw the waterspouts around our landing craft. Then, as we came within a few yards of the beach, we heard the crack of bullets and the chatter of machine guns.

The island was alive. The Japs were waiting for us. They were on the terraces above the beach and on the tabletop airstrips and all through the ridges of the island in pillboxes, bunkers and blockhouses. The smoke had hardly cleared from our own bombardment but there were Japanese firing at us at point-blank range.

A mortar shell exploded twenty feet to our left, sending fragments whistling over our tractor. Behind us another tractor was blown out of the water. Marines who weren't thrown out by the force of the explosion were sucked under with their heavy packs. Men with inflated life belts struggled in the pounding surf trying to help others.

A plane, spitting lead from guns which had gone wild, crashed almost in the center of the fifth wave of tractors while the first three waves were fighting their way up the pockmarked terraced beach. The beach itself was no more than ten yards deep, rising abruptly from the water, but it was treacherous volcanic ash and black cinders in which men and machines slipped and bogged down.

A small precipice over which we scrambled led us onto a great sea of billowing sand interlaced by five- to eight-feet-high terraces. When we hit the beach the first waves had already scaled the first of these terraces and were face to face with the forward line of Jap defenders. Sand hummocks became pillboxes—damaged but still in action. We met perhaps not more than 1,000 Japanese in the initial assault, but each was in a position to inflict heavy casualties as we advanced.

In that first surge against the Japanese there were many men who might be called heroes, but few who felt that they were brave. They were doing a job, just as the fellow next to them was doing a job, and both of them were scared. Probably Johnny Basilone was scared, too, although he had once killed 38 Japs himself and helped annihilate most of a Japanese force with machine-gun fire at Guadalcanal and had been awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor—the first enlisted Marine to win it.

The following writers contributed to this article:

2nd Lt. C. Peter Zurlinden, Jr., P.R.O.
S/Sgt. Alvin M. Josephy, Jr. (3d Div.)
S/Sgt. David K. Dempsey (4th Div.)
S/Sgt. Dan David Levin (4th Div.)
S/Sgt. Tony Smith (5th Div.)

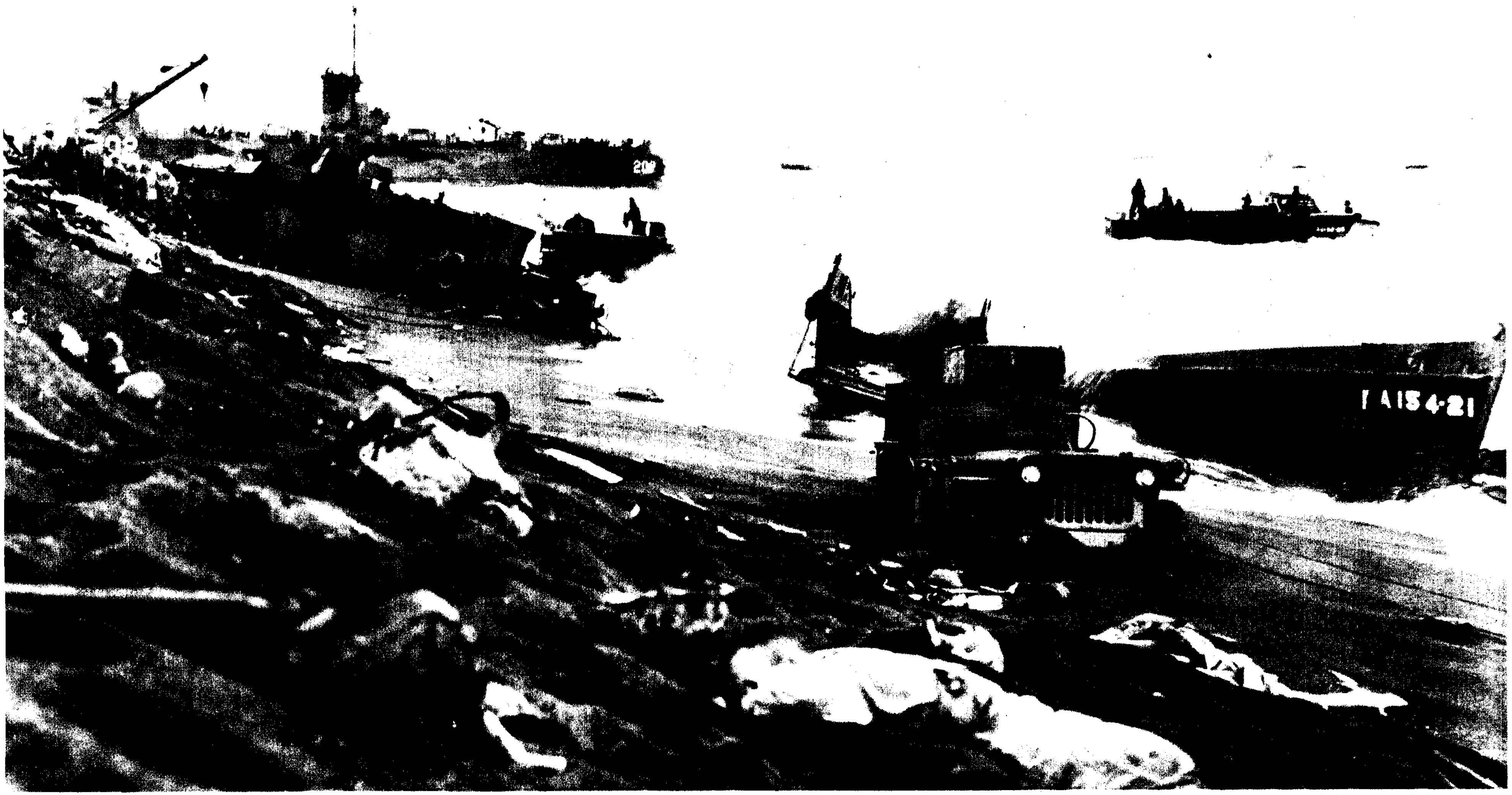
Sergeant Basilone didn't have to scramble up the beach at Iwo. He had been offered a commission and a safe assignment in the United States, but when the landing craft grounded on the island, Basilone was there, looking up at the terraces and Mount Suribachi and the antitank ditches and Motoyama Airfield No. 1, some 500 yards inland. It looked like only a good sprint to the airfield, which was our first objective, but it was a deadly sprint for Johnny and for many others.

As a gunnery sergeant, Basilone was seeking a spot where his men could set up their guns. Some say he got several Japs before he told his platoon, "All right, you guys, let's go on in there and set up these guns." A Japanese artillery burst killed him instantly.

Mowed Down by Jap Fire

Before Basilone was killed, it had become clear that every yard of the naked beach had been zeroed-in by Jap guns. Our casualties mounted steadily, especially among Major General Clifton B. Cates' Fourth Marine Division, which landed on the northern half of the beachhead with the job of seizing Airfield No. 1. There was something uncanny about the Japs' accuracy on Blue Beach 2 where the Fourth Division was struggling to get more men and machines ashore close to a gutted and half-sunk Japanese transport, which had previously been knocked out by American planes. Our spotters searched the hillsides but could find no point from which the enemy might be directing such accurate fire. Nevertheless, it continued, while the first waves fought to expand the two-mile-long beachhead.

With flame throwers and demolitions, we blasted the enemy out of his pillboxes, many of which were connected by tunnels and trenches. On a 100-yard stretch we fought through the cross fire of 50 pillboxes and 10 blockhouses, only to find that some of the Japs had sneaked back through those we had already passed, and were now firing on us



OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH U.S. MARINE CORPS

THE GRIM LESSON

RADIOED FROM IWO JIMA

"Our vehicles came ashore swiftly but the soft volcanic sand trapped them and many floundered helplessly and never got off the beach. Behind us on the beaches our supplies began to trickle in under the murderously hot Japanese artillery fire"

from the rear. Enemy mortar and artillery fire continued without a letup, and to make matters worse, the loose volcanic sand kept us from digging anything but the shallowest foxholes.

The fighting became hotter as we moved toward the airfield. Each shell hole was a potential hiding place for a sniper, and we jumped into one only after throwing a grenade in first. On one bluff directly ahead, a Marine made a dash for three Japs in a trench but dropped before he had moved five feet. A minute later one of his buddies tried it and got to the lip of the trench before he was hit. Finally, a young private zigzagged his way up, shot one Jap and clubbed the other two to death with his rifle butt.

Not far away, a Public Relations officer, who had sustained a wound in the early phases of the battle, lay in a shell hole and tried to bring into focus the scene around him.

"At Tarawa, Saipan and Tinian, I saw Marines killed and wounded in a shocking manner," he wrote later, "but not like the ghastliness that hung over the Iwo beachhead. Nothing any of us had ever known could compare with the utter anguish, frustration and constant inner battle to maintain some semblance of sanity, clarity of mind and power of speech. Everybody tells me they felt as I did. As long as you could speak, you believed you had a slim chance to live. None of us would concede that death would have been a merciful *coup de grâce*. Everybody was seized with an insensate lust to live."

Second Lieutenant Benjamin F. Roselle, Jr., a slight 150-pound boy from Chicago, and a six-man naval gunfire liaison team had reached Iwo's blackened northernmost beach at H-Hour plus four minutes. Laden with heavy radio gear, Roselle and his men scrambled through ankle-gripping volcanic ash at the precise instant the Japs launched a ferocious artillery and mortar barrage. The first mortar blast picked off one Marine. Roselle turned him over to the medicos and packed the casualty's gear upon his own back.

(Continued on page 51)

THE battle for this miserable bit of volcanic ash is a stop, look and listen warning post to all of us who have said the Jap war might be over in 1945. We were not to be blamed for this optimism. Why shouldn't we have big hopes. The men out here always knew how tough it was, but sometimes I read (and so did you) that Jap equipment was inferior to ours; their air fleets were battered; their navy was so cut up it did not dare to join battle. Their generals, I was told, made mistakes even a German corporal wouldn't make. We were killing twenty Japs for one American, and men told me the price should be higher. Ever since we stopped their initial onrush at Guadalcanal, the Japs hadn't won a battle. This Pacific battle was only a second-rate war, some men said.

I had spent two years in Tunisia, Sicily, Italy and France, observing the German conflict, and I believed nothing was tougher than a German. Now I have revised my opinion of the Jap war, and you may change yours.

Iwo is an ugly little island, five miles long, two and a half miles wide at best and only eight hundred yards at its narrowest. But Iwo Jima is only 750 miles from Tokyo and is a splendid base for our bombers and our fighter escorts on the job of knocking out the Jap homeland industry. So we wanted Iwo despite the price we realized we must pay.

The Japs knew we wanted Iwo and spent months making it impregnable. They put in a garrison of 15,000 good troops, and these, unknown to us, were strengthened by 5,000 additional troops, shock infantry of the Japanese Empire. Our aerial photos revealed over 185 big positions. Some were concrete emplacements for coast-defense guns, five-inch rifles and mortars up to 250 millimeters. They had more than 800 pillboxes.

The Japs actually thought they could repel our invasion. They had a month's supply of munitions for hard fighting, and not too much food.

This was our biggest, most carefully planned amphibious assault of the Pacific war.

We risked men's lives to learn the consistency and size of the sand on Iwo Jima's beaches. What we learned made the difference between victory and defeat. The Japs fought back cleverly and coolly. The Jap commander withdrew his troops skillfully to previously prepared positions. He concentrated on punishing us for every yard of ground he gave, and it was a bloody toll. The Germans, with their deadly 88s and skill at firing air bursts, would have covered that beach with shrapnel air bursts and might have destroyed us. The Jap's equipment and skill aren't that good, even though he tried. But in all else he fought his weapons well, and I was reminded of bloody Cassino in Italy.

Japs Are Courageous Fighters

People regard it as fanaticism because almost all Japs are killed in fighting. It is also harassing and annoying, and the Jap commander sent men on raids for that purpose and we were harassed. He made no banzai suicide charges. And when we got tanks ashore, he knocked out what he could with antitank guns and then interposed human flesh against steel. Several of our tanks were knocked out by mines, of which the Jap used more here than ever before.

When one tank got through, however, out came three Japs lighting a 140-pound bomb which they endeavored to throw under the tank. They were killed before it was done, but then out ran a single Jap who held a grenade to the tank tread with his hand until it exploded. He was killed, but the tank was disabled. That fighting spirit is what those who treat the Japanese war as second-rate overlook. Why call this fanaticism when it is sheer courage? For a fight comparable to the one the Japs made on Iwo Jima, our Marines on Wake Island live in history.

I witnessed our fight to capture Suribachi, and I can say that equal cold courage was displayed by our Marines. Still the Japs put in no suicide charges, and only a few, perhaps officers, escaped off the crater of Suribachi to the blue sea below.

Iwo Jima compares with Tarawa and Peleliu in cost, in blood and lives, of our splendid youth, but it carries a bigger lesson. These were no scrawny, ill-fed, sickly Japs; they were among the best Jap troops. The closer we come to their homeland, the more we encounter these. Despite the Jap losses, we have not yet come to grips with the main Jap army. The Japanese are not yet forced to call up big reserves. We have weakened Japan's air force and crippled her navy, but we have yet to defeat her army of 5,000,000 Japs who can be expected to fight to the death. And they are brave men.

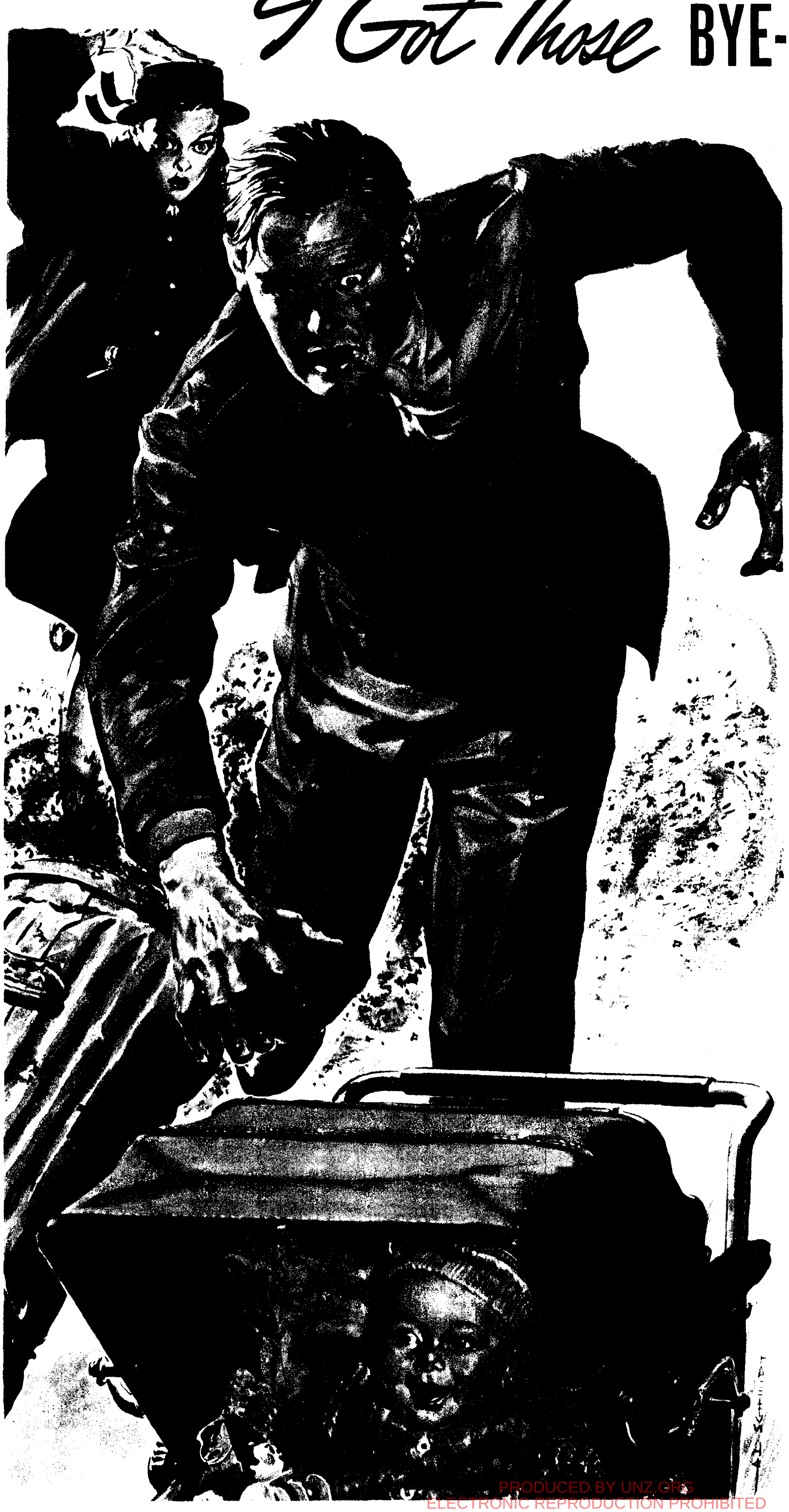
Iwo Jima is among the last islands we must conquer in this transpacific march. This will mean land warfare on a huge scale to defeat five million Jap soldiers. To defeat such a horde, we must mount an attack of several armies. Next time an armchair strategist tells you about the quick defeat of the Jap by landing on his homeland, get a reasonable-sized map and ask him politely to point out some land close enough to Japan, and big enough, to organize an attack by a million assault troops. And if the Kwantung army of Japan, based in Manchukuo, goes on fighting after defeat in the Jap homeland, give a thought to moving several armies fifteen hundred miles to offer battle in Manchukuo. Think also of the endless Ferris wheel of ships necessary to carry millions of tons of supplies and equipment to that army.

The second lesson of Iwo is that we proved, man for man, we could lick the Japs in their best defended positions. And a lesson most important to us is that the Jap fighting spirit offsets much of our superior equipment and raises this from a second-rate to first-class war.

We shall have to fight like hell with all we've got to win. . . . FREDERICK PAINTON

I Got Those BYE-BYE BABY BLUES

BY IRVING GAYNOR NEIMAN



In spite of what Mabel said, Joey had nothing against babies—infant or adult—unless someone rigged them up as booby traps

IF THERE'S one thing harder for a guy to figure out than his girl friend, then it's his girl friend mixed up with a baby, which is the same as sayin' if one baby is tough, then two is tougher. I'll show you.

I like babies. They're a good thing to have, but the difficulty comes in makin' this clear to Mabel. That's my girl friend, Miss Mabel Stooler, a redhead.

It starts with a little argument I have with Mabel's kid brother, Sherman, who's twelve years old. We have these arguments once in a while. I say somethin', and he makes a twelve-year-old gag out of it, and I say somethin' else and he's right there with the humor. It begins to get me. On about the twentieth gag, I give him the crusher.

"Very funny, Sherman," I tell him, with dignity. "Tickle me, and I'll laugh."

He gets up and tickles me. That's the kid's sensa humor. I give him a little shove, to get him offa me.

"Mabel," he hollers, "make him stop!"

"Joey," she screams. "Don't you lay a finger on that kid!"

She always sticks up for him. I explain the circumstances to her, to show her I wasn't pickin' on her Sherman.

"Joey," she says, very thoughtful, "what's wrong with you? It ain't natural for a man not to like little children."

"Now look . . ." I says.

"He hates me," Sherman says.

"Shut up," I says.

"H'mmmm," says Mabel—like a doctor that figures you got the D.T.s, and don't like to tell you.

The result of this "H'mmmm" is how we get to go visit the Plevins my next day off from the Army. I ain't so crazy about killin' a day off with a visit like this, because you don't get a lotta days off in the Army. But Mabel says it's important, so we go.

The Plevins are a couple of kids we know who got married. We're hardly inside the door when they grab hold of us and give us the bum's rush into the bedroom, where they keep this Michael Henry, a baby. This is their first kid, and the way they act you'd think havin' babies is somethin' they made up by themselves.

"Look at him," says George Plevin.

I look.

"Look at him, the little darling," says Helen Plevin.

I'm still lookin'.

"Cootchy-coo, Michael Henry," says Mabel. "Look at him, Joey."

"I'm lookin'," I says.

What I see is a kid just like any other kid who's the same age. He's just sittin' there, in his bed, tryin' to eat his big toe. The rest of them stand there starin' at him as if he just recited the Gettysburg Address, with gestures.

"Gee," says Mabel. "Some baby."

"He's just nine months old, too," says George.

"That ain't bad," I says, "for a nine-month-old kid."

"Joey!" says Mabel. Then she says, to apologize for me, "I'm afraid Joey ain't so crazy about children."

The Plevins look at me as if I just spit on the floor.

"I like kids," I says. "Don't listen to her."

"Of course he does," says Helen. "Just wait until he sees Michael Henry smile. Smile, Michael Henry, darling," she says, raisin' her voice up high. "Smile for Joe."

The kid just looks at her.

George pokes me in the ribs and says, "Get this, Joe." He goes over and crawls under the bed.

"What's the gag?" I says.

"Watch Michael Henry," he says, coughin' a little from the dust under the bed. "Where's Daddy," he hollers.

The kid grabs his big toe and starts puttin' it in his mouth.

"Where's Daddy?" George hollers again.

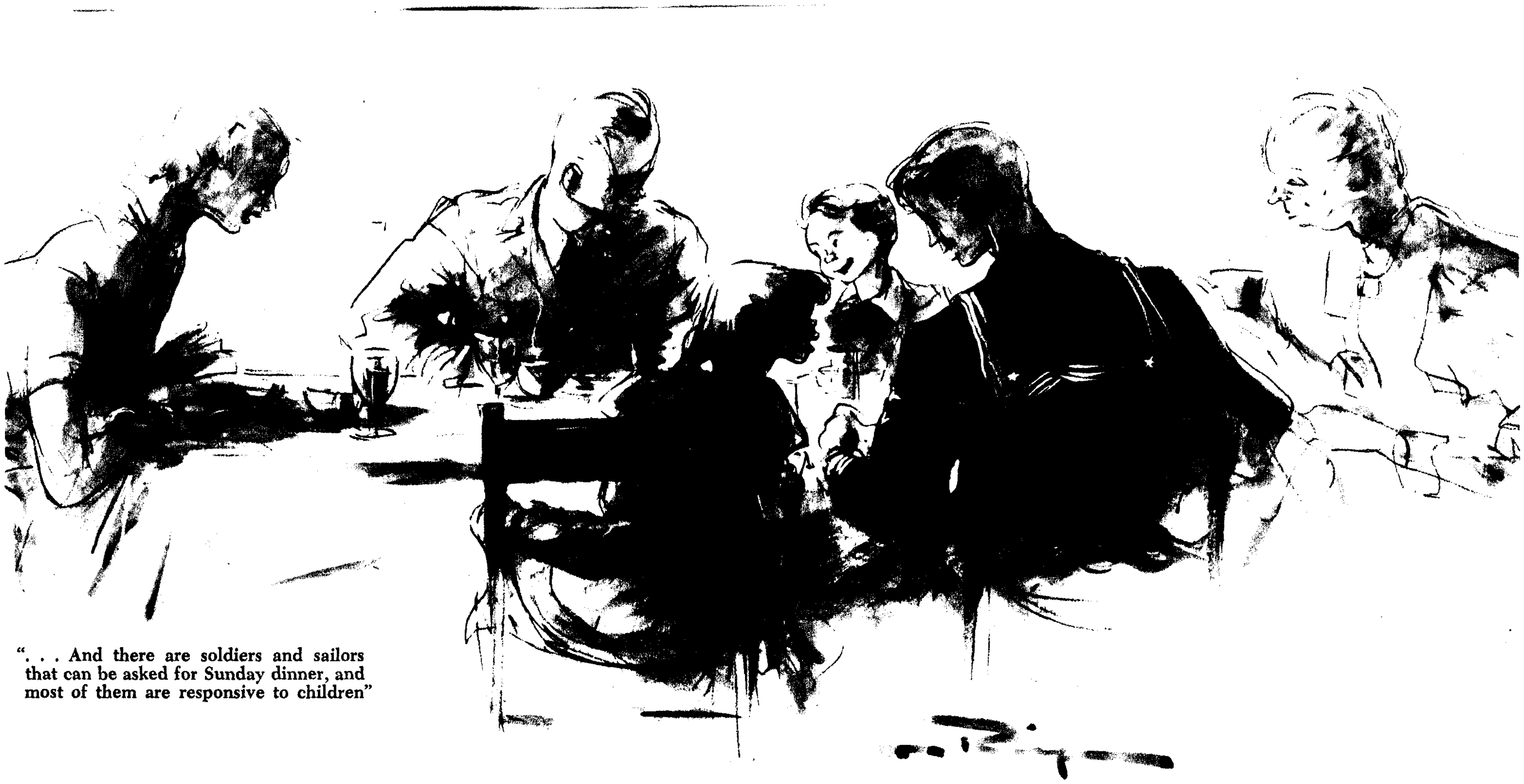
The results are negative.

"A little bundle from heaven," says Mabel. "Can I pick him up, Helen?"

Helen says it's all right, and Mabel picks the kid up, and carries him into the parlor, *(Continued on page 27)*

Michael Henry in his carriage is goin' downhill like a roller coaster. "Joey," hollers Mabel, "stop him!" This is easier said than done, but I start out. The chase is on

ILLUSTRATED BY AL SCHMIDT



". . . And there are soldiers and sailors that can be asked for Sunday dinner, and most of them are responsive to children"

MOTHERS WITHOUT FATHERS

BY HANNAH LEES

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

This is for the mothers whose husbands are away at war—and for the rest of us who want to understand the problems which confront these women and their children

THERE are probably several million of us scattered around the country today—mothers trying to bring up children, with their fathers thousands of miles away. And it often seems, when we feel inadequate, that there ought to be a handbook, a set of rules we could go to for guidance when the job looms too big. So I went to a number of child-guidance experts in a number of different cities and asked them.

They seemed a trifle unwilling, and this bewildered me. Didn't they want to help us? Each one gave me some little golden nuggets of concrete wisdom, which I will come to in a minute, but the unwillingness was there all the same, and it wasn't till I had talked to quite a few that I realized what it meant. For there was just one thing they were all agreed on: There isn't any set of rules to help us through this waiting time. We can't look for a set of rules and we can't let it be a waiting time or we are licked before we start. This is living and the only thing we can do is to live it. We can help our children live it only as well as we can manage to live it ourselves. Our children growing up in a war-torn world aren't our real problem. Their father being away in any one vital phase of their lives isn't our real problem, either. We are.

A lot of us spend a good deal of time wondering when life will ever come back to normal and dreaming of the time when Pop and the children will all be home to dinner every night the way they used to, and the way we see it in the homes-of-the-future ads. And it seems unbearable at times that we should be wasting our lives this way, waiting for life to get back to normal.

But it suddenly occurred to me the other day while I was doing just this sort of fuzzy thinking that maybe the tranquil, ordered life we dream about isn't really as normal as we have thought it, because we happened to grow up in one of the few places in the world and one of the brief periods of history when life was fairly tranquil and settled and serene. Maybe if we looked back over two thousand years or so of history we'd find that mothers working on their own to bring up their children, while the fathers were away conquering the enemy or conquering the land, was really a lot more normal.

Keeping a home together and a family together has always been our job and maybe we've tended to forget in the relatively secure 1900s that it has practically always been a tough one. The great-grandmother of a man I know came over from Scotland with her husband in the middle 1800s. He left her in New York with their two children while he found a place in the West for them to settle, and he was gone two years. She didn't even hear from him.

After the first year she must have thought she would never see him again. She took in washing, and she and her children stayed alive. And later, after he had fought the blizzards and the Indians and the land, they had a quite peaceful, settled life in a little Wisconsin town. But I don't imagine it ever seemed really normal to her. This is normal. Struggle is just as normal as tranquillity. It shouldn't be and we hope it won't always be, but it is today. This is living, too, and it is up to us to live it.

A very capable New York social-service worker who has come in contact with a great many wartime families says that an alarming number of mothers are not doing this. Many of them have apparently drawn into the shell of their homes and within that shell are emotionally and socially hibernating.

It is easy to do and it is easy to justify. Father is away. The kids are my job—my whole job till he comes back. I'll give myself up to it and make them my life. So they do. They don't go to the movies, they don't go out to see their friends or even to roll bandages and collect wastepaper. They don't have people in. Often they don't even read the newspaper. They are just there, cooking and cleaning and sewing for the children and waiting for the men to come home.

It looks very pretty and devoted. But it isn't really, because what they are actually doing is throwing the entire burden of their loneliness on the children they think they are taking such good care of. Unconsciously they are asking these little boys and girls to supply every bit of the love and companionship they are missing while their husbands are away. And this is too much to ask.

A psychiatrist has told me that, over and over again in neurotic people who come to him for help, he gets the same story: "Mother never went out." This is too often true even in peacetime, he says, and it is a bigger burden than the average child can bear. If a mother never goes out, she can't bring anything back to her children; they have to

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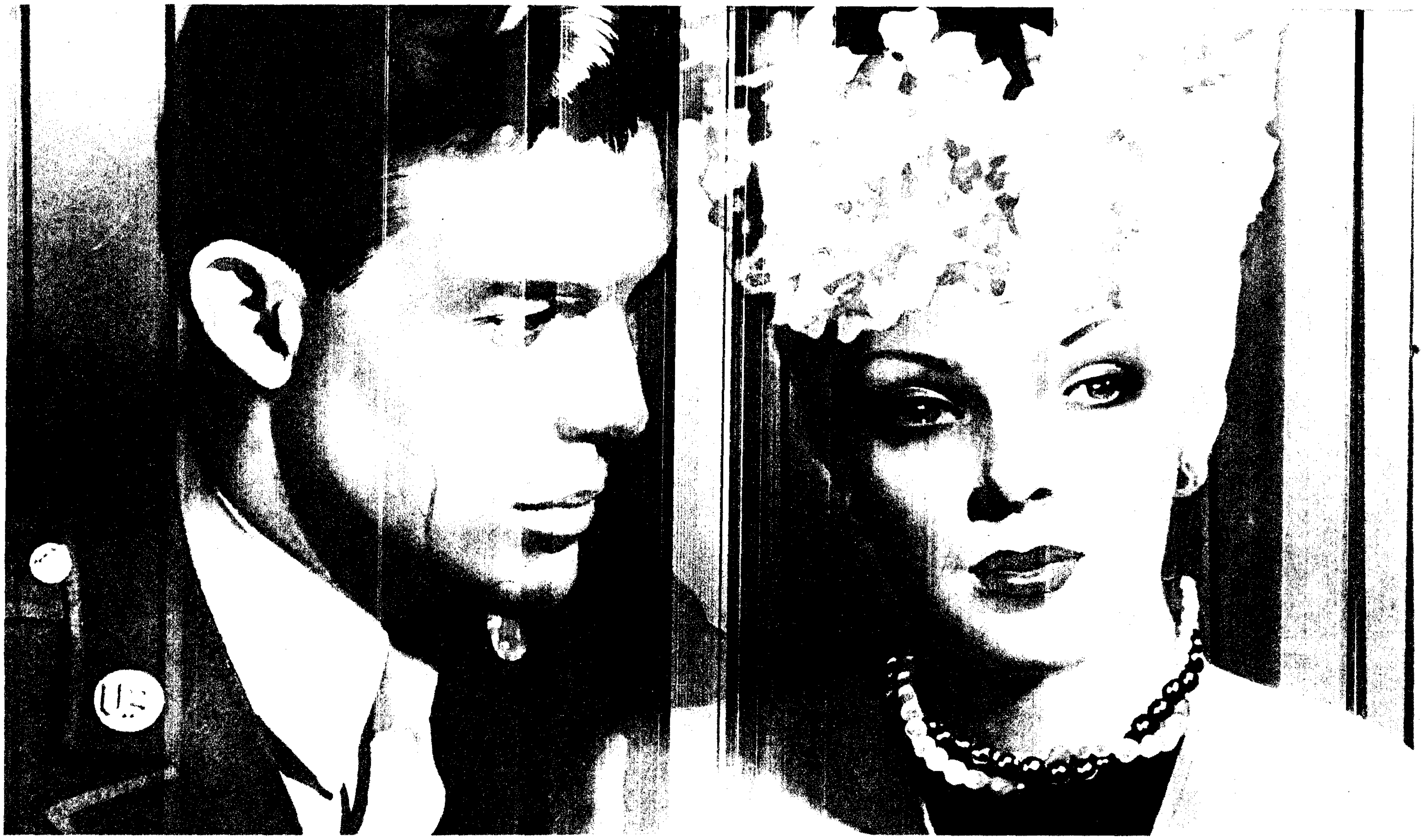
"There is a very sustaining pride in the children feeling that 'My father's in it'"

"She stopped at the personal part and her little girl said: 'Don't stop. Read it all'"



THERE'S *Always* A LAST TIME

By Jean Kinkead

ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD McLEOD

Ginny wanted to pick the right man. But how was her fickle heart to know the real thing when it came along?

THEY stood a little apart from the crowd waiting to get on the plane, and Bill looked at his watch again. "Lots of time," he said.

Ginny said, "I'm going to miss you, chum."

He had been holding her hand loosely, and now, just for a second, his fingers tightened. "Look," he began, and then he stopped.

"What is it, Bill?"

"Just more of the same. I love the hell out of you, Gin. I wish you were my wife. Or even my girl."

She said, "I'm crazy about you, darling—" He started to interrupt, and she put her hand on his sleeve. "No, let me say it. I am. I think about you all the time. The way you grin at me, the way your voice sounds on the phone when you have a hang-over. All that corn." She looked up at him. "Only it's such an old routine for me. I felt this way about a boy named Buck Gibbons once, and about one called Pres. And then old Jack Daniels, and—"

"You've never felt this way before." His voice was so low she had to reach for the words.

"Well, it's never exactly the same, darling, but there's a pattern it always follows. And then, boom, it's all over." She swung her purse idly, remembering. "I got as far as an engagement with Buck, but when Pres turned up, I liked him better. Pres and I applied for a license, and then I decided I was in love with Jack." She took her eyes away from his face and looked at the ground. "I don't know what it is with me, Willie, but I've short-changed every guy who's ever cared about me." He was flapping a hand at her impatiently, but she wasn't to be silenced. "Forget about me when you go away, because, darling, as sure as tomorrow I'll forget about you. Oh, I'll pine a bit, but after a while there'll be somebody else, and by spring I'll have forgotten that your hair is blond and your eyes are the color of rum."

"Shut up," he said. And she did, because her throat ached so it hurt to talk.

After a minute, he said, "You know something, Gin? You lie in your teeth. There won't be anybody after me." And he was smiling at her.

She had herself in tow again. "You think you're terrific, don't you, Lieutenant?"

"I think we are," he answered.

"Ah, Bill, you have such faith in me, and I'm such a stinker."

"YOU talk too much," he said. There wasn't much time left, and he put his hand briefly on her cheek. "I love your face," he said, and his eyes started at her forehead and traveled down past her gray eyes, her small, straight nose, her short upper lip, and stopped at her mouth.

It was a slow, searching look he gave her, and she felt her heart pounding again. She lifted her face, and he bent down to her. Neither of them closed their eyes, and it was a deep, intimate kiss. When it was over, Ginny felt shaken and she leaned against him for a second.

"I know," he told her gently. "Me, too."

"If you asked me now," she whispered.

He held her away from him. "Listen, you lovely dope," he said, "even if there were time I wouldn't want it like that. I want the works."

"Me in the long white business, bridesmaids—"

"Hell, yes, bridesmaids." It was a minute before plane time, and he put his arm around her shoulders. "I'm going now, baby. I'll probably be back whether you want me or not, but—" He was suddenly shy, and he looked off at the hangars as he finished what he had to say. "But if you'd break down and whistle for me, I know darn' well I'd be back. Come anything." He hugged her a little, and then he let her go.

"You'll come back all right, sailor," she told him evenly, "but not to me. I'm strictly

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Their fingers were just touching. Strangely enough she was thinking: This ought to be fun, but it isn't. It's moving so fast

SARA HAS A BIRTHDAY

BY QUENTIN REYNOLDS

She's the oldest and biggest carrier we have. We call her Saratoga, but the old "plank owners" like Pop Blanchard and Swede Johnson refer to her as "Sara." For five dark months she was all we had to protect our life line to Australia

"I DON'T know if we should have a birthday party or not," Captain Lucian Moebus said worriedly. In a manner of speaking Captain Moebus is Sara's guardian, and the girl was coming on seventeen. "If we tell everyone her age, people might sneer at her and say she's too young to be out mingling with Japs."

"Sara is a lot older than her years," his executive officer, Commander Hunte, said. "She has been well brought up and she has shown that she can take care of herself in any company."

"True enough," Captain Moebus said. "We'll have the party."

There are millions of people who know Sara as the U.S.S. Saratoga, most glamorous of all carriers, but these, of course, are people who don't know any better. To every man who ever served on her she is merely "the Sara." She was commissioned in November, 1927, and she went her quiet way until war came. Then Sara really went to town. She has been the scourge of the Jap navy ever since. Three times the Japs reported that they had sunk her, only to have her bob up again hurling snarling fighter, bomber and torpedo planes off her deck. They threw torpedoes into her sides twice, but she didn't even reel from the blast. Maybe she was hurt but you'd never know it, because she steamed on, serenely caught her breath, and then came back for more. Of course, Sara deserved a birthday party and she had it.

Sara has had a long and distinguished list of commanding officers, most of whom afterward became admirals. Harry E. Yarnell was her first skipper. Halligan, Horne, McCrary, Steele, Zogbaum, Whiting, Halsey (sure, the same Halsey), Towers, Read, Molten (later died aboard), Douglas, Ramsey, Bogan, Mullinnix (later killed in action aboard the Liscombe Bay), Cassady and today Moebus.

Why, practically everyone who is anyone in the Navy served on the Sara at one time or another. And on her seventeenth birthday, every one of them who could make it came aboard to help celebrate. Even Admiral Nimitz took time off from running the whole Pacific war to attend and, standing on an improvised stage on the huge hangar deck, he said bluntly to the whole assembled crew, "I promise you one thing. The Sara will be in on the kill." Former Ambassador Joseph Grew, who had been invited to the party, beamed happily.

The birthday dinner was one which no seventeen-year-old in the world ever had. In addition to the chicken and five vegetables, there were four desserts, and you didn't have to take your pick: you got all four. There was apple pie with two scoops of homemade ice cream on it; there was fruit cake and then, of course, there was the birthday cake with seventeen candles on it. Not bad considering the fact that the Sara was somewhere in the Pacific where they don't have those fancy city caterers.

We were knee-deep in rank on the Sara that night; you couldn't turn around without bumping into an admiral, and if you weren't careful, you were apt to scoop a four-striper out of your soup. But the rank (admirals and all) took back seats when the two real heroes of the occasion were announced. They were Lieutenant (jg) Oscar Johnson and Chief Electrician "Pop" Blanchard. They were presented with inscribed golden plaques on teakwood planks, and the presentation was made by the present deputy commander in chief of the Pacific Ocean Areas, Vice-Admiral John H. Towers, who had captained the Saratoga in 1938.

Johnson and Blanchard, two chunky youthful-looking, middle-aged men, stood there on the stage, and waves of cheers from the crew rolled over them and they blinked a little, but maybe that was from the flashlights the ship's photographers were using. Why were these two singled out and made much of by the crew and by Admiral Towers and by the gently smiling Nimitz? Well, you've got to be in the Naval family to understand a thing like that. Blanchard and Johnson were the only two "plank owners" left on the Saratoga.

A plank owner is not a character who owns a surfboard. A plank owner is a man who joins a ship when she is commissioned and who stays with her from then on. Pop Blanchard and the grinning "Swede" Johnson were with the Sara when she was commissioned in November, 1927, and they've been with her ever since. Each has had seventeen years of service on her. One by one, the original members of the crew retired, were transferred, died—but these two remained true to the Sara. To them there was only one ship, this giant flat-top with her gleaming batteries of forties, with her gray five-inch gun turrets and her barnlike hangar deck where the small, wicked-looking planes live when they aren't tilting at clouds or Zeros.

Only these two remained, and that's why they were honored on Sara's birthday. Pop Blanchard was to leave the next day for general duty ashore, and that would leave Johnson as the only remaining plank owner.

"I don't mind so much," Pop Blanchard said, a bit ruefully. "A man's got to get ashore sometime but Johnson will get that bottle of champagne."

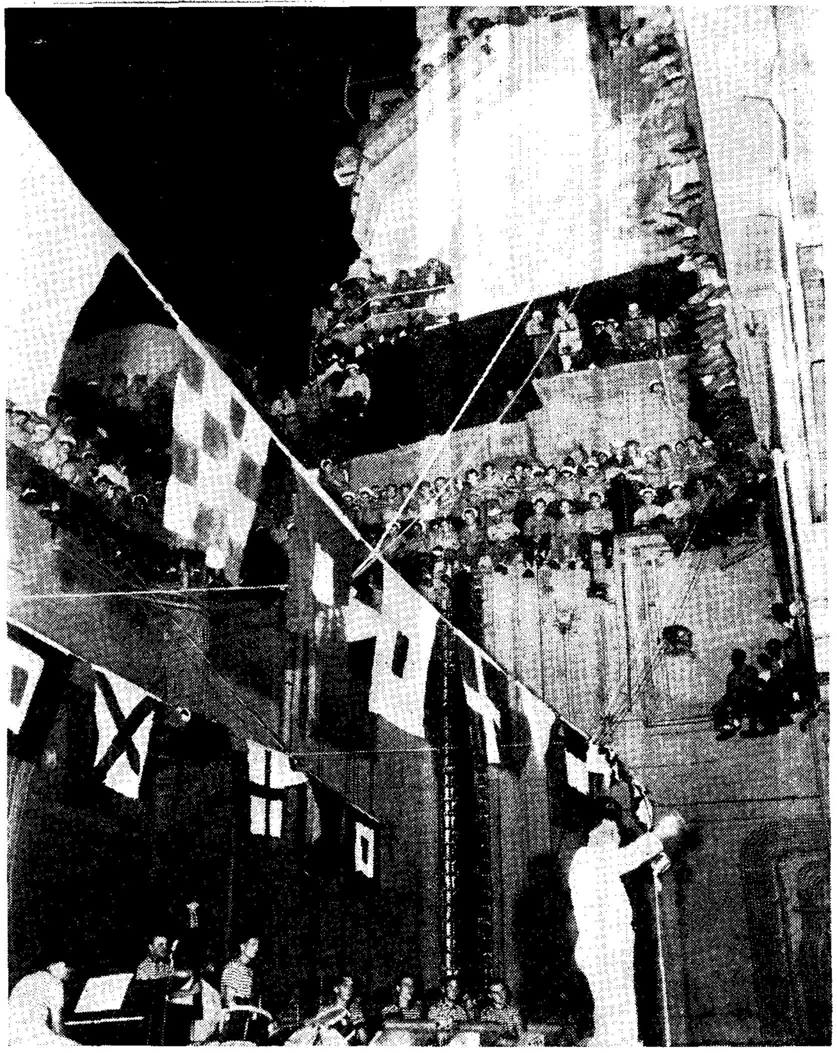
Back in 1936, Halsey was skipper of the Sara. There were thirty-eight plank owners on her then, and Halsey gave them a party at the Hotel Robinson in Long Beach, California. When Blanchard and Johnson talked about that party a dreamy look came into their eyes.

A Party Just for Sara's Boys

"It was a stag just for us," Pop said, "and we had everything we wanted. Anything to eat, anything to drink, and a great show, too. Yeah, just for us—us and the Old Man. Well, Captain Halsey got up and said that he had a bottle of champagne for one of us. He was going to save it and give it to the last plank owner. Well, I guess that's you, Mr. Johnson."

"Sure is," Johnson said complacently. The Swede has been a chief machinist's mate these past years but only three months ago he was commissioned as lieutenant (jg). "And don't think the Old Man would ever forget. He'd have been here tonight if he was anywhere near us, but he'll remember. Yeah, Pop, when you're back sitting in San Diego or somewhere, think of me getting that bottle of champagne from the Old Man."

Funny thing about the old-timers in the crew. Looking back over the career of the Sara, they brushed aside the last thrill-packed three years to recall the time back in 1935 when the Sara broke all known world records at gunnery. Captain K. N. Whiting was in command then. The carrier put in at San Diego, and the skipper went ashore to find out the results of the target practice, which was really competition against the whole Pacific Fleet. When Captain Whiting came aboard, the whole crew was waiting expectantly. He *(Continued on page 46)*



Before the party, the hangar deck of the Saratoga was dressed with signal flags. One of the elevators served as a bandstand

Vice Admiral Towers (right) presents inscribed plaques to Chief Electrician "Pop" Blanchard as Lt. Oscar Johnson awaits his turn. As "plank owners" they've been aboard since Sara was commissioned

Commander Hunte, the Sara's executive officer, lights the 17 candles on the carrier's birthday cake. Party was held at a Pacific base

The G.I. DOG COMES HOME

He snarls with fury at sight of a man not in U.S. uniform. Patiently, he is taught through obedience tests that everyone is his friend. At this stage, he's confused

By Grace and Knickerbacker Davis

DOGS have become indispensable assets of our armed forces both at home and overseas. Those which have merited honorable discharge are reclassified as "Government Surplus" and, after "detraining," are returned to civilian homes. If you're a war-dog owner or one of thousands of dog-loving citizens who have offered to give a canine war veteran a deserving home, it's quite likely your anticipations are mixed with worry. How will Rex or Jack or Patsy act after release from months of hard-boiled discipline? What sort of home-and-family pet will he become after having been trained to obey no one but his handlers? Will he be safe to have around the children?

Officers responsible for the detraining of war dogs say that there's no cause for worry. The only noticeable change will be vastly increased alertness, smarter and more implicit obedience to orders, plus streamlined physical fitness resulting from scientific diet and expert care. You can count on 100 per cent appreciation of home ties and good-natured acceptance of the youngsters' romping. The reverse could easily be possible without the painstaking reprocessing for civilian life which the Army and Coast Guard give every dog that's shipped in as "Government Surplus."

An Army, Coast Guard or Marine dog has had drilled into him things never dreamed of by average civilian dogs, all pivoting on split-second grasp of commands. He has been taught to regard with suspicion anyone not in his country's uniform. His eyes, ears, nose and what might almost be termed extrasensory perceptions have been sharpened to razor edge in sorting out every sight, sound and smell. His brain and brawn have been combat co-ordinated. He has been taught to take a G.I.'s share of hardships without a whimper.

It doesn't seem like much of a recommendation for a return to a peacetime home. That's why we went to the U.S. Coast Guard base at Curtis Bay, Maryland, to find out how they removed the warlike tendencies from the bow-wows. These pictures show what we found out. ★★★

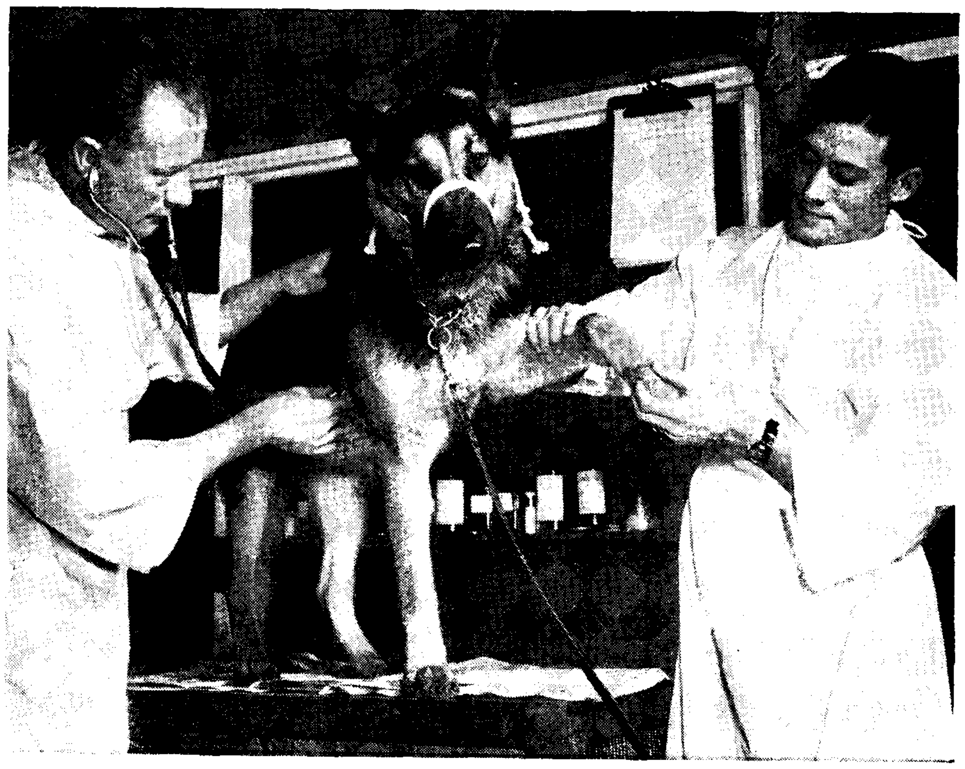
Tiger was vicious when he returned from war to be detrained by the Coast Guard at Curtis Bay, Maryland. He'd been a good attack dog

In company with other detrainees, Tiger becomes completely obedient to all commands. The Coast Guard will not release him until certain of his complete docility

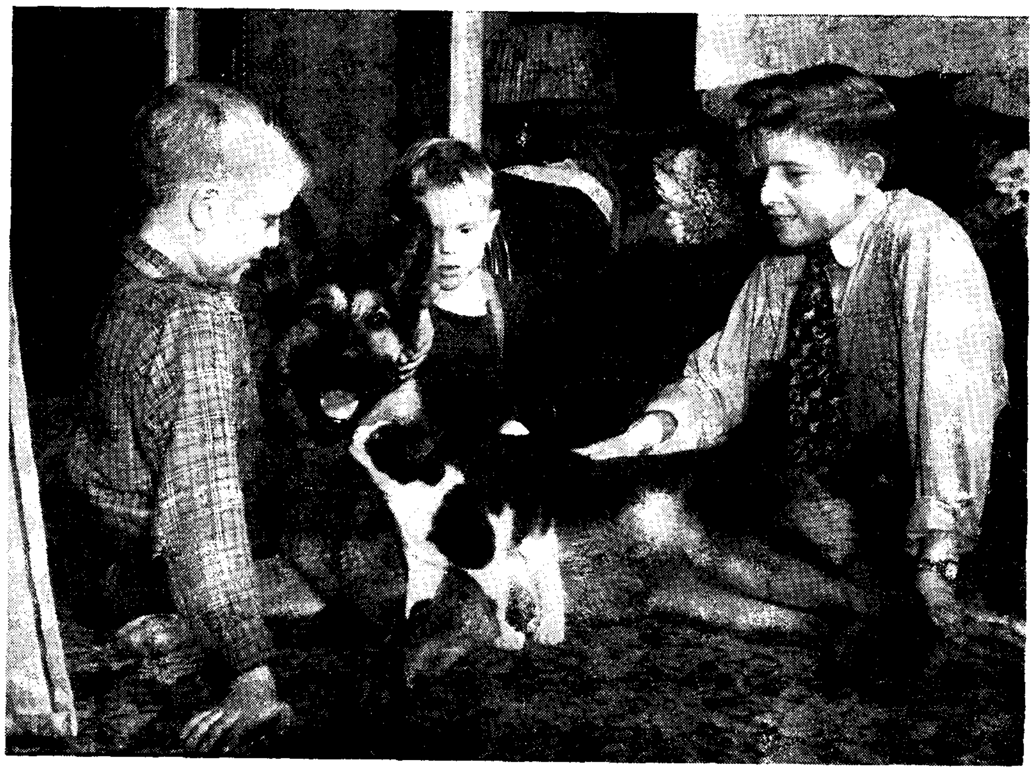
PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY IFOR THOMAS

Tiger is soon surprised to discover that a man with a gun and whip will not harm him. His attack instinct is steadily dulled and he wants to kiss people

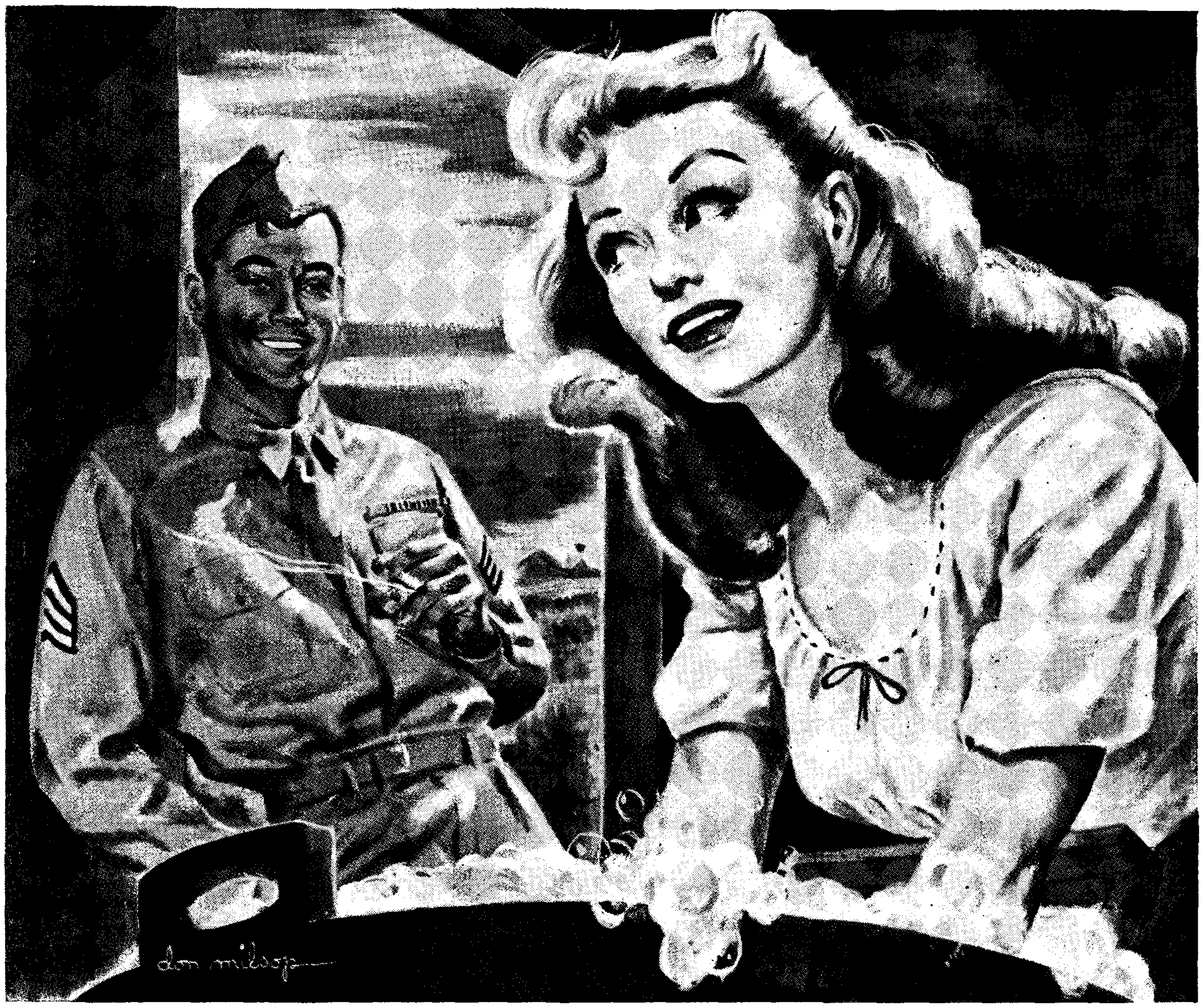
However, the Coast Guard leaves nothing to chance. A bare arm is put into his mouth. Tiger does not bite. Men run by, yelling taunts. He watches them quietly



Tiger gets a thorough-going health examination too. He's found to be free of diseases and impairment. Now he will be tried out in a civilian home



At the T. E. Hohman home in Anne Arundel, Md., Tiger proves he's a safe pet around children. All war canines are being detrained exactly as Tiger was



"Gosh," said the Yank, "is that how you wash clothes?" Her smile took on pertness. "Yer mother uses her feet, I suppose?" she said

FEET OF CLAY

BY JOHN TAIT

"YE WANT to get back to the Yankee," Jock Brough said bluntly. "Ye needna deny it, Mary, for I've seen it in yer face all evenin'. The fella's got ye fair dazzled."

Mary MacKinnon leaned back against the bridge's stone parapet and turned her head away from the revealing moonlight, away from the probing of his steady gray eyes. "Then he's got me dazzled," she said. "But ye'll mind I'm free to be dazzled if it suits me."

His broad bony face tightened. "Aye, ye're free enough. But ye canna blame me if I'm . . . disappointed. We've been goin' steady ever since I got my discharge, an' ye've let me think that someday—"

Her head came back sharply. "Ye thought what ye wanted to think, Jock. Don't lay yer thoughts at my door!"

He stared at her. "Aye, an' more than dazzled," he said slowly. "Ye're no yerself, Mary."

Her eyes slipped from his. She turned to the parapet and looked down at the moon-dappled burn chuckling over its rocky bed. It was true, she thought. She wasn't herself. Since the evening last week when she opened her mother's door and found the big Yankee sergeant on the step, there had been a kind of daftness on her. But, oh, such a wonderful daftness! How could she regret it?

His name was Bill Hogarth and he hailed from some unpronounceable town in an almost as unpronounceable Connecticut. He had come to Kirkmore because it was from there his Great-great-grandfather Hogarth had emigrated to America and he had a romantic interest in the town.

Romance fled before reality. Kirkmore turned out to be such a very little place, just a cluster of small gray-stone houses in the bottom of a wooded glen in the Grampian Mountains. And so primitive. No sidewalks, no paving, no street lights. And, vexatiously, no inn. But, the village's only shopkeeper told him, the Widow MacKinnon "whiles taks a ludger" and might put him up.

The widow did, and Bill Hogarth qualified his first impression of Kirkmore. Not because her hospitality was of the warmest, but because it was cold beside the light he found in her daughter's deep-blue eyes. . . .

MARY MACKINNON had been helpless to do anything about her eyes. The Yankee was so big and broad and strong, his uniform with its neat sergeant's stripes (upside down, mind ye!) so trig and well-fitting. His voice was deep and drawling, and when he smiled at her his teeth were even and white and shiny. She had never seen anything like him in her life.

But the greatest marvel was what she read in his voice and in his eyes as their first strangeness wore off. She knew herself to be a pretty girl, slenderly rounded, fair and white-skinned, but she could scarcely believe that this glamorous being found her attractive. She was flattered, charmed. And Jock Brough lost by comparison.

As Jock Brough soon learned. He called as usual on Sunday evening and Mary had to force words of welcome to her lips. Suddenly he seemed uncouth, his coarse tweeds unbecoming to him. Half ashamed of him, and of herself for being ashamed, she introduced him, and afterward was uneasily conscious of his eyes on her as he sat silent in a corner of the "ben" room while she and the Yankee argued laughingly whether "down" was pronounced "daown" or "doon." It was a relief when Jock rose to leave.

For appearances' sake she walked with him as far as the bridge a hundred yards down the road. But impatience at the interruption was pricking her and she was unable to conceal her reluctance to linger with him. It was then Jock's silent misery found words. . . .

From behind her Jock spoke again, quietly but with purpose: "Mary!"

She turned. "Yes, Jock?"

"How long's he stayin' here?"

"Till the mornin'. He has to be back in camp."

He nodded. "I'll be here tomorrow night at eight. Waitin' for ye. If ye come I'll ken it's all right with us. If ye don't—" He turned abruptly away. "Guid-nicht, Mary."

Surprised out of replying she watched his stocky figure disappear into the hedge-darkened road. With part of her mind she wanted to run after him, to stop him, to drive the pain from his eyes. But the daftness was stronger and she let the impulse die. With a little ache of guilt and remorse in her breast she turned and walked the other way. . . .

Monday is traditionally washday, even in remote Perthshire hamlets. Out in the wash-house Mary had the fire going under the iron bine by seven o'clock. An hour later, bare feet in wooden clogs, she stood on the wet slate floor by her tub, her arms working like pistons as she rubbed the steaming clothes on her scrubbing board.

A blocking of the sunlight from the open doorway brought her head around and she saw the Yankee looking in at her.

"Good gosh," he said, "is that how you wash clothes?"

Her smile took on pertness. "Yer mother uses her feet, I suppose?"

He grinned. "No, she uses a washing machine."

"A washin' machine!" She had heard that the maids at Craigleigh Towers did the wash in a machine. "Then ye belong to rich folk?"

"Rich folk!" He gave his easy deep laugh. "My dad's a mason."

"A mason? With a washin' machine?"

"Why not? Everyone home has a washing machine."

Her blue eyes rounded. "Everyone? Not *poor* folk, surely?"

"Of course." His eyes narrowed reflectively. "It's different home from what it is here, Mary. We don't make things like that just for moneyed people, but for everyone. And everyone uses them."

"Them?"

"Yeah, you know—washing machines, refrigerators, electric irons, vacuum cleaners, electric toasters, cars—time and labor savers."

"Ye—ye mean yer father has all them things? Even a motor car?"

"Sure thing. I had a car too before the war. So did my brother."

SHE stared at him wordlessly for a moment, a puzzled look on her face, then turned back to her tub. "America's no much like Scotland, I'm thinkin'," she said, her voice low.

"America's not much like anywhere, Mary." A stillness came over his face and he watched her for a little with intent eyes. "How would you like to have me show you America, Mary? After the war?"

Mary straightened slowly and faced him. She had known since the evening before that it would come; that she would have to make her choice before he left that morning. Her head swung slowly. "I'm sorry, Bill. Scotland's good enough for me."

His eyes flickered. "But I thought—" They steadied. "You mean it's someone else, Mary? Jock?"

Mary hesitated a brief instant before she spoke. "Yes, Bill," she said gently. "It's Jock."

"Well . . ." He breathed deeply, squaring his heavy shoulders. "Lucky Jock! I wish you both all the happiness in the world, Mary."

"Why . . . thank ye, Bill!" The surprise in her eyes warmed to approval. "Ye're a real good sport, anyway."

Bill Hogarth never did know the meaning of that "anyway." . . .

Jock was waiting on the bridge as she went down the road through the moonlight. His back was to the parapet, his head sunk on his chest. A renewed tenderness, like sunshine in the morning, flowed over her heart. There was nothing fancy about him. He was just a plain, honest, hard-working lad, her own kind. She knew now she had never really stopped loving him.

She was almost beside him before he heard her. He straightened with a jerk and she heard the catch of his breath. "Mary! Ye did come!"

"Yes, Jock." Her voice was humble. "If ye still . . . want me."

"Want ye!" His hands closed on her shoulders and he filled his eyes with her. "Lassie! Lassie! I didna think I had a chance."

She looked up at him gravely but with a smile behind her eyes. "There's no much conceit about ye, is there, Jock?"

He grinned embarrassedly. "Oh, I have my conceit, Mary. But he was such a braw-lookin' chap. So big an' easy an' kinda genteel."

"Aye, he was all that," Mary said. "A fine upstandin' lad." Unobserved by Jock, regret crept into her eyes. But such a liar, poor fella, she thought. Such an awfu' liar!

ILLUSTRATED BY DON MILSOP

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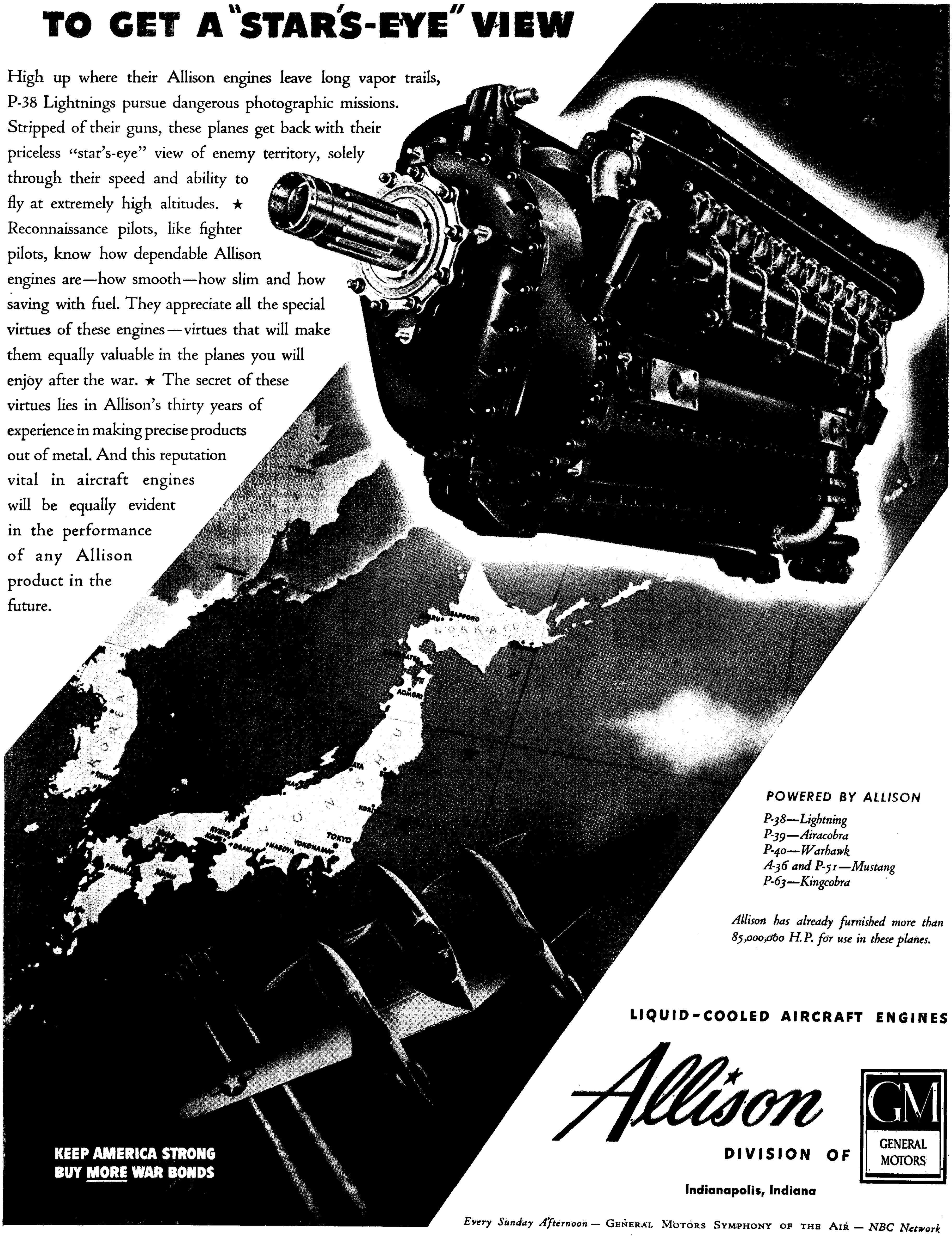

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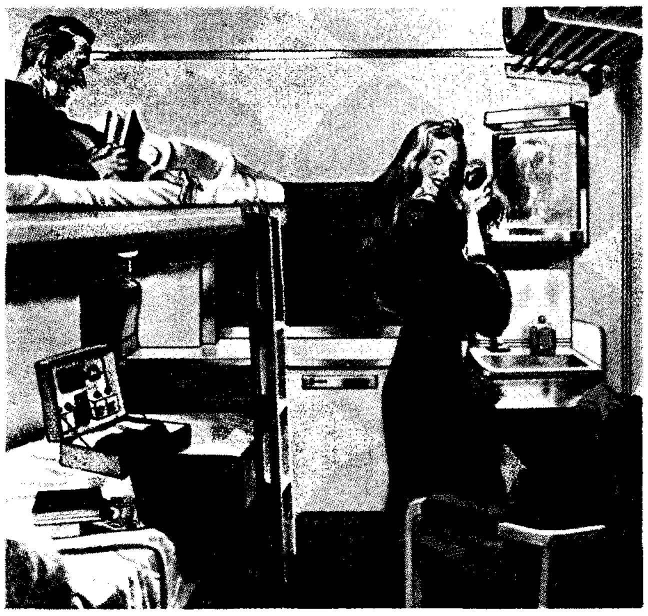

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Maintaining this record, Pullman-Standard leads again in blueprinting the trains of tomorrow, the building of which can start as soon as war needs permit. Already designed and engineered is a complete series of new-type cars with many innovations for the enhancement of travel pleasure. This well-integrated program for the days ahead is planned to meet a rising standard of living, to assist in railroad modernization, to make more jobs for returning servicemen, and to contribute to our national industrial and economic welfare.

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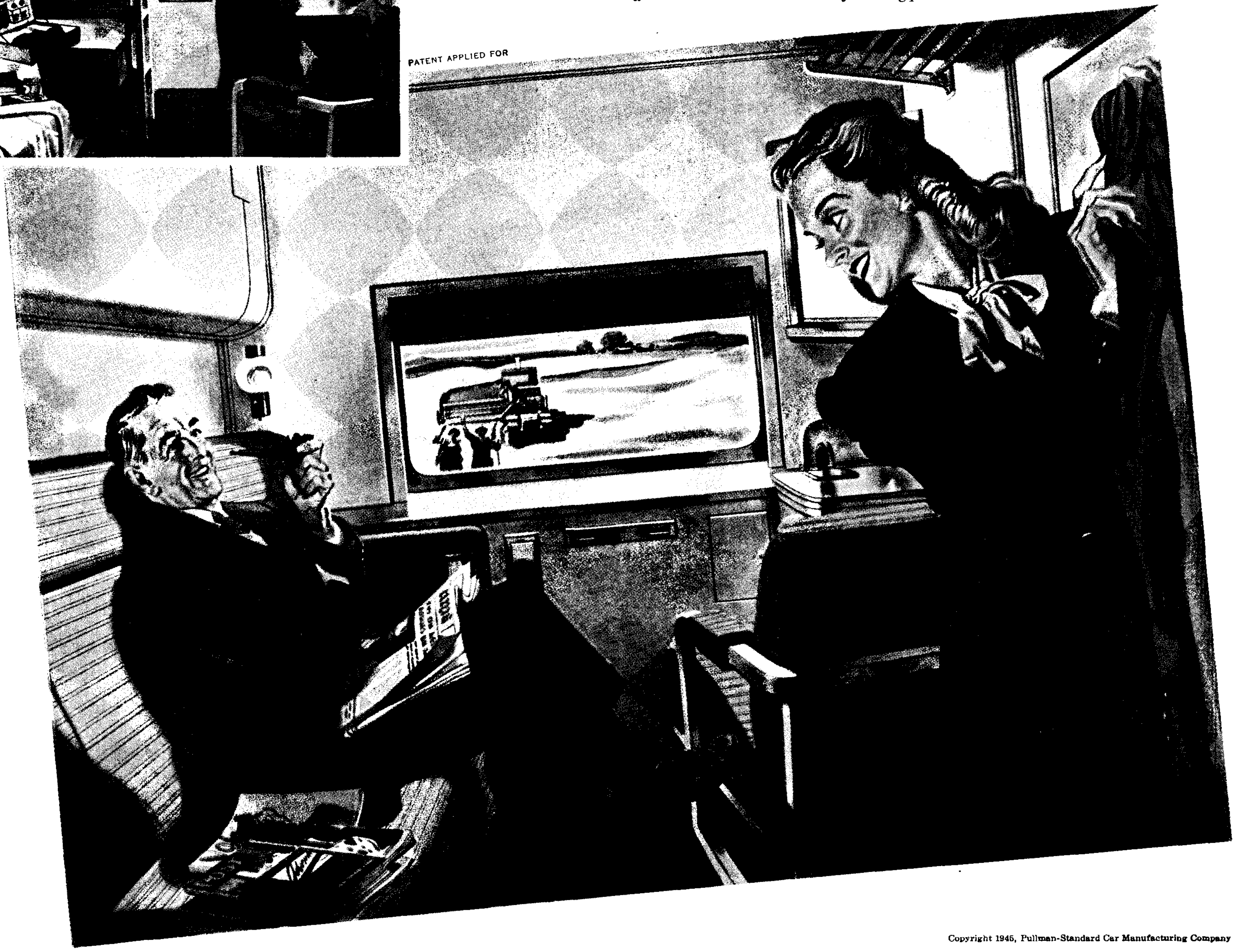

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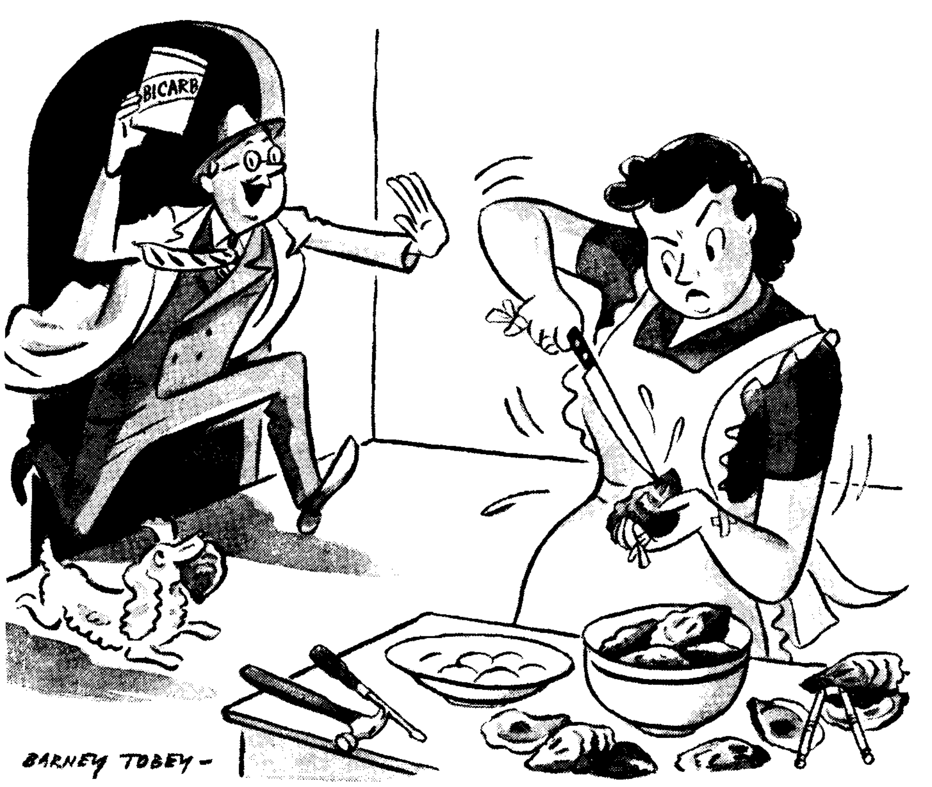


Your Life TOMORROW

BY DAVID O. WOODBURY

Wider, Please!

There is no longer any need for Dad to avert his face bravely as Mother tries to open the oysters with a kitchen knife. This was always heart-rending for Father and, many times, after the oysters were opened, he counted Mother's fingers just to make sure. Doctor H. F. Prytherck of the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service has come to the rescue of all kitchen oyster openers. He found that the iron-jawed bivalve will open its big trap wide if treated to a small dose of bicarbonate of soda. You place the oysters in a pan of water and drop a tablet of bicarb into the water. The soda does almost the same thing to the oyster that champagne does to the nose of a novice. Instead of sneezing, the oyster opens his mouth and holds it until you get the horse-radish and tomato sauce ready. All of this should be edifying for people who can't buy meat but can buy oysters.

Headlights Won't Glare

Inventors have often planned to prevent the blinding glare of auto headlights by fitting all car lamps with polarizing screens. These would produce a beam of light rays vibrating in a single plane 45 degrees from the vertical. If all drivers coming toward such lights wore goggles fitted with precisely similar polarizing screens, a nearly perfect blackout would result. This is because the two polarizing planes, facing each other, are thrown 90 degrees "out of phase." But the illumination from one's own lamps would still be clear, being polarized on the same slant.

One trouble with this rather complicated scheme is that it would be ineffective unless all lamps were screened and all drivers goggled. Even so, cars overtaking a driver and shining their lights upon his rearview mirror would be just as blinding as they are now. These two drawbacks together have kept the system from being adopted.

An ingenious arrangement has just been patented to overcome the second trouble and perhaps make the whole scheme promising for the future. A sheet of plastic material is placed over the rear window of the car, specially designed to rotate the polarized light passing through it by 90 degrees. This converts overtaking headlights into the same category as those approaching in front and you would not see them in your mirror.

Complete polarizing of all headlights is a dream that may well be realized as soon as our state authorities can be persuaded to accept it in the already strict laws governing headlight lenses. It is likely to be the greatest improvement in postwar night-driving comfort and safety. An innovation that will add still further convenience for the driver will be a polarized highway sign that will remind you to put on your goggles for your own protection. If you have them on already, you won't be able to see the sign at all.

Seagoing Mule

If you live near a river or harbor, a canal or big lake after the war, you will probably get used to a strange sight: a dumpy, snub-nosed little craft like a tugboat cut in two, towing long strings of barges or pushing heavily laden freighters into docks or nosing giant ocean liners out into the stream. Or you may see it scudding into impossibly tight places to fight water-front fires, replacing the majestic but cumbersome fireboat of old. This neat but unlovely craft will be hardly bigger than the family cabin cruiser but it will be as powerful as an ordinary tugboat three times its size, and many times more useful. It will be called the Sea Mule.

This war brought forth the new tugboat. Hundreds of them swarmed across the English Channel, shoving invasion units onto the beachheads of Normandy. Standard tugs couldn't be built fast enough or sailed across the Atlantic in sufficient quantity to handle the job alone. But the Sea Mule was on hand because it could be taken apart, ferried overseas on ships' decks and knocked together in a few hours with no other tools than a few wrenches.

Postwar Sea Mules will fill in a vital gap in transportation. Their boxlike sections can be welded up for a fraction of the cost of round-bottomed craft. They will be built in two or four pieces, small enough to be loaded on regular railroad flatcars or truck trailers, and sent anywhere that land or sea transportation can take them. Arriving at their destination on inland lakes or waterways, or whisked thousands of miles to distant harbors that need heavy-duty tugs to get postwar shipping off to a new start, these strange work boats can be lifted off the cars by ordinary cranes, bolted together and dropped into the water in less than half a day.

It will take only two men to run the Mule—one to handle the craft through its automatic controls, the other to tend towing lines and bumpers. Twin gas or Diesel engines below will give the Mule enormous "bite" on the water and turn it within its own length. The long double steel wall down the middle will make it as strong as a bridge girder, and the completely welded compartments will make it virtually unsinkable. Even if it is severely banged up in a collision, the damaged section can be unbolted and removed for repair or another one can be substituted in a few hours.

Beauty Treatment for Telephone Poles

Communities that are disfigured today with long rows of telephone and light poles have a beauty treatment coming: the neat, arrow-straight square pole colored to blend with the trees. The U.S. Signal Corps lately discovered that square poles saved an enormous amount of lumber and shipping space on the way to the battle fronts and were also cheaper to make with automatic machinery. A new anti-rot treatment, colored a faint green, helps the poles fade into the landscape and makes them much more fire-resistant. ★★★

I Got Those Bye-Bye Baby Blues

Continued from page 18

with the rest of us followin' along behind.

"Look at the little mother," says Helen. "Look at Mabel, Joe."

"Yeah," I says.

Mabel gets all red and flustered, and says, "How do I look with a baby, Joey?"

"Okay," I says.

"I'll bet it won't be long before you two are thinkin' about the same thing," says Helen, being extra cute. "When you're married, of course, I mean." And the two women start gigglin' and gettin' red in the face.

"Gee, Helen," says Mabel, "what a thing to say! As if Joey and me was gonna get married soon or anything."

"Well, I don't see what's stoppin' you, eh, Joe?" says George, slappin' me on the back so my teeth rattle.

"Heh-heh," I says. I'm tellin' you I'm beginnin' to get nervous. I don't like the way the conversation is goin'. "Let's see Michael Henry do some tricks," I says.

George is off like a shot, and the next minute he's in back of the sofa. "Where's Daddy?" he hollers. "Watch him, Joe. Where's Daddy?"

Nobody pays no attention to him, especially the kid, but it's a diversion. Mabel walks over to me, with the kid.

"Say hello to Joey," she says. "Hel-lo, Jo-ey," she says, makin' it easy for him, but he don't catch on. "Ain't he cute, Joey?" she says, on the side. "Make friends with him. Go ahead. Say hello to Michael Henry."

"Aw, Mabel," I says. "It's embarrassin'."

"Go on," she says. "Hel-lo, Michael Hen-ry. Say it."

"Hello," I says, gettin' no answer. "Look, Mabel . . ."

"Here, hold him," she says. The next minute she dumps him at me, and I gotta grab hold.

He ain't a bad-lookin' kid, from close up, if you can tell one kid from another one, which I can't.

"Where's Daddy?" George hollers. "Get this, Joe."

"Come out from under the piano," I says. "He ain't lookin' at you." The kid reaches up, grabs hold of my nose and pulls.

"Look, he likes you," says Mabel. "Say hello to Daddy, Michael Henry," she says.

"Daddy?" I says.

"It's just a manner of speakin', Joey," she says. "Anyway, you can't tell. Maybe some day you'll have a baby all your own."

"Certainly," says Helen. "Honest, like George says, I don't see what's keepin' you two back."

MABEL says, "Well, it ain't up to the girl to say . . ." and she looks at me. It's beginnin' to get warm in the room.

"Say," says George, "wouldn't it be wonderful if they got engaged right here, and Michael Henry could be sort of the godfather?" The kid lets out a kind of a "goo," like he likes the idea. Everybody likes the idea, except me, and they ain't givin' me a chance. The temperature is risin'.

"Well, it ain't up to me to say," says Mabel again, swishin' her eyelashes like a hula skirt.

"I know Joe's awful fond of you," says Helen. "Isn't that right, Joe?"

"Yeah," I says. "That's right, all right."

"Then what's keepin' you back?" she says.

"All you have to do is ask the girl, Joe," says George, givin' me another one on the back so that I almost drop the kid.

This reminds me of the kid. It's hard to explain why you do things you do sometimes when the heat is on. All I know is I need a way out, and the kid is there. Before I think about it, I do it.

"Yee-owww!" the kid yells, and it's only the beginnin'. Without no time lost on warmin' up, he's off on a cryin' jag that's a beauty.

"Joey!" Mabel hollers. "What are you doin'?"

"My baby!" Helen screams. "Give me my baby!"

I give him to her. They're all gangin' up on the kid, mooin' and pokin' at him.

George jumps under a rug and starts hollerin', "Where's Daddy?" to get the kid to stop cryin'. It don't work.

"What happened?" I says.

"What happened, he says," says Mabel. "I know what happened, and you ought to be ashamed, Joe Sparton."

"I can't help it if he don't like my looks," I says. "Maybe he wants Betty Grable to hold him." This is for a joke, only nobody laughs.

"Don't try to laugh it off," says Mabel. "I saw you. You pinched him."

"What?" I says. "Me? Pinched him?" It's a pretty good act, if I gotta say so myself, but it's no use. She musta seen me, all right, because I done it, only it was just an easy pinch. I was desperate is the only reason I'd do a thing like that.

They get the kid quieted down after a while, and then everybody just sits around. I got them stopped talkin' about the marriage business, but I guess I overdone it. They ain't talkin' to me at all. Helen and Mabel got their heads together, and they're talkin' a mile a minute, and every once in a while they look over at me.

WHEN we say good night, I'm still denyin' the whole thing, but nobody believes me. Helen and Mabel are all set on whatever it is they was talkin' over, which I find out about immediately.

I'm walkin' Mabel home, slow, down Flatbush Avenue. It's a long time before she says anything.

"I arranged it with Helen," she says.

"What?" I says.

"For you and me to continue seein' Michael Henry," she says. "Even after what you done."

"Yeah?" I says. "Well, I . . ."

"Every night we have a date, we'll visit Michael Henry, and maybe that way you'll learn to love children," she says.

"Every night? Mabel, I . . ."

"If you don't wanna come to see me," she says, in that voice like the last will and testament, "there ain't no law says you hafta," she says.

"It ain't that," I says.

"You gotta learn to love children," she says, "because I think that's the reason you don't like to get married."

The picture gets clearer, only that don't mean it's good.

"So it's either love me, love Michael Henry also," she says, "or nothin' at all."

This ain't the first time I have the marriage heat on from Mabel. We been goin' together for four years, and durin' three and a quarter of them I can hear the wedding bells ringin' in the distance, which ain't music to my ears. It ain't that I'm against marriage altogether. I'm pretty nuts about Mabel, and I figure one of these days I'm gonna be ready to pop the question. But the day ain't yet, which don't make Mabel happy.

I got this business with Michael Henry on my mind the whole next week, which makes me kinda nervous, irritable and logy, like they give you on the radio. I get into a fight with my first sergeant, which ain't unusual, except for what comes later. Altogether, the week is a bust, which makes me all ready for what I'm lookin' forward to on my day off.

What I'm lookin' forward to comes off like planned. I call for Mabel, who meets me at the door with her hat and coat on.

"It's all arranged," she says. "We're taking Michael Henry out for a walk."

WE PICK up the kid, and start out. We walk. He rides. It's a nice sunshiny day, and we're just strollin' along, pushin' the carriage and breathin' the good Brooklyn air. The conversation is just conversation, and I'm beginnin' to relax. When my guard is down, Mabel asks a question.

"Joey," she says, very casual. "Joey, do you know what's a girl's favorite wish?"

I know the answer, only I figure I'll keep the conversation the way it was. Harmless.

"A pair of nylon stockings?" I says, givin' it a laugh to help it along. It don't need no help. She busts out laughin' like she's gonna have a fit.

"Gee, that's a scream, Joey," she says. The laugh continues for a minute, as phony as a two-bit fruitcake. Then she turns it off. "Now we had a good laugh," she says. "I'll tell you the real answer to the question: It's gettin' married."

"Oh," I says.

"And after that, whaddya suppose?"

I can't take no chances on another gag. I tell her I don't know.

"Guess," she says, lookin' down at the sidewalk in a shy way. I figure I might as well face it right out.

"Havin' a baby," I says. "Is that right?"

"Joey," she says, gettin' all red. "Gee!"

"Whatsamatter?" I says. "Ain't that right?"

"Yes," she says. "Only you don't come right out and say a thing like that." Still, she takes hold of my arm, kinda cozy, and we continue walkin'. "Don't it make you feel good?" she says.

"What?"

"Oh, walkin' along, with a girl next to you, like your wife, maybe, and pushin' a baby carriage, and all that?"

I let the remark lay.

"You're gonna love Michael Henry when you get to know him personally," she says.

"I like him already," I says.

"Yeah?" she says. "That's nice. Look, there's another soldier comin'. I wonder if he's married and has a kid."

I look at this G.I. walkin' up the hill toward us, and it's my fat first sergeant, out for a walk. He sees me and stops.

"Hello, Sparton," he says, like we was buddies.

"Hello," I says. It ain't in the Articles of War that you gotta like your first sergeant.

"How are you, Mrs. Sparton?" he says.

"Huh?" I says.

Mabel giggles and says, "I'm fine, thank you, and hope you are likewise."

"Say, that's a fine-looking kid you've got there, Sparton," he says.

"Huh?" I says. It's no snappy comeback, but it's exactly what I'm thinkin', so I say it.

Mabel says, "Thank you. Say hello, Michael Henry."

"Well, I'll see you in camp, Sparton," the first sergeant says. "Goodby, Mrs. Sparton. So long, Junior." He continues on up the hill. Then I wake up.

"Hey!" I says. "Wait a minute!"

"Joey," says Mabel, "stop hollerin'. People are lookin'."

"You heard what he said," I says. "Hey! Wait!" Somethin' tells me I gotta straighten the sergeant out before it's too late. But the guy is turnin' a corner and in another minute I see I'm gonna lose him.

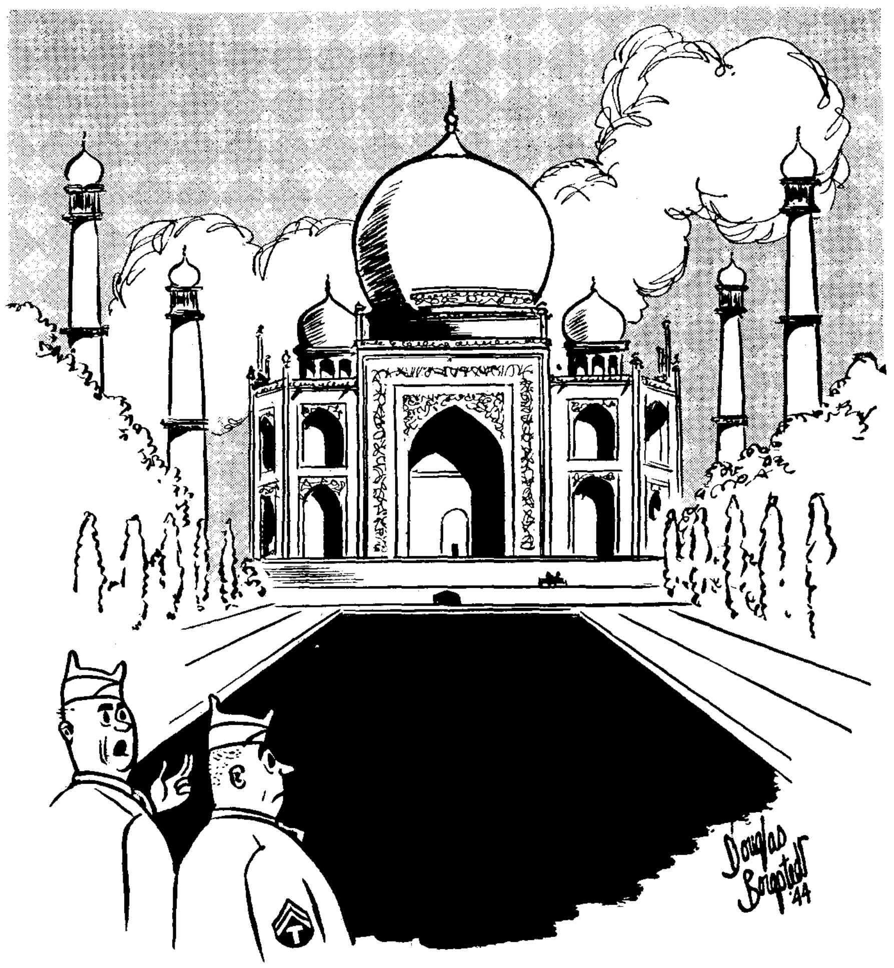
"Can you imagine him thinkin' that we're married, with a baby—" Mabel is startin' in.

Without even waitin' to hear the rest, I holler, "Hey!" again, and take off after the first sergeant. I ain't gone two steps before I'm froze in my tracks by a scream like the Dixie Flier comin' round the bend.

"Joey-e-e-ey!" It's Mabel hollerin'. "The baby!"

I turn around, and there's Michael Henry in his carriage, goin' downhill like a roller coaster and pickin' up speed. I musta let go without thinkin' when I started after the first sergeant.

"Joey, stop him!" she hollers.



"It's an outright steal from Joe's Hamburger Stand on Sunset Boulevard—"

COLLIER'S SGT. DOUGLAS BORGSTEDT

This is easier said than done, but I start out. Goin' downhill, I'm movin' so fast my feet can hardly keep up with me. In front of me, Michael Henry in his carriage is really makin' time. In back of me, I can hear Mabel, runnin' and hollerin'. The chase is on.

You ever see one of them movin' pictures where it looks like you're sittin' in the driver's seat of an automobile, and trolley cars and automobiles and everything comes rushin' right at you, and you just miss them? That's the way it is with Michael Henry's carriage. Only it ain't no movin' picture, and he don't always miss.

"HEY! Turn left?" I holler. He's headin' for a fireplug. Maybe he's smarter than I think, because he turns left and sideswipes into an ash can. I take the fireplug like the low hurdles, gainin' a coupla yards. In back of me I can hear Mabel crunchin' over the ashes.

All along the way, people are beginnin' to holler instructions, and Michael Henry streaks along. I done some sharp drivin' when I usta jockey a hack in the civilian days, but he's got me beat. Up ahead, at the bottom of the hill, I can see the sun shinin' on the Gowanus. And I know the kid can't swim.

Then, with my ears ringin' from Mabel screamin', I suddenly remember I can't swim, neither. I give it an extra piece of speed, and by reachin' out my hands, I can just grab hold of the handle bars of the carriage.

"Stop, Joey!" Mabel hollers.

I can't. I caught him, but we're both goin' so fast we just continue.

Mabel hollers. "Hold on to the carriage, Joey!"

THE next minute somethin' hits me like the right guard for Notre Dame. Down I go, still holdin' on. I make about twenty yards on my face, and then we stop—the carriage, me and Mabel.

Mabel gets offa me, from where she tackled me to make me stop, and we both go runnin' to see how the kid is. He don't even give us a nod, or nothin'. He's trying to get his big toe in his mouth.

Once she sees that the kid is okay, Mabel turns to me. "Whatta you tryin' to do, murder a poor innocent baby?" she says.

The front of my uniform, includin' parts of me, looks like it had been manicured by a mortar. "Now wait a minute," I says.

"Sherman was right," she says. Her eyes are shootin' sparks like the Fourth of July. "You do hate children," she says.

"Oh, yeah?" I says. "I suppose I done it on purpose!"

"I ain't sayin' you done it on purpose," she says, "only I ain't sayin' you're innocent, neither. Imagine doin' a thing like that to a little baby!"

"Listen," I says. "Don't . . ."

"You listen to me," she says. "This is the finish of the experiment with Michael Henry."

"Good!" I says. "That's okay by me."

"There's only one way a guy like you can learn to love children," she says. "And that's when you got some of your own."

"Now don't give me that," I says. "I'm crazy about children. Lay offa that, will ya?"

"I seen a demonstration of how you love children," she says. "So the next thing I wanna hear from you is the answer to the last question, and that's all."

"What question?" I says. "I don't get it."

"Come, Michael Henry," she says. "Momma will take you home. Goodby, Mr. Sparton."

"Now wait," I says. "I don't even know what you're talkin' about."

She turns to me very calm. "What I say is, you gotta learn to love children," she says. "The only way you're gonna do it is when you got your own to love. People usually get married before they have children," she says. "I ain't gonna make it no clearer than that, because I ain't gonna throw myself at anybody, irregardless of who he is."

So then she walks away, pushin' the baby carriage. . . .

The pressure is on and, back at camp, I'm just beginnin' to figure that the best thing I can do is to lay low for a while, until the whole thing blows over, maybe, when I see my name on the bulletin board to see the first sergeant.

"Sparton," he says, "I been checkin' your records and I see you got no Class A allotment."

"That's right," I says.

"You know when the Army tells you somethin' is required, they ain't kiddin'," he says.

"You mean an allotment?" I says.

"What am I talkin' about?" he says, and I can see his fat face gettin' red. I can also begin to see what he's gettin' at.

"Sergeant," I says, "that's what I wanted to tell you about."

"I'll do the talkin' here," he yells, and his fat face is really red now. He looks at me a long time, and I look back at him, and it's no pleasure for either one of us.

"Sparton," he says, real slow, "there ain't nothin' better in the world than the love of a good wife, and a couple of kids." This is the same guy who tears buck privates limb from limb on the drill field.

"Look," I says, tryin' to keep calm. "I got no wife and kid."

"Oh, no?" he says. "I guess I'm blind. Or seein' things." He shakes his big fat head. "Sparton," he says, "the guardhouse is too good for guys like you."

"You ain't no national asset yourself," I says. I shoulda kept my big mouth closed.

"Don't get wise!" he hollers. "I'm tryin' to give you a break, for your wife and kid."

"I ain't got none!" I holler. "What you seen was just my girl friend." When I think about it, I can see I didn't go far enough. But it's too late.

HE OPENS up his big fat yap and starts hollerin'. He says I got a wife, and the Army says I gotta have an allotment for her and the kid. He shows me how he's got me practically shot, under the Articles of War, if he wants to make a case.

"Now," he says, "you give me your wife's address, where we can send the allotment, and I'll see that it goes easy with you."

"Thanks," I says. "You done?" I been keepin' it back, but by this time, I'm boilin' like a teakettle. I gotta let off some steam.

"I'm done talkin'," he says. "What's the address?"

"That's none of your big fat business," I says. And I take it from there. It ain't a diplomatic thing to sound off to your first sergeant, but I tell him I got no wife and I got no kid. I tell him Mabel and me only borrowed Michael Henry. I tell him backward and forward, with expression. He looks like he's ready to explode.

"So that's that," I tell him, when I'm runnin' outta breath. "And how do you like it?"

"Sparton," he says, "this is one rap you ain't gonna beat. You can't hide your wife and kid from the Army."

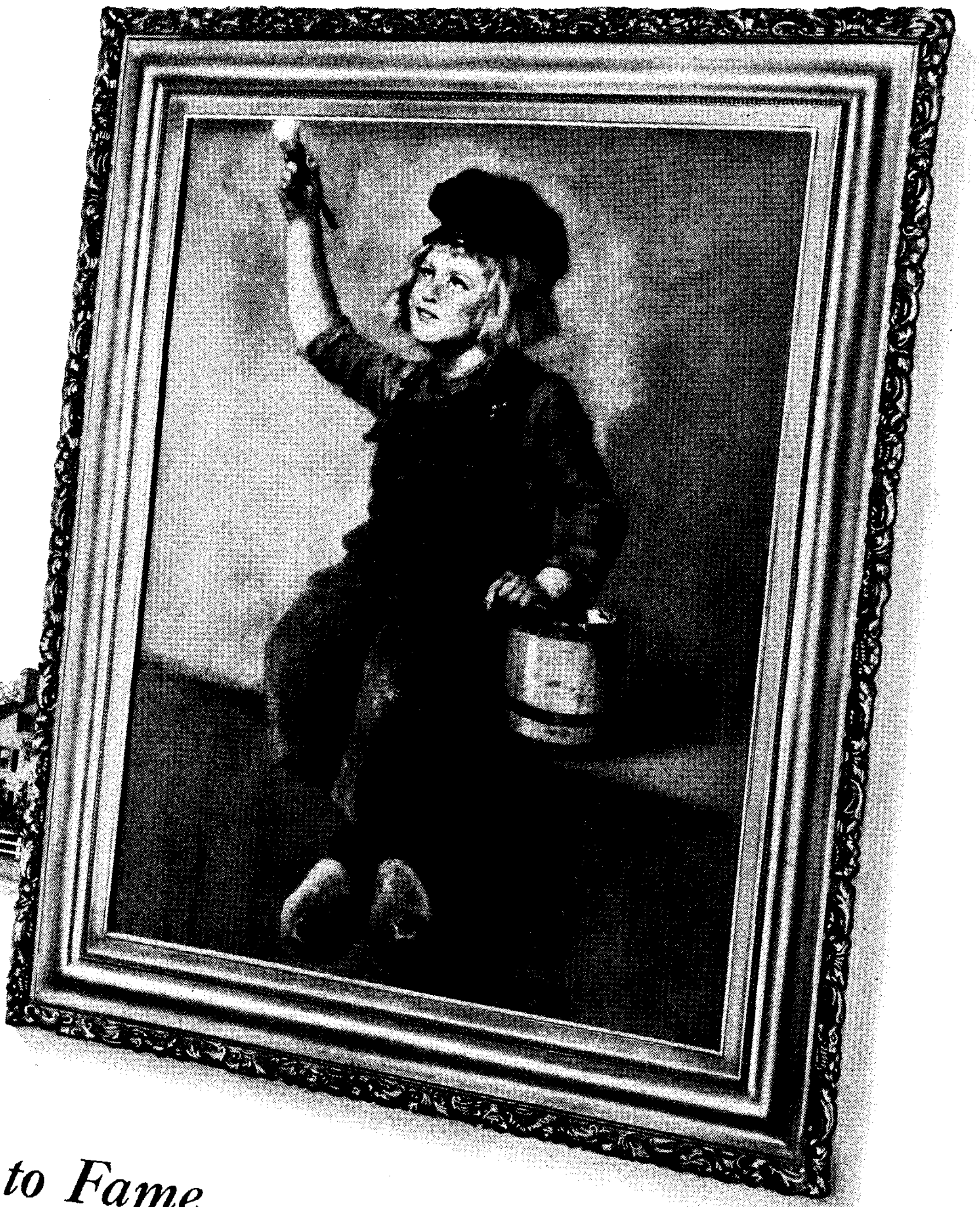
"For cryin' out loud!" I says. "What am I tellin' you? And Mabel will tell you the same thing."

"Oh, yeah?" he says. "Okay. We'll ask your wife. We'll go see her your next day off, smart guy!"

"Fine!" I tell him. "Good. That's the way it'll be."

I go tearin' out of the orderly room, burnin' like a three-alarm fire. I ain't got three steps outta the place when it hits me, like a fire extinguisher. I take another three steps, and then I stop cold. I can see the whole picture, and what it spells is Disaster, in Technicolor.

Because the way Mabel feels, she ain't gonna tell him nothin'. The last thing she says is practically that she wants to hear a proposal, or else. Now all I'm supposed to



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who Painted his way to Fame

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The very first paint product to bear his name—the famous Dutch Boy White Lead in Oil—set a standard for weather-fight on millions of homes. And top quality has remained the goal of all Dutch Boy products, right on down to the new ready-mixed Dutch Boy Paint—which adds greater convenience of use to the proved protection and long life of this famous paint material.

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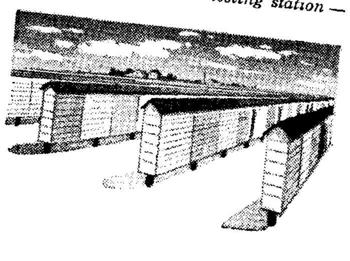

10 ACRES WHERE GOOD PAINT GROWS: Below are a few of the thousands of panels at the Sayville, L. I., paint testing station—one of a number maintained by National Lead. Here Dutch Boy is tested side by side with other paints to make sure it gives unexcelled protection against sun, rain, snow, and other conditions met in actual use.

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do is ask her to tell this fat first sergeant just the opposite. It's askin' too much.

I can't go back and tell the first sergeant this, because he'll figure I'm backin' out. I'm almost ready to tell him I'll take out an allotment, to make him happy. Only I still got nobody to send it to.

It's a situation. I pound the old noggin the whole day, and come up with nothin'. I finally decide to try Mabel out with a letter. I write it real careful, explainin' exactly what happened, and askin' her to write me back, tellin' me she'll tell the sergeant. I sign it, "With love, Joe," even if I hate to put nothin' like that down on paper. I get no answer.

That's the way it stands on my next day off. The first sergeant shows up, all slicked up in his Class A uniform, which on him looks like a tent with buttons. We go up to Mabel's house, but she ain't home. Sherman tells us where to find her.

"Where do you think she'd be?" he says. "She's with the baby."

The first sergeant looks at me. We proceed to the Plevins house. George and Helen are comin' out the door.

"We just left Mabel and the baby," says Helen. "You're a lucky fellow, Joe," she says, bein' awful cute again. "Mabel is wonderful with that baby."

They leave, and we go in. I got a feelin' that, so far, I ain't made much impression. I get the first sergeant over to one side and put it to him.

"All I want you to do is watch and don't ask no questions," I says. "You'll see you're wrong right off."

"Hah!" he says. "Let's go."

We find Mabel and Michael Henry in the livin' room, playin' together. The welcome she gives us don't sweep us off our feet. I introduce the first sergeant. Mabel continues with the baby.

"Well," I says, "Michael Henry is lookin' good today. Hello, Michael Henry."

The kid continues playin' with his big toe.

"Say hello to Joey, who almost murdered you," Mabel says to him.

The conversation dies down.

"Well," I says, "I been thinkin' about what you said, the other time."

This makes her look up, at least. "Well?" she says.

"I'm still thinkin' about it," I says.

"Lemme see you smile, Michael Henry," she says.

This is her way of sayin' the interview is over.

"Didja get my letter, Mabel?" I says.

"Smile for Momma, Michael Henry," she says.

"Momma?" I says. It's just her manner of speakin', like callin' me Daddy, but she done it on purpose, and the impression is bad. The first sergeant opens his big yap.

"Madam," he says, "do you know that a soldier's wife is entitled to an allotment?"

"Believe me, I know it," she says, "only I don't think I'm ever gonna get one, the way it looks."

"We'll see about that," says the first sergeant.

I CAN see the double talk has gone far enough. I thought maybe if we just talked a little, the first sergeant would see we ain't married. But this way, it's a losin' fight.

"Mabel," I says, "I gotta have a coupla words with you in private."

We go over in a corner of the room, and I put it to her.

"Mabel," I says in a quiet voice, "you gotta help me out."

"Yeah?" she says. "Who says so?"

"You gotta have a heart," I says. Maybe it's the way I say it, with feeling, because she looks kinda softhearted at me. After all, she likes me.

"I don't know, Joey," she says. "It's for your own good, about not likin' children, and all."

"I like them," I says. "It's just this business about gettin' married that gets me." It was the wrong thing to say.

"Oh, yeah?" she says. "Well, listen. If you want the first sergeant to know you ain't been married all along, there's one way to make him know it for sure."

I don't even have to ask her how. I was wonderin' how long it would take her to figure this out.

"If we got married now, then he'd know we wasn't married before," she says. It's a reasonable answer.

"For cryin' out loud!" I says. And then I think she's takin' me literal. Because she opens up her mouth, and lets out a scream, like Harry James on a high note.

"Michael Henry!" she says. "Don't move!"

It's that kid again. I turn around, and there he is, in the kitchen, sittin' right at the top of the cellar stairs, with the door wide open. One more crawl, and he does a nose dive.

I can feel my heart sort of flop over. The first sergeant is on his feet, all white in the face. We all stand there, afraid to budge in case the kid will get excited and move.

"Joey," Mabel whispers. Her whisper is shakin', and I know she don't want nothin'. She's just scared for the kid. I know I gotta do somethin'.

"Easy, now," I says, quiet. "We'll just sneak up on him."

We start out, tiptoein'. Each time the floor squeaks, we freeze up and wait. Then we start out again. The kid sits there, playin' with a toy wagon he's got. He's gurglin' and jabberin', without sayin' nothin'.

It seems like a half hour we're sneakin' up on him, and we're only halfway across the kitchen. Mabel is talkin' to him, quietlike, and the kid sits there rockin' on the edge of the stairs.

Then he suddenly lets out a loud gurgle and starts to roll over toward the stairs. There's only one thing to do. I make a dive for him, all out.

Very calm, he rolls back and puts down his wagon. I hit it with my foot and start sailin'. I clear Michael Henry's head by two feet and continue on. I hit the third step and the sixth step, and make it the rest of the way nonstop, solo.

It's an all-points landing. The wind is knocked clear out of me, and my left leg feels like somebody is carvin' it like a turkey. A kind of a fog starts descendin', and the last thing I can hear is Mabel, at the top of the steps.

"Joey, come up quick!" she's hollerin'. "Michael Henry walked! He got up and walked right to me. And only nine months old, too!"

The visibility becomes zero, like they say in the Air Corps, and that's all I remember.

WHEN I come to again, I'm layin' on a couch in the livin' room, and Mabel is wipin' my face with a cold towel. It feels good, and she's kinda murmurin' nice things to me, so I lay there a minute before I let her know I'm awake.

"Gee, Joey," she says, when she finds out. "I don't hardly know what to say. You practically killed yourself for that baby, didn't you?"

"Well," I says, "I busted my leg."

"Maybe I was wrong," she says, kinda whisperin' it. "And I'm proud of what you done, for the baby, even if it wasn't exactly necessary."

"Yeah?" I says.

It makes you feel good to hear your girl friend say she's proud.

"Yeah," she says, real soft. "A man who feels like that will make a wonderful father, some day."

"Some day?"

"Some day," she says. "I guess I can wait for a guy like that."

I let out a big sigh and lean back, with contentment. I ain't sure how she comes to this conclusion, but it's good. The next voice I hear is the Voice of the Bullfrog—the first sergeant.

"Look, lady," he's sayin'. "I don't get it. Are you two married or aren't you?"

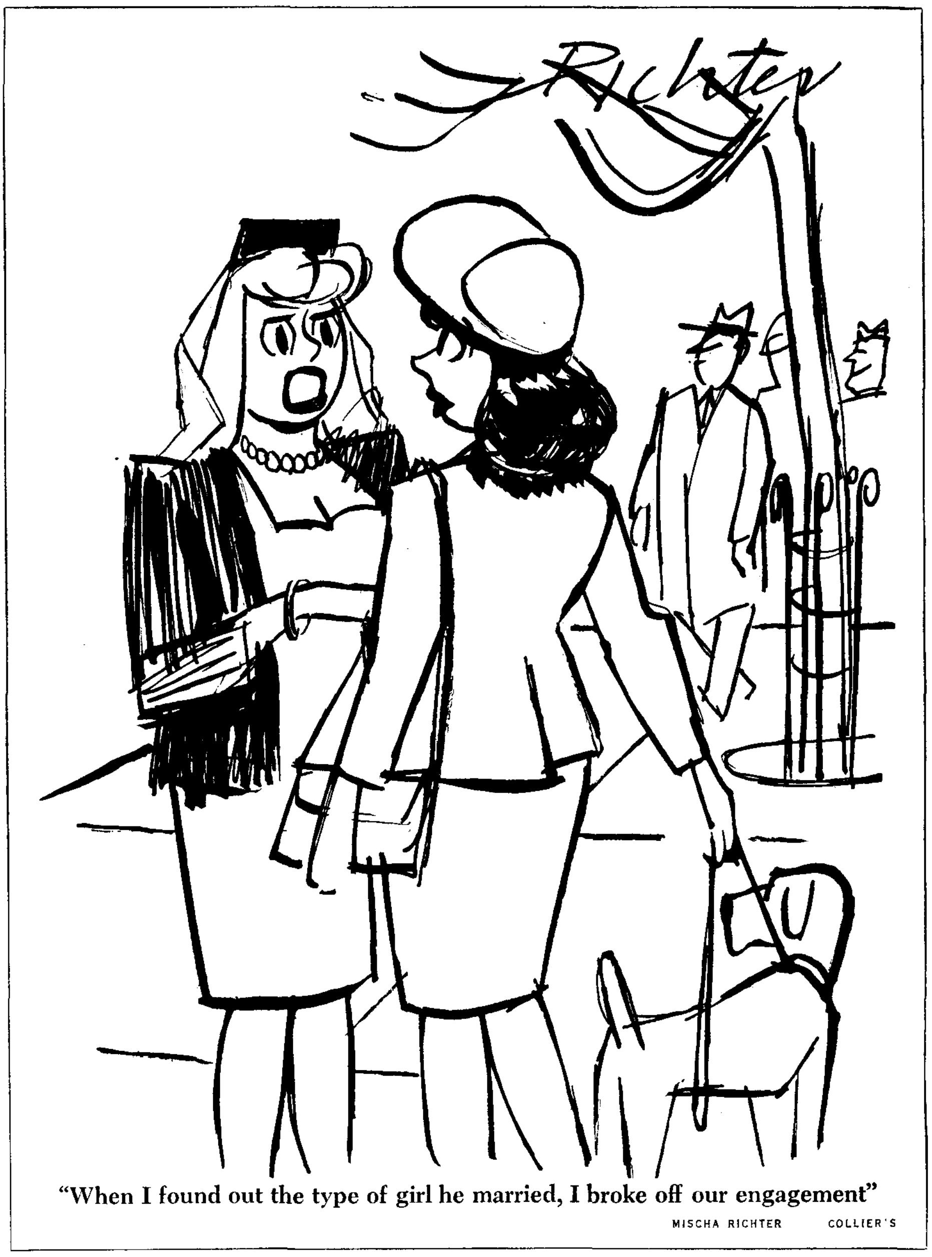
She looks at him. After all, she's just had a difficult experience.

"What are you," she says, "a wise guy or somethin'?"

And that's the kind of baby I got.

You see what I mean?

THE END



"When I found out the type of girl he married, I broke off our engagement"

MISCHA RICHTER COLLIER'S

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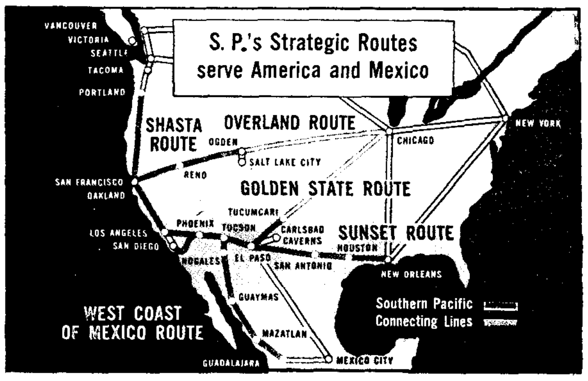
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Needle and Ball

By Michael Straight

This is the simple story of a man who was completely brave—and afraid of a thing he could not see

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES E. ALLEN

THE bank of our plane grew steeper as the spiral tightened. The nose headed down. It was like a paper boat entering a whirlpool. I kept on talking.

"We are now in a spiral to the right. Look at the needle and ball! The needle is on the right." The engine began to groan.

"To recover from the spiral, place the needle in the center, that is, place the stick in the center and press the left rudder." If this were done. the air-speed indicator would up toward the red line. But the fields began to twist around the nose of the plane. I reached for the controls. They were frozen solid in his grip.

"The needle is on the right because you are holding the stick on the right. Place the stick in the center!" The needle stayed on the right. I could feel Duran pulling back on the stick, pulling the plane into a vertical dive.

"Do not pull on the stick! Place the stick in the center!"

The needle stayed over; the fields came up fast toward us. I grabbed the controls, and pulled the trainer up through the horizon; I held it on its tail, hanging on the prop until it began to shake and rattle in a stall. I pushed the nose down. I reached for the mike. I was so darned angry! I started to shout; I remembered—

In the darkness of the back seat, under the instrument flying hood, a young cadet was sitting, hunched up and miserable; a Frenchman, to make it worse; four thousand miles from home.

"Look. Duran," I said. "A spiral is the worst killer in flying. It kills more pilots than the Nazis kill. It kills them because they enter it so slowly that they can't feel it. Their instruments tell them they're spiraling, but they feel nothing and they refuse to believe their instruments. That's how pilots get killed.

"Look," I repeated, "suppose you become a pilot in the French Air Force. Suppose you're flying your B-26 in a stormy night in combat, and your gyros tumble. That needle and ball is almost the only instrument you can rely on. If you can't fly by that needle, you and six other guys are going to spiral in, and no American instructor is going to be there to grab the controls. *Now center it and keep it there.*"

The sky and the fields look bright and fresh after you take a beating in the dark little prison under the hood. I brought Duran out and we fooled around above the clouds for a while. I gave him the lecture on the needle and ball for the twentieth time. Then I switched on to radio. We could hear MD 62, the control tower, giving its identification and calling in the planes first in English, then in French.

"Mike-Dog six-two to all planes . . ."

"Marcel Denise six-deux a tous les Avions Françaises . . ."

I sent Duran back under the hood. "Cage your gyros," I said. "Take it easy. Keep the needle and ball in the center—we'll try it once more—for the last time."

Duran shook the stick as he took the plane. For a few moments he held the needle nailed in the center. Then he lost fifty feet of altitude. As he regained it, the right wing began to sink. The needle sidled to the right. The nose lowered.

"To the center with the stick; place the needle in the center with the stick and left rudder," I kept talking: "reduce the gas! *Place the . . .*" The fields came up fast. I grabbed the controls and went on in for a landing.

It was almost evening. Dufour, Duchatel, Descamps, my other cadets of the French Armee de l'Air were waiting anxiously at the edge of the ramp for us as we taxied in. They always looked overjoyed to see us, as if we'd just flown in from France herself.

They knew that Duran was failing in instrument flying. I could feel them looking at him for some sign as I filled out the Form 1 on our flight. As we walked back to the squadron, they followed silently behind us, with a compassionate concern for Duran.

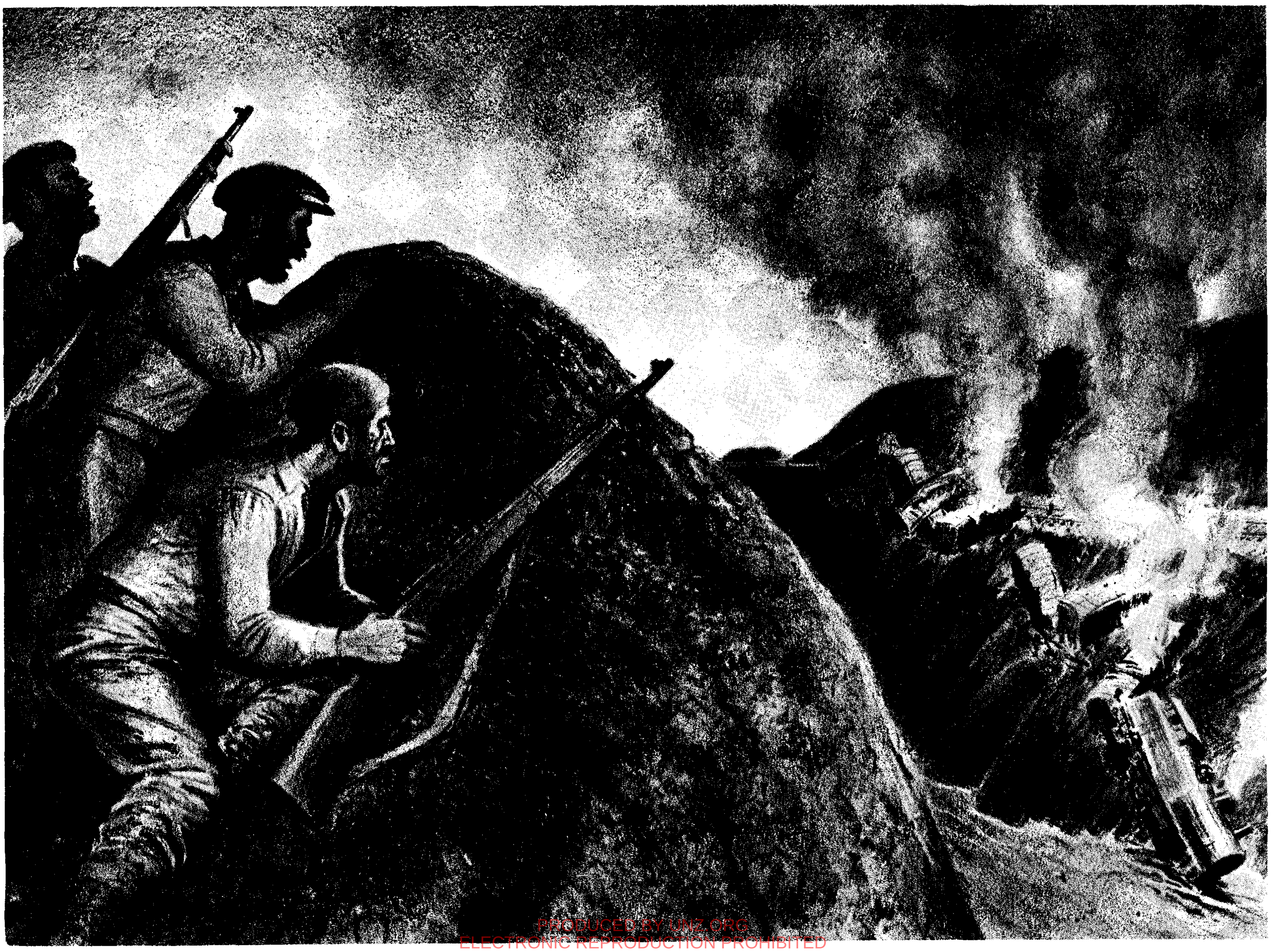
This was the moment that every poor instructor hates and dreads above all others.

"I'm sorry, Duran," I said. "You've almost finished the course. It's only three days before the graduation party. That makes it tough as hell to get washed out now. But you're washed out. You can fly contact darn' well. You're okay on full panel on instrument flying. But when it gets to needle and ball, something goes wrong. You're afraid. You can't fly needle and ball and, for us, that means you can't fly at all."

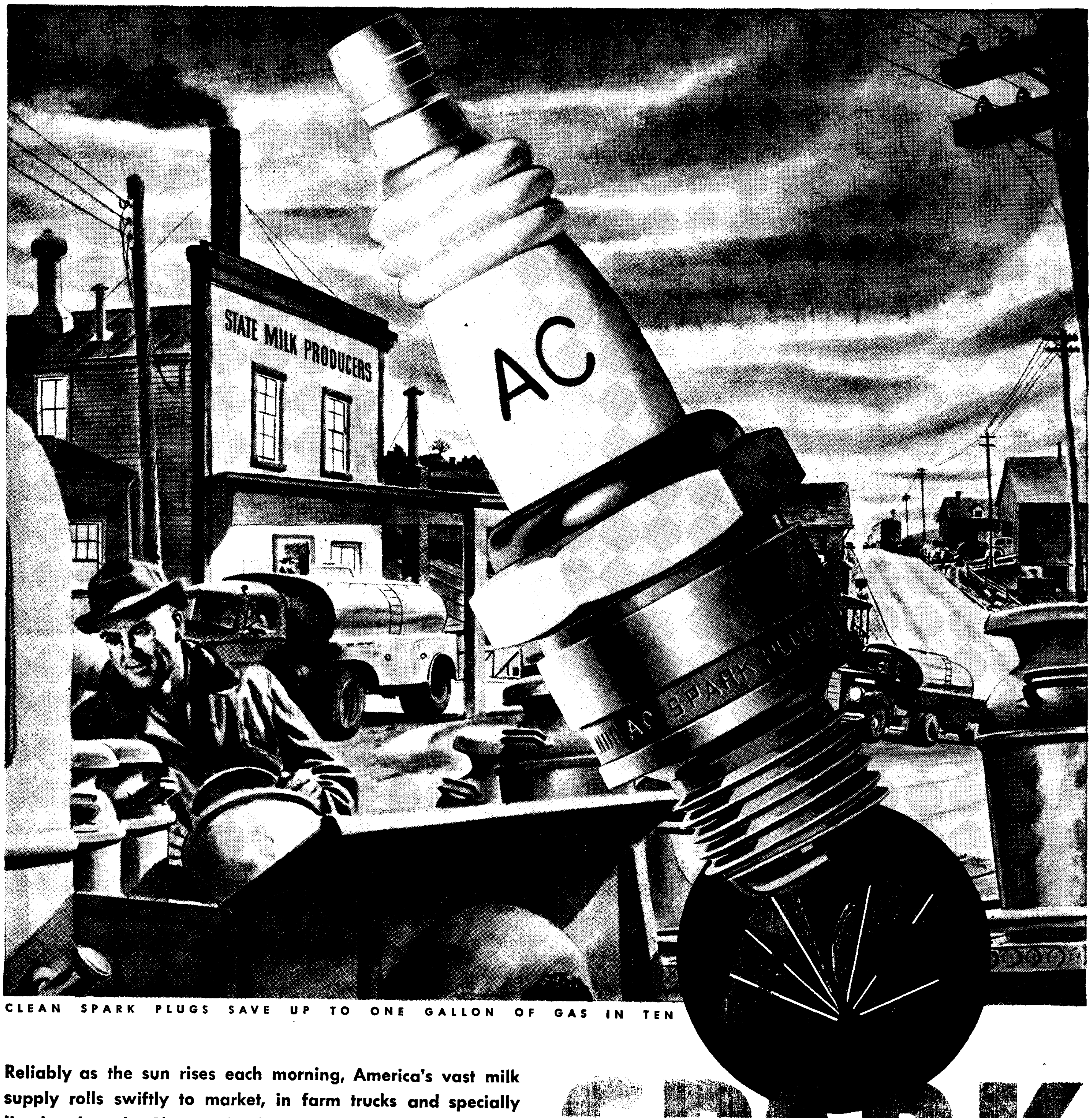
I kept staring at the cement in front of us as we walked, and hoisting my parachute up on my rear. But Duran kept looking straight at me and saying, "Yes, my lieutenant," and "I understand, my lieutenant." He wouldn't plead with me, or offer any alibis. His voice never broke. I wouldn't have tried so hard to get you through, I thought, if your voice weren't so firm and clear; but it's hopeless.

Hopeless. But I'll worry about it all night long, I thought. Why did I have to be one of the suckers to do this job? . . .

(Continued on page 48)



"Duran marched with the pilots dressed as peasants. What chances they took! He led them against German trains . . . the most dangerous work in all France"



CLEAN SPARK PLUGS SAVE UP TO ONE GALLON OF GAS IN TEN

Reliably as the sun rises each morning, America's vast milk supply rolls swiftly to market, in farm trucks and specially lined tank trucks. Thousands of the dairies and milk producers who operate these trucks, pin their faith on *AC Spark Plugs, for utmost reliability.* They also find that they *save gasoline and lengthen the life of plugs,* by following the AC plan of having plugs *cleaned and adjusted every 3,000 miles.* You can improve the efficiency of your car, truck or tractor by observing these same simple rules.

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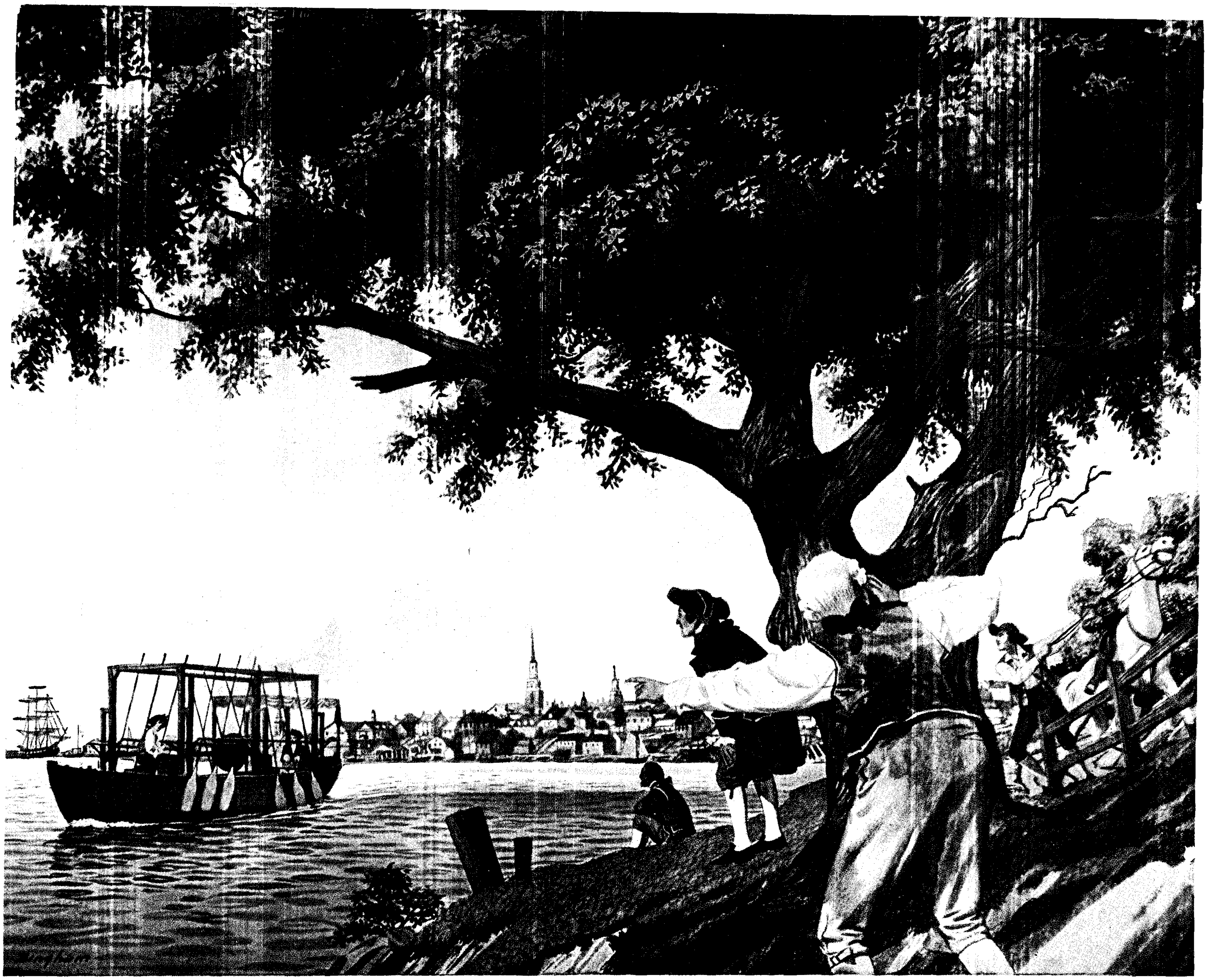
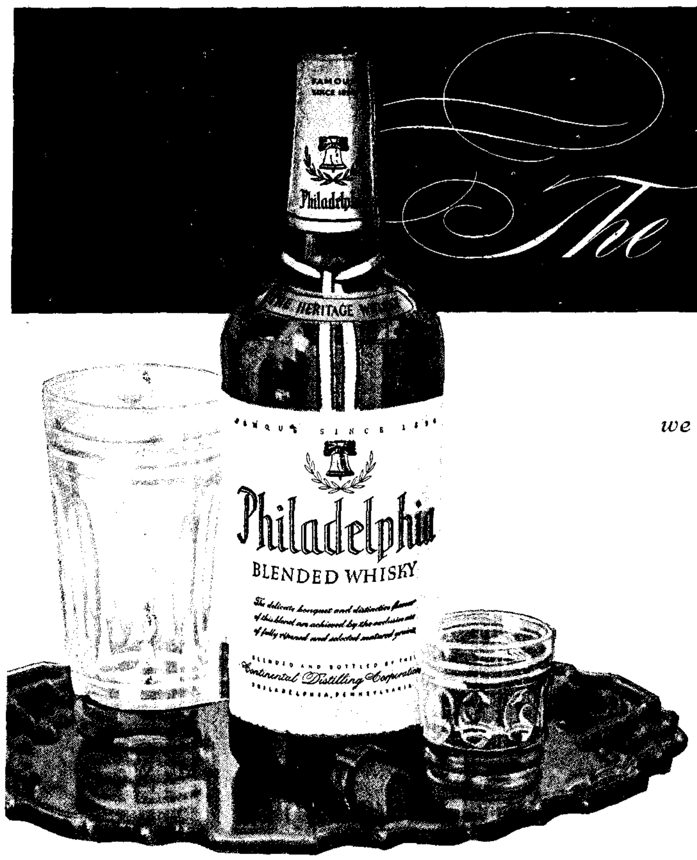
SPEED FINAL VICTORY—BUY WAR BONDS



John Fitch's Steamboat on the Delaware, October, 1788, from records of the time.*

Philadelphia
The Heritage Whisky


Philadelphia
HERITAGE
FAMOUS SINCE 1894
Philadelphia
BLENDED WHISKY
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"Although the wind blew very fresh . . .
we reigned Lord High Admirals of the Delaware . . .
no boat could hold way with us". . .
from John Fitch's own account of his trial trip.

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Mothers Without Fathers

Continued from page 19

bring it all back to her. It isn't enough to feed our children physically while we ask them to feed us emotionally. And it's pretty important to figure out whether we're giving them comfort or asking them to give it to us.

Of course, the opposite extreme from this has plenty of problems, too. A good deal of organized thought has been given to the working mother in wartime and how she can give her children decent care; and it has been needed. But some child-guidance experts feel that these problems are more easily met simply because they are more tangible. Naturally a child can develop most happily with a mother who is always there when he needs her and yet has enough life of her own not to be an emotional drain.

But if it is necessary while a child's father is off at war for his mother to go out and work to keep him warm and full, she can manage somehow with the help of relatives and neighbors and day nurseries to arrange life so that he is not at loose ends. He will miss her care and miss her presence, and this is always serious, but an intelligent mother can make a child understand that she is doing this for him and so have her very absence be a symbol of how important he is to her.

A working mother is often going to come home tired when her children most want her to be fresh and interested in them, but she is all the same bringing home a piece of the outside world. And she can usually put her tiredness away just a little longer (just as she used to do with her husband) while she shares her day and their day with them.

Children don't mind helping with dinner and the dishes if they can talk, and feel that Mother knows what they are talking about. As soon as they are old enough to go to school, they are out in the world and they have a pretty strong awareness of all the things that are going on and that their absent father is such a big part of. It may easily mean almost as much to them for their mother to have this awareness, too, as always to be there when they call "Mother."

And that goes right along with a question that the head of a large child-guidance clinic brought up. A good many of us, he said, tend to try to shelter our children from the insecurity and fear we are living with, and this is a mistake, because we can't, even if we try. They are bound to know that life is not all comfort and joy now, and if we try to pretend to them that it is, they will just feel bewildered and lost.

Maybe our husbands are in constant danger, maybe we are afraid for them every minute of the day and night. We can't keep that from our children, however brightly we smile. And why should we? There is too much talk, this doctor said, about sparing a child anxiety. Anxiety if you face it and talk about it with him can be a very developing experience for a child.

Don't Hide Your Worry

If he sees his mother's lip tremble as she reads his father's letter, and he asks her why, and she says, "Because I love Daddy and he is far away," or even "Daddy's in some pretty thick fighting right now and it worries me," that is going to seem very right and normal to him and make him feel closer to both parents. Maybe it will make him worry, too, but he'll know what he is worrying about, and that is better than living in an atmosphere of nameless nightmare.

Then, too, there is a very sustaining pride in the feeling that, "My father's in *it*," even to the point of feeling that he is in danger, and this pride can help carry children through a good deal of anxiety and make their anxiety, if it isn't too great, a constructive thing.

Even if your anxiety is not for your husband's safety, but simply where the money is going to come from and how you are going to be able to swing the bills with your husband a private in the Army, you can share that just as well. A child can grow up a good deal facing the fact that there isn't money for that extra comic or even for Sunday chicken because his father is away fighting, so that soon you can all be together again.

We can't ask them to bear the brunt of our worries any more than we can ask them to bear the burden of our loneliness but we can share with them. And this sense of responsibility can go a long way toward taking the place of discipline and leave us that much freer to give all the extra love and tenderness our children need right now.

Perhaps the thing children need most while their father is away, a good many of the experts said, is the sense of being an integral part of a family, a sort of we-ness, and we can give them this in some ways more easily now than we could while their father was home. Husbands and wives who are fond of each other often keep this we-ness all to themselves, and though the children feel protected, they can also feel a good deal like the furnace or the marketing—just another job. But now, if we want, we can make our children feel like partners in an enterprise, instead of just another job, and that feeling of belonging may give them security now and also be a big help when Father comes home.

Sharing our worries, giving them extra responsibility is all part of it, but there is the gayer side, too. We can talk a lot about all the things we used to do together and all the things we are going to do together when Dad comes home. And while we're talking about the things we used to do, we not only will give our kids a warm group feeling but also keep their father alive as a person.

One bright mother says she thinks it's a good idea to remember Pop's foibles as well as his virtues. He's a hero to his kids 'way off there in uniform anyway, and it helps us to rivet that hero halo of his on a real neck that has to be washed, if we recall the time the puppy chewed up his slippers and he got mad, or the time we all went on the picnic and couldn't decide on a place to stop, and finally did stop by a pigsty.

We can deepen the children's feeling of belonging to a family and widen it at the same time by seeing as much as we can of our own and our husband's families, if they are near enough. A woman I know took her two children at the Christmas holidays to visit her sister-in-law who lived in a small apartment in New York.

A good many people would have said she should have taken them to the country, but they rode on subways and saw the Statue of Liberty and came home full of tales of when Pop was a little boy, and plans of how they would tell all this to him when he came home. It was fun. It made their father clearer in their minds and gave them a sense of family continuity that is awfully easy for children to lose just living alone with a mother.

Another thing we can do is share their father's letters with them. This is hard, because those letters are pretty precious and personal, and they are all we've got, but often it is worth it. A woman I know whose husband is in Hawaii had a letter from him telling about a native dinner he had gone to. She read about this to her children and then stopped when she came to the personal, tender part at the end. "Don't stop, Mommy, read it all," her little girl urged almost desperately. So she did. It was fairly intimate and wasn't easy, but she read it all, even to where he wanted his arms around her.

When she had finished, the children were smiling and the little girl threw her arms around her neck and said, "Won't it be good, Mommy, when he comes home?"

It's important for fathers to write directly to their children about things they can understand, but their letters to us are a bigger part of them, and we can bring the whole family closer by sharing that part, too.

It's a neat trick of balancing, this helping our children lead full complete lives without their fathers and yet not letting them become too accustomed to a life surrounded entirely by women. But it doesn't take an expert to tell us how important that is.

Men Friends for the Children

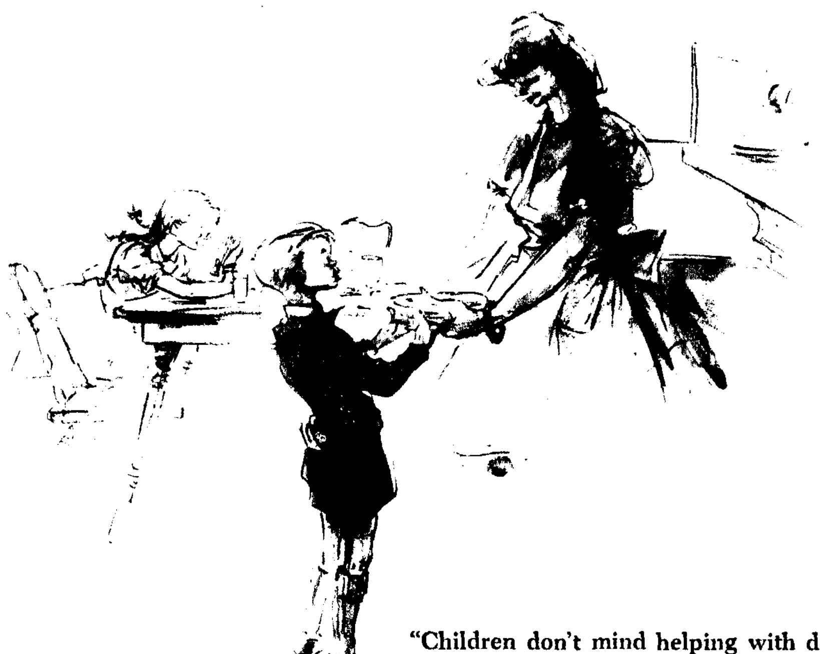
There are a number of things psychologists say we can do to keep our children from growing to believe that a world of women is the only normal one. We can make an effort to take our children to visit houses where the father is still at home. It will help them to remember that that is the way their life once was and will be again. And then, though this is harder to manage, we can try to find some man to come in and play with them from time to time.

I know a little boy of seven who was becoming a good deal of a baby with just his mother and sister and grandmother around all the time, until one Sunday when a visiting aviator spent the day helping the boy make an aircraft carrier. It was pretty poignant to watch the serene sense of masculine importance that little boy acquired by suppertime.

Men you can invite in to play with your young don't grow on trees, but there are brothers and cousins and family friends, and also soldiers and sailors stationed in your town who can be asked for Sunday dinner, and most of them are responsive to children.

It takes a little effort, and of course we can defeat ourselves if the doing of these things gives us a sense of strain or makes us feel we are living too deliberate a pattern. That, of course, is what those child-guidance experts meant when they said there are no rules and mustn't be any. We have to feel our way and live the days as they come along. But the good thing about many of these little efforts is that they end by making that balancing act between the normal now and what we dream of as the normal tomorrow easier not only for our children but for us, too.

THE END



"Children don't mind helping with dinner and the dishes if they can talk freely and feel that their mother understands"

Don't let it lie idle any longer—*Schick Injector Blades are back!*

Happy shaving, Schick Injector owners!

Tomorrow morning you can bring that smooth-shaving razor out of retirement. Your Schick Blades are at your dealer's . . . today!

No need . . . any longer . . . to settle for a less-than-perfect morning shave. We're now able to meet all demands for keen-edged Schick Blades, civilian as well as military. So . . .

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. . . an exclusive Schick Injector feature. A pull and push on the Injector shoots out the old blade, slides in a fresh one instantly. Nothing to take apart or re-assemble. No fumbling with sharp blade edges or messy paper wrappers.

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. . . just as long but twice as thick as ordinary blades. 3 times as thick as paper-thin ones. So they take and hold a really keen edge. Oil packed in special cartridge, cutting edges are suspended in space.

P.S. Spread the good word that these Schick Blades are back and—if you own a spare Schick Injector Razor pass it along to a friend. He'll thank you for real shaving comfort and ease. We'd like to introduce him to the Schick Injector Razor ourselves . . . but we still can't get the material to make new ones.

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Magazine Repeating Razor Co., Bridgeport, Conn.

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY KARGER—PIX

THE LADY LIKES TO SING

BY INNES MACCAMMOND

There is probably less pomp and plush to Licia Albanese than to any other star seen at New York's Metropolitan Opera in years. It sounds incredible but—leave us face it!—the gal is modest and real

ONE night at Covent Garden in London, back in 1936, a world-renowned soprano boiled into Licia Albanese's dressing room, fury in her eyes.

"Who do you think you are?" she fumed, in effect. "What do you mean by pulling a fit of temperament like that, leaving before the end of the performance? What are you trying to do, anyway? Queer my act?"

Albanese, caught off balance, was too astounded to speak. For the coronation ceremonies of King George VI, she had been summoned from Italy to appear in several operas. One of these was Puccini's Turandot, in which the world-famous soprano sang the title role; Licia had the small but very sympathetic part of Liu. At the beginning of the third act, Liu sings a lovely aria, then commits suicide and is borne off-stage to a funeral. The previous evening, Licia had taken off her costume, dressed and gone to her hotel. Came the end of the opera, and Turandot regally accepted her ovation. Then the audience began applauding for Liu, and when Albanese didn't appear, they set up a terrific clamor. No matter how many times Turandot bowed, they still shouted for Liu. Finally the harassed director came out and suggested they might as well go home, because Miss Albanese had beaten them to it.

Regaining her composure, and her very limited command of English, Licia explained. "Look," she said, "you are the star. You have the big dramatic part. You end the opera. Therefore, the applause belongs to you. I'm dead. I've just committed suicide; in fact, I'm buried. So why should I appear? Anyway, why should you care? I thought I was doing you a favor—leaving you with the whole stage to yourself."

"Never mind!" stormed the prima donna. "From now on, you wait and take a curtain call," and she pranced out. Thereafter Licia resurrected herself.

The most surprising thing about Licia Albanese is that although she is one of the Metropolitan Opera's few really top-notch artists, she is utterly unlike what—according to popular suspicion—an opera star should be like. She is neither an overstuffed virago nor a temperamental egotist; she does not provide fodder for columnists; she is not the least apprehensive of stray drafts and she does not burst forth into "mi-mi-mi-mis" for any reason whatsoever. With a few exceptions, the opera star has been divested of her traditional accouterments: the ermine, the diamonds, the red velvet carpet and the temperament; in large measure Albanese has been responsible.

This is due partially to her exceptional talents; a remarkably beautiful and extremely true lyric soprano voice; unusual acting ability, for a singer; and a very unassuming and co-operative nature. After singing leading roles one week, she will just as graciously accept minor ones the next. She has taken over the roles of those florid fallen women, Violetta, Manon Lescaut, Mimi and Marguerite, and with an incisive, distinctive portrayal for each, she has made them her own. Her delineation of Micaela is so outstanding that the tempestuous Sir Thomas Beecham, when he conducts, will have no other singer.

Fame Never Went to Her Head

She works hard for her art, and has probably sung more leading roles in a scant four years at the Metropolitan than any other woman there. Her name—according to the undulant tones of Milton Cross, Lée-chee-ah Alba-náy-say—is practically a household word both to Met patrons and a Saturday-afternoon radio audience of 15,000,000 people. Naturally she is pleased by her success, and by the fact that the public likes her, but she is utterly unconcerned and unchanged by it. At times, even, her lack of ostentation seems to amount almost to backwardness.

Outbursts such as that at Covent Garden are incomprehensible to her and she is puzzled by the attitude toward acclaim—in England and America. In Italy, where she received most of her training, solo bows aren't the rule, and the entire company takes curtain calls. She is puzzled, too, by the extravagant praise that has come her way.

"People say to me, 'You were wonderful,' 'You sang beautifully,' 'Darling, you were marvelous,' and so forth. It is very kind of them—but I think I could have done better. When they tell me that, I say to myself, 'Maybe *it* was pretty good,' but also I'm thinking: This phrase could have been finer; that note should have been softer—no, it was not perfect by any means."

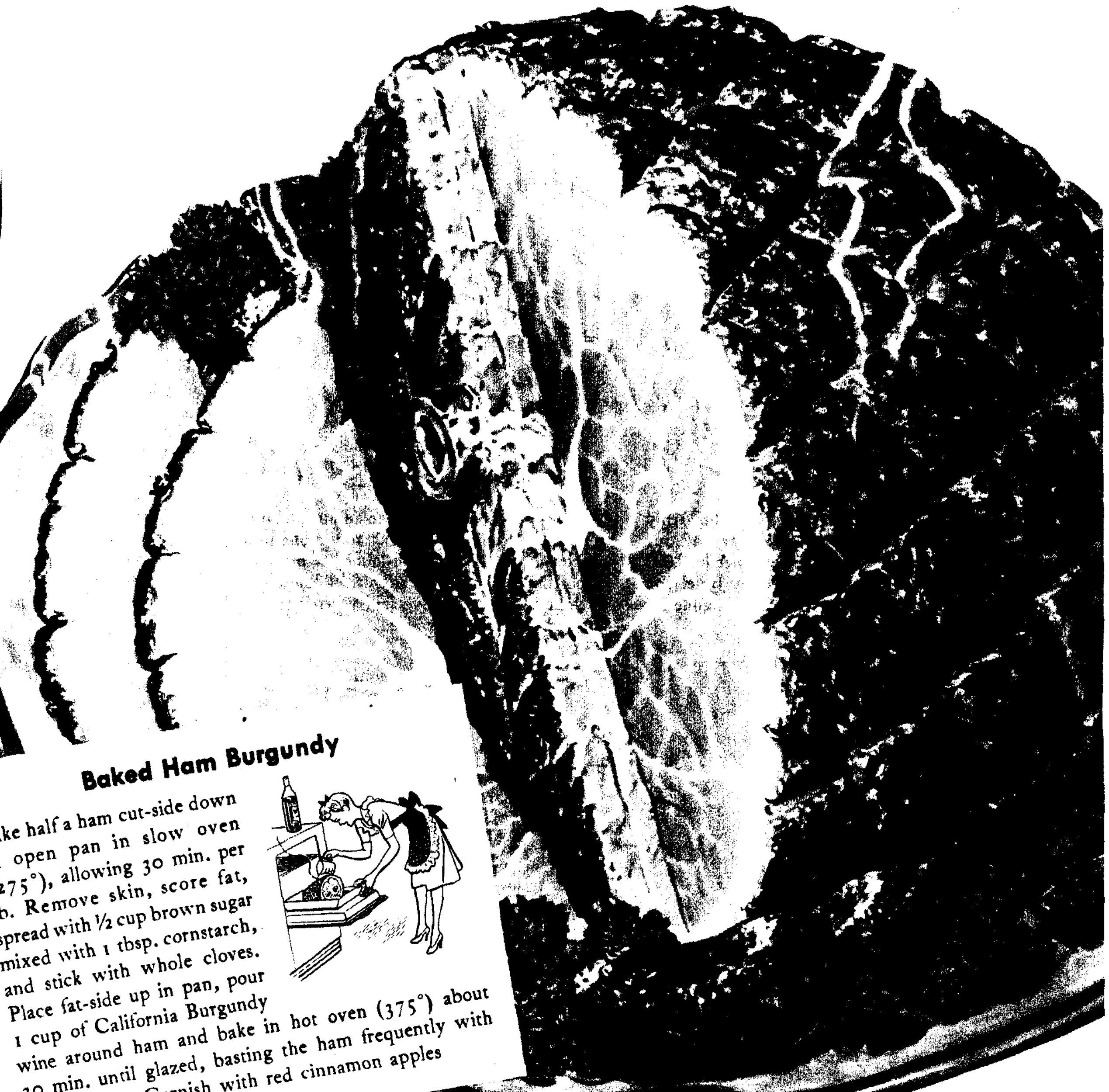
Edward Johnson, general manager of the Metropolitan, has a better explanation. "There are two qualities which only great artists have," he said, "simplicity and sincerity. Albanese has both. And not only is she gifted with a very beautiful voice," he continued, "but for opera she has an emotional intensity—a silvery quality that is very rare. Any publicity that comes to her is through merit alone."

That she became a singer at all—let alone a good one—is remarkable, for as a young girl she lacked both confidence and ambition. During her childhood she was painfully shy and silent. Actually she wanted to be a dancer, but in Bari, where she lived, nice girls didn't become dancers, or singers either, for that matter. One of six children—three girls and three boys—her family was of modest means and moderately musical.

When she was twelve, Licia and her older

As flowers go with Spring

Wine goes with Food



Baked Ham Burgundy

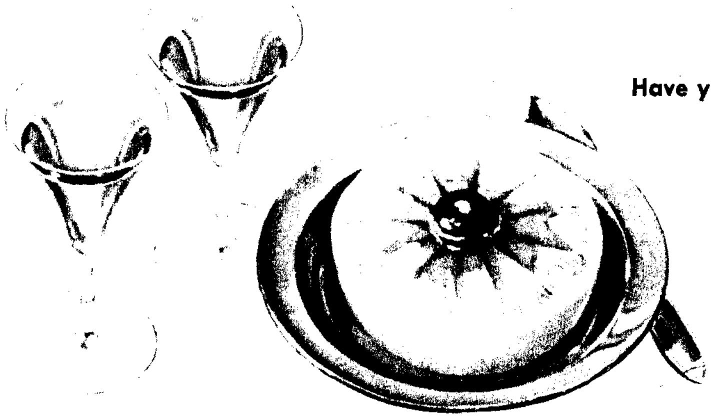
Bake half a ham cut-side down in open pan in slow oven (275°), allowing 30 min. per lb. Remove skin, score fat, spread with ½ cup brown sugar mixed with 1 tbsp. cornstarch, and stick with whole cloves. Place fat-side up in pan, pour 1 cup of California Burgundy wine around ham and bake in hot oven (375°) about 30 min. until glazed, basting the ham frequently with wine in pan. Garnish with red cinnamon apples

SIT DOWN to ham that's been wine-basted during the baking. Serve thick, generous slices—and eat! *You'll discover, when you do, the magic that happens when food is cooked with wine.*

Good eaters have a hanker, also, for Leg O'Lamb that has been basted with white table wine. For a special Chicken Tetrazzini which calls for Sauterne or Rhine Wine. Yes, and if you are lucky enough to get a club or sirloin steak, marinate it in wine, broil—and taste!

Then, to make your meal a real experience, fill glasses with the same kind of wine used in the cooking. It turns the simplest meal into a feast.

We have a booklet that contains many delightful wine cookery recipes. Your free copy is waiting. Write for it today, to the Wine Advisory Board, 83 Second St., San Francisco 5, Calif.



Have you ever tried Sherried Grapefruit?

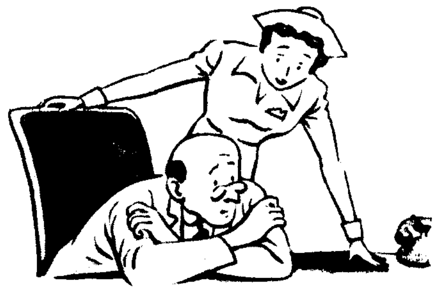
Loosen sections of grapefruit; cut out cores. Fill with Sherry, add sugar to taste, chill and serve. *Or* fill with Sherry, add a tablespoon of brown sugar and dot of butter, then broil about 15 minutes in hot oven, and serve hot as appetizer or for the dessert course

Add to your share
in Tomorrow . . .
add to your
WAR BONDS today

The Nurse who lifted the doctor's eyebrows!
Richard Decker

1 When I broke it to the Doc that my conscience was pricking me to *join the Army Nurse Corps, I thought* his eyebrows would hit the ceiling! "But *I* need you *here!*" he spluttered. "I've got enough patients to keep *three* doctors busy!"

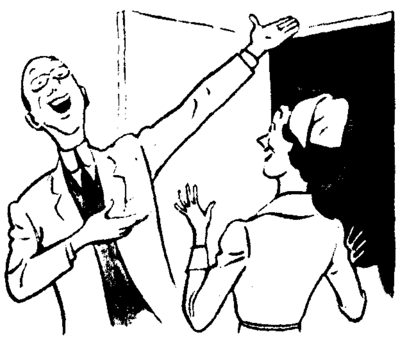
2 "I know, Boss," I said, "but the Army needs me *more*—to take care of our wounded soldiers. In fact, they need 10,000 more graduate registered nurses by June! *You* can get an office nurse who's not eligible for the Army."



3 "Ye-es, I s'pose I can," he admitted, "but can I get *along* with her? You're one in a million, Nan, the way you laugh off my bad disposition." Then I spoke out, "I know *one* of your troubles—you've said *yourself* you're affected by caffein in coffee...

4 "And you're constantly beefing about how poorly you sleep!" "Nonsense..." he started, but changed to "O.K., you're right. But I won't give up both you *and* coffee—like it too much!" "Who's asking you to give it up?" I snapped. "Just drink Sanka Coffee...

5 "It's 97% caffein-free and can't keep you awake!" "I know about that stuff," he growled, "I bet I wouldn't like it!" "Why it's *delicious!*" I cried. "Sanka Coffee has all the rich flavor and aroma you coffee hounds go for! I'll get some for you to try."



6 Next morning Doc said, "Nan, Sanka Coffee's *grand!* The wife fixed it for me last night as you suggested. I drank *3* cups—and did I *sleep!* Well—what'ya standing there for? Get *going,* gal—you're needed in the Army!"

Sanka Coffee
SANKA COFFEE

YOU CAN DRINK IT AND SLEEP

Real coffee—all coffee—make it as strong as you like, it's 97% caffein-free! A product of General Foods.

TUNE IN: The Kate Smith Hour, Sunday, 7 P.M., EWT., CBS

sister Stella both took piano lessons from the village teacher. On occasion, she would sing alone while her sister played. The teacher suggested that she might like to study singing, since she seemed to have an unusually nice voice for a child, but Licia shrugged it off. The teacher persisted, however, and coaxed her into preparing a selection to be sung for her father on his birthday. So at the family celebration, she launched forth into an aria from Tosca, but she was so nervous and embarrassed that she had to do it with her back to her audience.

Her father was delighted, convinced that she had a future. Licia was not so sure and didn't care. Nevertheless, when an erstwhile tenor was located to give her lessons, she studied dutifully for three years. Then her father, a traveling agent for a grocery chain, became sick and went to Naples to consult a specialist. He took Licia along with him and while there secured her an audition with the composer, Mario Bellini.

Bellini was suitably impressed, and recommended further study in Naples. But the doctor's report on her father was not encouraging, and Licia refused, preferring to return to Bari to help take care of him. However, her father exacted from her a promise that if anything should happen to him, she would go on to be a singer. She agreed. A month before he died, three years later, he again brought up the matter, and again she promised.

Thereafter, somewhat at loose ends, she went with a cousin to Milan where she met Giuseppina Baldassare Tedeschi, who once had sung on almost every stage in Europe and was now a teacher. From that time on, Licia's career assumed direction. From this teacher, she had her first real start. Four months later she made her debut at the Teatro Lirico in Milan, in Madame Butterfly.

This debut, truly enough, was made in the great tradition. The regular prima donna, who had been ill, insisted she could sing. But at the last moment she was unable to. The stage director was frantic. Someone suggested to him that there was a young girl in the audience by the name of Albanese who knew the role.

"Get Albanese," the manager shouted. And Licia was literally yanked from the audience into the leading part.

It was another year before she reached the pinnacle of aspiring Italian singers: to be called for an audition at La Scala. But Licia reversed the usual procedure; she turned the invitation down on the grounds that she was not yet finished enough, and went back to her studying. Then came the contest which gave her the final push.

In Italy there is, or was, an agency called the Sindacato Stampa Propaganda, a government-run auditioning bureau and booking agency for musical talent. By means of national contests, they selected singers and scheduled them for appearances in municipal opera houses. At the last minute Licia entered one of these contests. The next day she left for Rome, with Baldassare Tedeschi, for a try at the Cinecittà, Italy's Hollywood. Her teacher saw in the paper that Licia had won the Sindacato contest in Milan; now she had to compete with 300 runners-up in Bologna.

It took the combined efforts of Baldassare Tedeschi and Gino Marinuzzi, one of the great conductors, to get her there. After four grueling nights of auditioning, Licia was one of the six artists chosen and awarded silver medals. In addition, she won first place and a gold medal.

As a result, she was booked for performances throughout the country. In Rome, she so pleased Beniamino Gigli that he press-agented her to the Met, and in 1940 she came to America, making her debut in Madame Butterfly. In the opinion of many critics, this is her finest accomplishment.

In 1940, Licia returned to Italy, against the wishes of her friends, who insisted she would be back. She thought not. She was confused and upset because she felt she was an enemy as far as our sympathies were concerned. Once in Italy, she couldn't wait to get back here again. Whether it was the general unhappiness, or the infiltration of the government and politics into the arts, she does not know.

Homesick for America

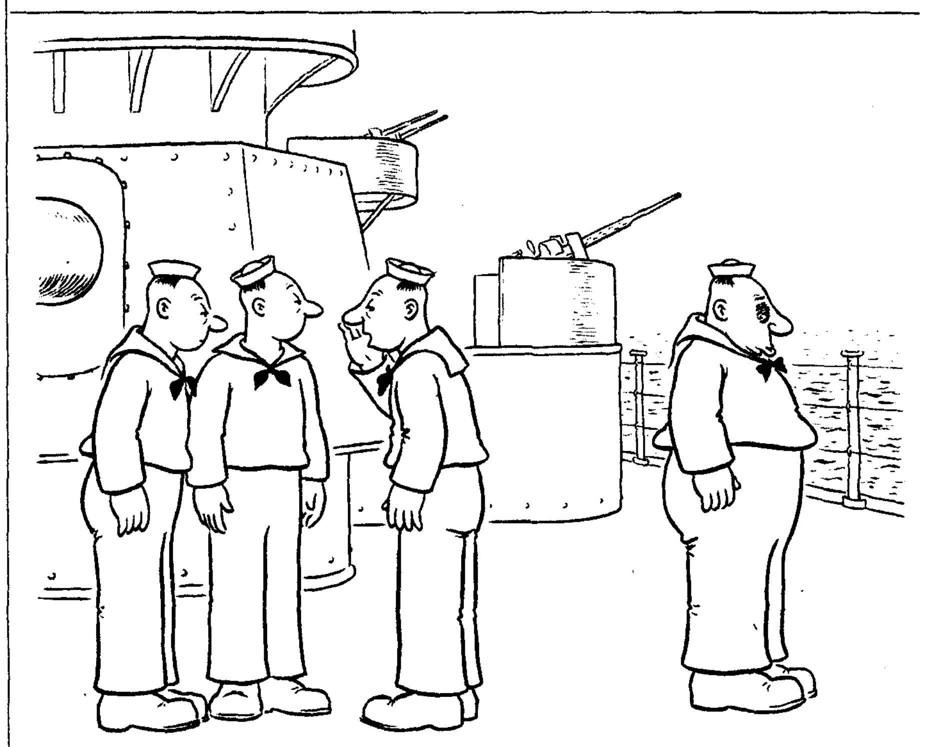
"All I know," she says, "is that I wanted to come back to America and my friends. It is such a wonderfully happy and comforting place." She now has her first citizenship papers.

Since her second arrival on these shores, Licia has been inordinately busy at the Metropolitan. There are two reasons for this: First, the operas she does—Traviata, Faust, Pagliacci, Manon, La Bohème, The Marriage of Figaro, Carmen—are among the most popular given; second, the Met, with a healthy respect for economics, naturally likes to put its best foot forward.

There are more beautiful singers there, but black-haired and dazzlingly white-skinned, Albanese is a very handsome woman. She is inclined to plumpness. As one person commented: "She has a figure just like the women in the old Italian paintings." Since most of the heroines she portrays affected lowered necklines, she displays the most attractive shoulders in the business.

After the New York season, she goes on

ALFRED **by FOSTER HUMFREVILLE**



COLLIER'S

"Alfred's a little sensitive about his running into a hatch. We'd better just pretend he got it in a fight"

tour with the company until May. In summer she appears in various outdoor stadiums, such as at the Cincinnati Zoo. In the fall, she does a turn with the San Francisco Opera. Occasional concerts here and in Canada, and at Army camps, are sandwiched in. Both South America and Mexico are paging her, but she is somewhat reluctant to go because it means hectic travel. Besides all this, she has a weekly radio program from fall until spring. What little vacation time remains is spent at a summer home in Huntington, L.I., where she swims and fishes—and upon occasion digs clams with her fingers.

Thus most of her life is spent at work, for which she apparently has boundless energy: rehearsals, lessons, practice two to three hours a day except when she is performing at the opera, more rehearsals, fittings. She lives simply, but comfortably, in a modest apartment on Park Avenue decorated with Chinese art. She has a maid-housekeeper, but no personal servants.

Ordinarily she prepares and cooks her own meals, eating at about 4:30 before a performance. She is never nervous, never has stage fright. Singing is just her job, which, if it is to be done at all, is to be done well. There are no pretensions of any kind. A reporter was somewhat disconcerted during his interview to discover that she not only didn't remember his magazine but didn't recognize the name when told.

Good-natured and cordial, she is on friendly terms with anyone and everyone at the Met. Her intimate friends are outside the world of professional musicians. She prefers it that way. At one time she was very friendly with one of her feminine contemporaries, but the affection has cooled, though not from her side. Why, she doesn't know. However, she confesses, "I think I like the men better." Sometimes, after performances, she will go out for a walloping meal with Ezio Pinza, Alessio de Paolis, George Cehanovsky and others.

Another particular friend is her favorite prompter, Otello Cerone. He preceded her here from Italy, where once, when she was asked to take over a role without adequate preparation, he took great pains to help her over the tough spots. Now, concealed from the audience in his prompter's box, he greets her with a running fire of conversation and kidding, perhaps while the tenor is giving forth on the other side of the stage.

When Licia chided him one night for not paying enough attention to the score, he replied, "But I don't have to with you. You never forget anything."

The physical resemblance between Albanese and the beloved and now retired Lucrezia Bori is startling. Further, the voices and styles of acting are markedly similar. Comparisons were naturally inevitable. Mutual friends of both remarked on this to Miss Bori.

"Yes, she does look like me," said Bori, "and she acts like me, too." And quite candidly she added: "But there is one difference: She sings better."

Albanese's rapid rise to prominence is no flash-in-the-pan success, but the result of long, hard work and study, and judiciously waiting until she was assured and ready. She could easily serve as a model for newer singers, who want the acclaim but who are too impatient to put in the necessary labor; and for those neophytes who have already developed temperament, welcoming notice of their appearance in major parts, but concealing the fact that they sing small ones also.

Promise of a Great Future

"The most important thing about her," says Edward Johnson of Licia, "is her unlimited promise for the future. The more the public comes to know her and demand her—and it will—the more scope we can give her in new roles and more appearances."

For a while, only one thing disturbed Licia's composure. On her first trip here she met Joseph Gimma, a New York broker, who also came from Bari, although neither had known the other. After she came here for good, he asked her to marry him. For a time the traditional fear that a career and marriage don't mix stood in her way. She confided this to a friend, who herself had been a famous opera star.

"By all means marry him," said the former singer. "Our art, you know, is a very delicate thing, but only temporary. All of a sudden one day it will be gone, and then you'll be sorry you didn't marry. Lots of artists put their careers first. Then one day they find they have only fame and money left—and so much loneliness. Don't be like the rest of us."

Licia is being married early in April.

THE END

New England Get-Together

Continued from page 13

Miss Speare already had two successful careers—as an opera singer and a writer of light fiction—when she came back from Hollywood last spring. With her she brought an idea: that the fundamental interests of farmers, organized labor and small businessmen were the same, and that if someone took the trouble to point this out to them, they would unite to push those interests. Because Miss Speare was a writer, she planned to accomplish this by means of an article. She called upon representatives of farmers, labor and small business in Boston to get material for the story, and got it. But she also got so involved in the movement she didn't have time to write the article; this one is its substitute.

Miss Speare had friends both in the C.I.O. and the A.F. of L. in Boston, and she approached them first. They were very polite but didn't believe her proposal would ever amount to anything. It was apparent that they doubted the sincerity of employers and didn't believe the farmers could be induced to co-operate.

The thing you're most concerned with after the war, she told them, is jobs. You want high wages and full employment. Well, small business has got to have the same things. Because if it doesn't, it won't have markets for its products. Big business, with its vastly greater resources, can afford to tap markets all over the country. Small business can't; it must rely on local markets. Besides, any appreciable down trend in wages will cut deeply into the consumer demand that small business must have if it is to carry through the reconversion period.

Then she added her clincher. "Small business," she said, "is labor's stake in free enterprise. If the average worker is ever to become an independent enterpriser, he'll have to do it by the small business route. If small business doesn't survive, free enterprise becomes just a couple of words to labor." The labor people agreed to go along.

Through her family connections—her father is director of half a dozen corporations, treasurer of Boston University and a leading Republican—she also had friends among the smaller businessmen. She broached the idea to the officers of the Smaller Business Association of New England.

The businessmen were timid of collaborating with labor, thought they would have to unionize their plants—only half of all labor in New England is unionized—if they played along. Miss Speare told them they wouldn't, any more than they had to inject their private lives into their business careers. That might be true, they said, but still . . .

Okay, Miss Speare said, let's talk facts: You people have got to have a free market. Your business lives depend on freedom from the kind of restriction of production, price rigging and patent manipulation that big monopolies practice. Labor is in the same boat, and so are farmers. Seasonal production slumps cripple your financial positions; labor can't stand them, either. During the war you've had to quit advertising; big business hasn't because it has had the war contracts (85 per cent of all prime contracts are held by 90 large corporations). When the war is over, you're going to have to try to

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Why we never paid our best tire salesman a

Let's go back a little...

For instance, let's take a particular day about 20 years ago, up in Maine.

Two fellows, who have driven 150 miles to do some fishing, have finished their lunch. Their pipes are lit, and in the heat of the summer day they're loafing and talking.

The talk turns to the trip up—to automobiles—to tires. And the owner of the car, in answer to his friend's question, lazily kicks the tire on the nearest wheel and says:

"I bought Goodyears all around for this car, and three of 'em have never been off the wheels since I got 'em. I've always had mighty good luck with Goodyears."

Maybe there's another question or two, and answers. And as a result, on the trip home the automobile carries back two Goodyear customers where it brought up one.

Men, like the owner of that car—men who were never on our pay roll—men wh bought and used Goodyear tires—have always been our best salesmen.

More Goodyears have been sold ove back-yard fences, on hunting and fishin trips, and around pot-bellied stoves, tha were ever sold across the counter.

There's nothing unusual about that. It' an old, familiar process in America. Peopl try a product, and if it's good they keep o

GOOD YEAR

MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND..

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using it. If it's not—they don't.

Bad, or good, the word gets around. And over the years a product stands or falls not on advertising, not on promotion, not on anything else in the world but its own merit.

And on that basis we recommend the Goodyear tire to you—a basis backed up by the fact that, every year for the last 30, it has been true that "more people ride on Goodyear tires than on any other kind."

And the reason for it, we believe, is that long ago we made this an unwritten law: "Every Goodyear product must be better today than it was yesterday, and better tomorrow than it is today."

• • •

Now on the air for Goodyear: The Roy Rogers Show—Tuesday Evenings, MBS—See your local paper for time and station.

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TWO VERSIONS OF THE WORLD'S FINEST TIRE

The Goodyear Rib Tread The Goodyear All-Weather Tread pick up customers among people who haven't seen your name in three or four years, but who have seen plenty of the big boys' names. The vast organizations of labor can help you there. What you've got to realize, she wound up, is that you're batting in a tough league. You're up against Big Business, Big Labor and Big Government. If you're going to keep on living you've got to co-operate with one of them. And labor is the one whose objectives come closest to your own.

The businessmen thought that one over for a while. Finally E. J. (Junior) Stewart, president of the group, and head of the United Metal Seal Company of Boston, voiced a typical New England observation: "If small business can't move with the times, can't see that labor is here to stay, we don't deserve to survive."

So business was in. Miss Speare then tackled the farmers. With them she used a different tack. She was going to the political conventions in Chicago because she wanted to talk with A.F. of L. and C.I.O. national leaders, so she decided to see the heads of the conservative big farm organizations at the same time.

She had hardly got launched on her story before Albert S. Goss, president of the National Grange, narrowed his eyes and said, "Miss Speare, just who is paying you?"

Miss Speare confessed that, far from receiving a salary, she was paying her hotel bills and train fare out of her own pocket. Then she went on with her story. She pointed out that if farmers hoped to continue enjoying their present high income, the workers and businessmen would have to have a decently high level of income, too. Without it they could not buy the farmers' expanded production. So it was to the farmers' interest to support high wages for labor and a healthy prosperity for small business. When she left, she had his promise to write all Grange Masters in New England urging that they elect one of their members to represent all on the Farm-Labor-Small Business Congress. And a few days later she got the same kind of co-operation from Edward A. O'Neal, head of the American Farm Bureau Federation.

Because she wanted the support of the national organizations of both C.I.O. and A.F. of L., Miss Speare saw Presidents Philip Murray and William Green, got their okays and went home. On last August 25th the Smaller Business Association of New England called the first meeting at the Algonquin Club, Boston.

There was something less than a Kiwanis Club joviality about the gathering. The six men probably bore more resemblance to a group of strange dogs walking stiff-legged around one another and waiting for somebody to start something. They checked over the list of interests they had in common, and the atmosphere thawed a little. They made large general statements about how they could help one another fight for progressive legislation, and privately they had reservations about how effective the whole idea was going to be.

A Practical Problem to Solve

Then up spoke a C.I.O. representative. "For months," he said, "we've been trying to get priority to put a necessary addition on one of our union buildings. We've got to have it. Our members are manning half a dozen near-by war plants, and there isn't enough room to handle the work. But we can't get any action. Do any of you gentlemen have any suggestions?"

J. Claude Shea, director of the Smaller Business Association of New England, said, "Maybe. I have a friend who knows his way around the Washington bureaus pretty well. He might be able to help out; I'll call him." (A few days later the priorities came through.)

Somebody started talking about surplus property—especially farm land. The government held about eight million acres of farm land, and the then Surplus Property Administrator, William L. Clayton, had given the job of selling it to the Reconstruction Finance Corporation. "All signs," the Washington Post had commented editorially, "point ominously to the danger that this land will be dumped indiscriminately into the hands of speculators and wealthy absentee owners."

James G. Patton, head of the National Farmers' Union, had written that "there is every indication that the powerful financial interests represented in and associated with the National Association of Real Estate Boards and its affiliated organizations are dominating land-disposal programs of the government."

And now the Colmer Bill, calling for establishment of a single administrator to handle all surplus-property disposal, with Clayton reportedly slated for the job, was up before the Senate. In addition, the Senate had passed another bill of its own.

The delegates were disturbed. They thought the government-held farms should go directly to experienced farmers and that veterans with farm experience should get a whack at some of them. They remembered the boom and collapse of farm land prices after the last war and didn't want to see speculators cause the same cycle again.

George M. Putnam, 81-year-old Northeastern director of the American Farm Bureau Federation, who is known as "Uncle George" to half the farmers of America, felt this way despite the fact that Ed O'Neal, president of the organization, had publicly supported Clayton in his handling of the surplus property.

Appointment of a Lobbyist

After a half hour of discussion pro and con the delegates were convinced that something should be done. They decided to frame wires protesting the Colmer Bill and to send Dorothy Speare to Washington to see what she could do to head off its passage.

(She talked to each member of the conference committee whose job it was to reconcile the House's Colmer Bill and the Senate's Stewart-Murray-Taft Bill. She urged that they compromise on a measure which would call for a small board of administrators—the Senate bill proposed a big one—and which would give preferential treatment to farmers, co-operatives and veterans. She was completely successful. The present bill has these provisions. F-L-S had won its first victory.)

Having thus actually done something together, the members of the new group felt much more friendly toward one another. The new atmosphere was summed up by Putnam, the only farmer listed in Who's Who as having received an honorary A.M. from a university, a director of dairy, insurance and telephone companies, a member of many state and federal government committees and still a practicing farmer of Contoocook, New Hampshire. He looked around at the others and said, "This is the most wonderful thing that has ever happened. I don't know why we didn't do it years ago."

Harvey Turner, Master of the Massachusetts State Grange and delegate to F-L-S, grinned and said, "This is the first time I ever sat down in the same room with Labor."

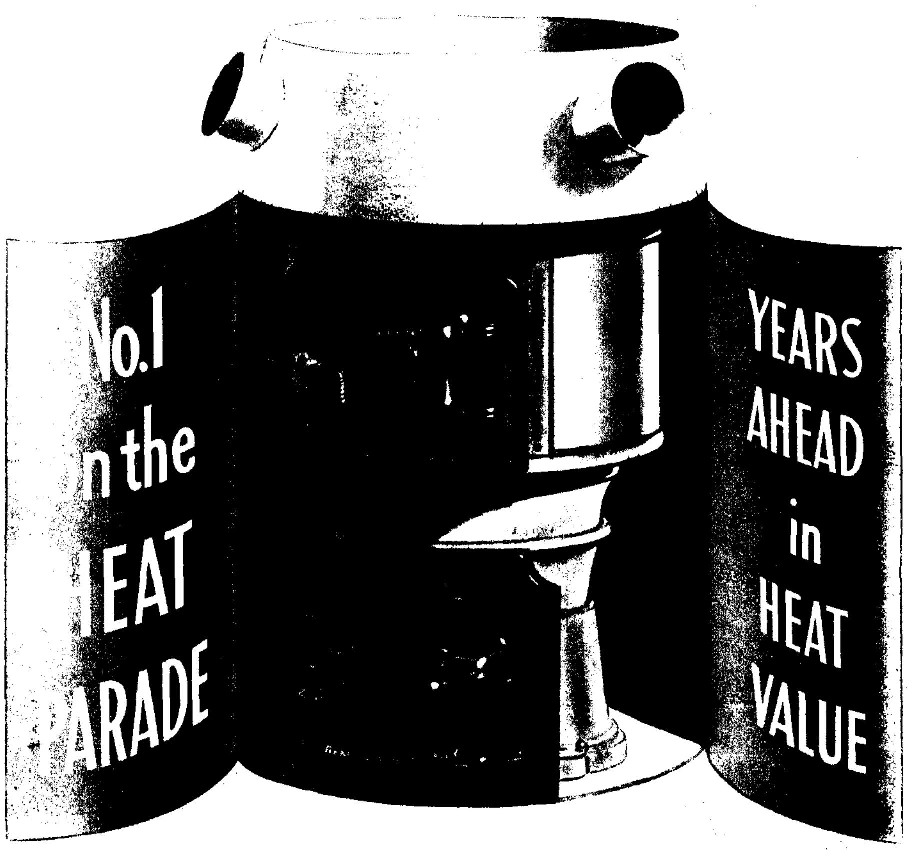
John J. Murphy (New England regional director for the A.F. of L., and the man who, unarmed, has walked into a Detroit plant filled with armed sit-downers so riotous that police didn't dare touch them, and a couple of hours later led them all out peacefully) cocked an eye at Turner and replied, "Come up and look at our files sometime. You'll find the Grange hasn't been sending us many invitations."

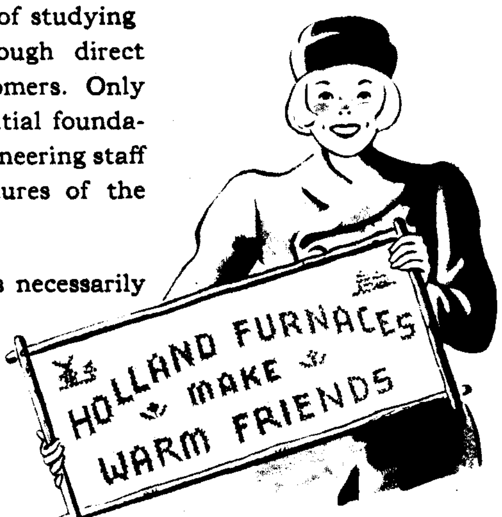
Junior Stewart smiled. "Well," he said, "sometimes it's a funny feeling to discover the other fellow doesn't have horns."

But neither this nor any other meeting could really break the ice of distrust between the three groups. That took weeks of collaboration, case after case, where one helped the other.

Item: Harvey Turner's father, who has raised and educated ten children on his farm near Andover, Massachusetts, couldn't hire anyone to cut his winter wood for him. Some of the businessmen went up on a recent week end and did the job.

Item: The Submarine Signal Company of Boston, makers of vital radar equipment, had a rush order to get out, and had not enough men in its shipping department to handle it. The union (the C.I.O. United Electrical Workers) called up the C.I.O. National Maritime Union and asked if some of its sailor members who were temporarily on the beach





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could be recruited. In less than an hour they arrived in trucks, got out the job.

Item: Throughout New England, small businesses were on the point of closing up because they couldn't continue making civilian goods and couldn't get war contracts. Through their national representatives in Washington, both A.F. of L. and C.I.O. were able to get contracts for many of them. Perhaps more important: When he told of this, Carmichael, C.I.O., was openly proud of the work the A.F. of L. people had done.

Item: The Colonial Provision Company, Boston, is located in an area where restaurants close at 6 P.M. Many employees, working overtime to get out processed meat orders for Army, Navy and Lend-Lease, had to go without a hot lunch. They told the boss about it, brought no pressure at all, but within a few days he had installed a cafeteria in the building. On the West Coast, this particular issue had been one of the bitterest and longest fought of labor-management disputes.

But it was not all such smooth sailing. There were clashes of interest, misunderstandings, distrust. For a long time, for instance, Miss Speare was conscious that some labor people did not quite trust her. She didn't find out why until she met an old-time labor man in Washington. He thought it was a great joke.

"Back in the old days," he said, "it was a favorite trick of the employers to get a good-looking woman from one of the better families to win the confidence of the union people. She'd be very liberal and sympathetic, and then if there was a strike, she'd demoralize the picket line by preaching the virtues of the other side to them. It worked, too, sometimes. Maybe your New England friends think you're one of those."

There was trouble, too, during the congress' battle over the Hurley and Heller appointments. Their telegrams were the thing which forced the reopening of Senate Military Affairs Committee hearings on the appointments. Republicans in the Senate and some of the labor people strung along, but the Farm-Labor-Small Business Congress was in the forefront and consequently took the full blast of the heat that was turned on to get the appointments confirmed. That meant that, as the organization's liaison representative, Dorothy Speare was the target.

She was in New York at the time, and so for a few hours, the center of American government was in her ancient, high-ceilinged room in the dark old Murray Hill Hotel. Telephone calls from Boston and New York and Washington were backed up on the hotel switchboard waiting for her to finish the current ones. They were coming from newspaper and magazine editors who offered advice or wanted the lowdown, from lobbyists and politicians.

Pro-Administration liberals were calling and complaining, "We thought you were on our side. Why are you going against the boss?" They were told that wasn't the point; the boss could make mistakes, and this was one of them.

Members of other groups which were helping F-L-S in the fight called to say that the heat was on them too, and Miss Speare had to buttress up their confidence in the rightness of their stand.

Some of her conservative friends called to congratulate her and add, with a sort of welcome-home touch, "We were afraid for a while there that you had deserted us for some of those left-wing friends of yours, but we're glad you've come to your senses." Miss Speare thanked them, and said, "I don't know about the politics of the situation. I do know that this is an issue so vital that all ordinary politics have to be thrown out the window. The way surplus property is disposed of may affect the whole economy of the nation for years. We're simply trying to get the best men possible for the job."

That continued to be her line in the face of the pressure—both that day and the following week when she went to Washington to testify before the Military Affairs Committee. At the hearing, one of the Hurley supporters asked if she was aware that Francis E. Carmichael, New England Regional Director for C.I.O. and delegate to F-L-S, had issued a statement that he'd had no part in the congress' stand against Hurley and Heller. Miss Speare replied that of course she was; although he had previously agreed to go along on general plans for action, Carmichael hadn't been able to attend the meeting at which the telegram was written and since the rest had come to a decision without him, he was not bound by their action.

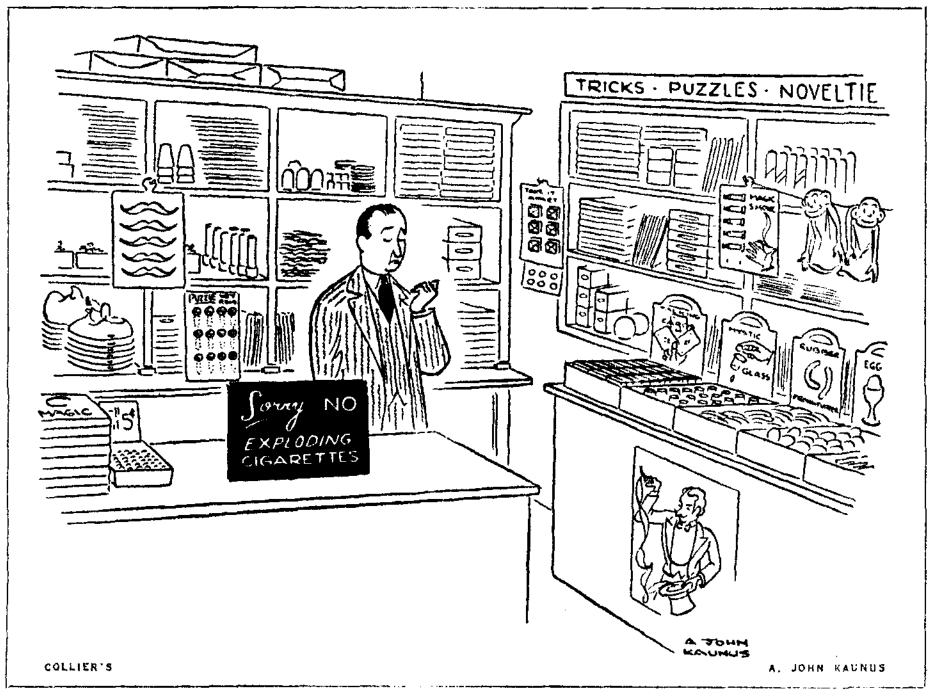
Victory Salvaged from Defeat

But the Administration's power was too much for F-L-S. A few days later the appointments had been confirmed and the battle lost. But not completely. For by that time every legislator and lobbyist in Washington knew about the congress and, whether they had voted against it or not, most of the former secretly admired its stand. And the organizations represented in the congress increased their support. C.I.O. officials said that they hadn't been too sure about F-L-S at first. A lot of groups get started with impossibly high ideals and peter out when the going gets tough, they said, and they had thought the congress ought to prove itself. Now it had. "When a movement of this sort is really worthwhile it endures," said Allen S. Haywood, national director of organization. "You make mistakes—we all make mistakes—but the movement endures." The other groups agreed to the extent of giving more practical support than they had; they promised to vote some money to cover its expenses.

So the future of F-L-S looked good. But not secure, for the future of a coalition group is never secure. It had won something less than complete victory in its first big fight, but had come out of it stronger than it went in. It may win the next.

"F-L-S," said Miss Speare, "is the public."

THE END



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TIPO RED
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TOKYO Calling Cards

BY DAVID O. WOODBURY

ILLUSTRATED BY J. FRANCIS CHASE

The early attempts — both Axis and Allied — to burn down cities with fire bombs flopped. So U.S. scientists and Army technicians worked up a little gadget which looks like a section of sewer pipe and has the incendiary qualities of a river of gasoline

ON THE salt flats of America's West, the Army has constructed a Japanese industrial complex with buildings complete in every detail down to the machinery, partitions and floors. No pains were spared to make this settlement a perfect replica of Nipponese building, even to the woods and the arrangement of rooms. And while the experts were at it, they put up a street full of German buildings, too, equally faithful to every detail.

The very day they were completed a group of Forts and Liberators thundered overhead and peppered them with a new type of incendiary bomb—a kind the Army hoped would set a world's record for unadulterated destructiveness. The Army was not disappointed.

All this elaborate make-believe was not just for practice; it was dead-earnest experimentation—that turning of the last stone which, from the beginning, has meant ultimate victory for the Allies. The Army couldn't be sure that it had the best incendiary in the world till it had tried it out on real enemy targets. Tokyo being too distant for convenient laboratory research, a piece of genuine Japan was set up in Utah instead.

Standard incendiary bombs, bad as they are, were not bad enough. They could be put out. When the Army traveled a thousand miles to set a fire, they wanted it to burn till the structure was consumed. They wanted it to spread so fast and destroy so thoroughly that the enemy would flee rather than stand and fight. They wanted to put to work the discovery that successful incendiary bombing is some five times as devastating as high-explosive bombing of equal weight.

The new bomb—the M69—is a piece of thin, hexagonal steel pipe, blunt at the ends. It is not made of magnesium, but is loaded with low-grade gasoline in the form of jelly—a sticky, sloppy, rancid-looking yellow paste of a consistency halfway between mashed potatoes and vaseline. When M69 lands, having crashed easily through a roof if it hits one, it lies innocently still. It does not burst into eye-searing flame and sputter molten metal around as the magnesium bomb does. But after about five seconds, it goes off with a moderate bang, driving out of its base a cheesecloth bag filled with incendiary jelly.

Disappointing—at First Sight

The blast will carry the bag as far as 100 yards, unless it meets an obstruction sooner. As it flies, the missile burns, quietly and thoroughly. It is altogether unspectacular and disappointing—to watch.

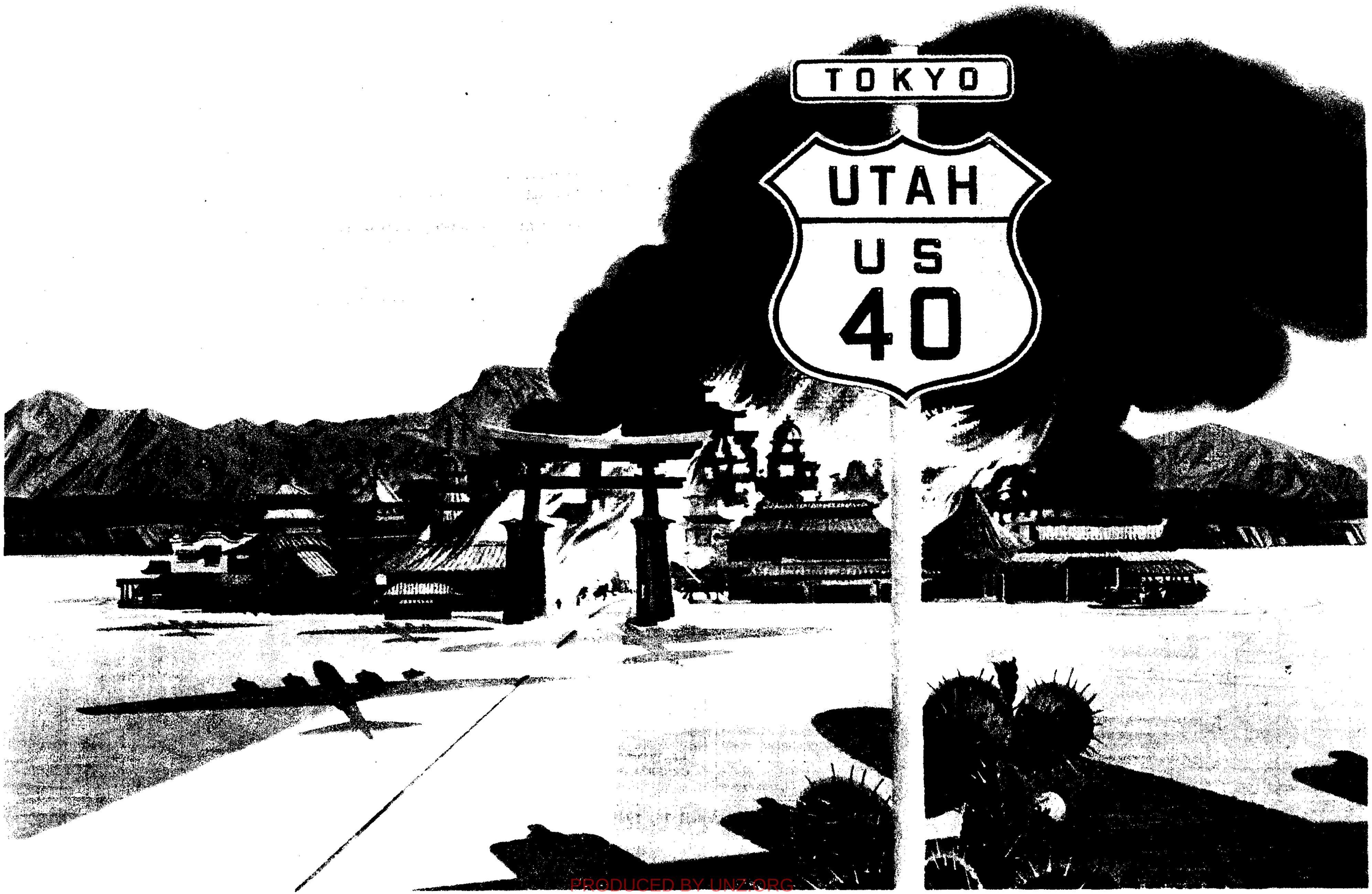
But when it strikes, the trouble begins. The cheesecloth bursts and the flaming goo inside breaks into hundreds of small chunks and spatters five, ten, fifty feet in all directions, coating whatever it hits with flaming adhesive that attaches itself and stays put for as long as twenty minutes. Every inflammable object in the path of the fiery shower is immediately kindled and as the surfaces heat up, the jelly melts and penetrates wood or cloth or the maze of metal parts so that they burn like the wick of an oil lamp.

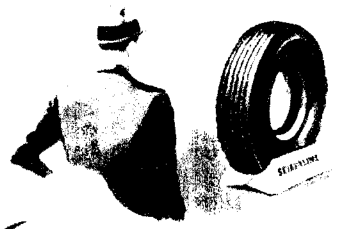
M69 weighs six and a half pounds and is a little more than nineteen inches long. It does not set a single fire, it sets hundreds. When one of these horrors slaps through a roof, it hurls gobs of burning glue onto the walls and floor. It would take a full-sized fire department, on the spot in a jiffy, to put it out.

In a recent demonstration in New Jersey, full-sized models of attic-floor and eaves sections were put to parallel tests by a standard magnesium bomb and an M69. The magnesium incendiary made all the fireworks and held all the attention with its villainous brilliance, but after twenty minutes, it had merely burned a neat hole through the wooden floor and charred a few spots at random.

The gasoline jelly bomb, meanwhile, had burned its victim to the ground—roof, floor, beams, shingles and all. If those models had been portions of real attics, the house that took the Tokyo calling card would have been hopelessly afire inside just a couple of

(Continued on page 58)





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Sara Has a Birthday

Continued from page 21

walked up the gangplank, and they noticed that his coat was open.

"Men," he called out, "I just got the news that we broke all records and I was so damn' proud that my chest swelled and I broke all the buttons on my coat. And now I'll beat any man down the gangplank, because we're all going on forty-eight hours leave."

Even the younger members of the crew recalled how they had two Christmas dinners in 1941. When the news of the Jap attack on Pearl Harbor was flashed, the Sara was at San Diego but she left immediately for western Hawaiian waters. She crossed the international date line late on the night of December 25th and then (because you drop a day when you cross the line) why, she had another Christmas Day and another dinner.

Two weeks after that, the Sara received her first wound, a torpedo on the port side that killed six men. She was repaired within a month and in June was in the Battle of Midway. In July she went out on a 62-day cruise during which she saw more action than most ships see in a lifetime. Her planes put Jap airfields out of commission on Guadalcanal and opened the way for the assault landings. Then she engaged in the Battle of the Eastern Solomons. On one day (August 7th, 1942), her planes made 233 landings on her flight deck, and her pilots flew 600 hours. On that day "Bullet Lou" Kirn led a group of 22 SBDs against the Jap installations at Kukum, completely destroying them. Meanwhile Lieutenant Larsen and seven torpedo planes attacked Florida and Malaita islands while Commander Shumway with twelve ships hit Bingana and Tanambogo.

The Sara took it easy after that—for eighteen days. Then her planes sank a Jap cruiser, shot down twenty-four Jap planes, dropped two 1,000-pound bombs on another cruiser, sank a Jap destroyer and hit two heavy cruisers with torpedoes. To climax an exciting and gratifying day, one of the Sara's pilots scored a direct hit on a Nip battlewagon, with a half-ton bomb. And the Sara never got her hair mussed. She did a week later, though. A torpedo got her in the starboard side, and that was a bad hit. The explosion knocked all communications cockeyed. The stricken Sara wallowed there in the waters between Guadalcanal and San Cristobal.

When Things Looked Blackest

All her power was gone, for a hundred short circuits had dissipated the pulsing electric currents which drove the ship. There were three Nip subs around, and things looked bad. Several bulkheads were ruptured, and the carpenters hurriedly braced them with planks. And then Commander G. M. Bowman of Fresno pulled one of those miracles that Navy men always pull when they must. In three hours he designed and installed a jury rig which by-passed all the ruined switches and short circuits, and he developed enough power to turn one screw over. The Sara limped away at six knots to Tongatabu where she was repaired. They gave Bowman a citation for that.

It didn't take long to make Sara a well girl again. She was given a nasty assignment in October, 1942. She had to protect the supply lines to Australia. It was a lonely vigil she kept because (it can be told now) for five months she was the only carrier we had in those waters. But on the night of her seventeenth birthday, the crew and the alumni didn't talk of those days. They remembered other things.

"We once took the Los Angeles aboard," Vice-Admiral Towers was reminiscing with Rear Admiral George Murray (once executive officer on the Sara). "Yes, we moored that big airship, first time it had ever been done. Never been done since, either."

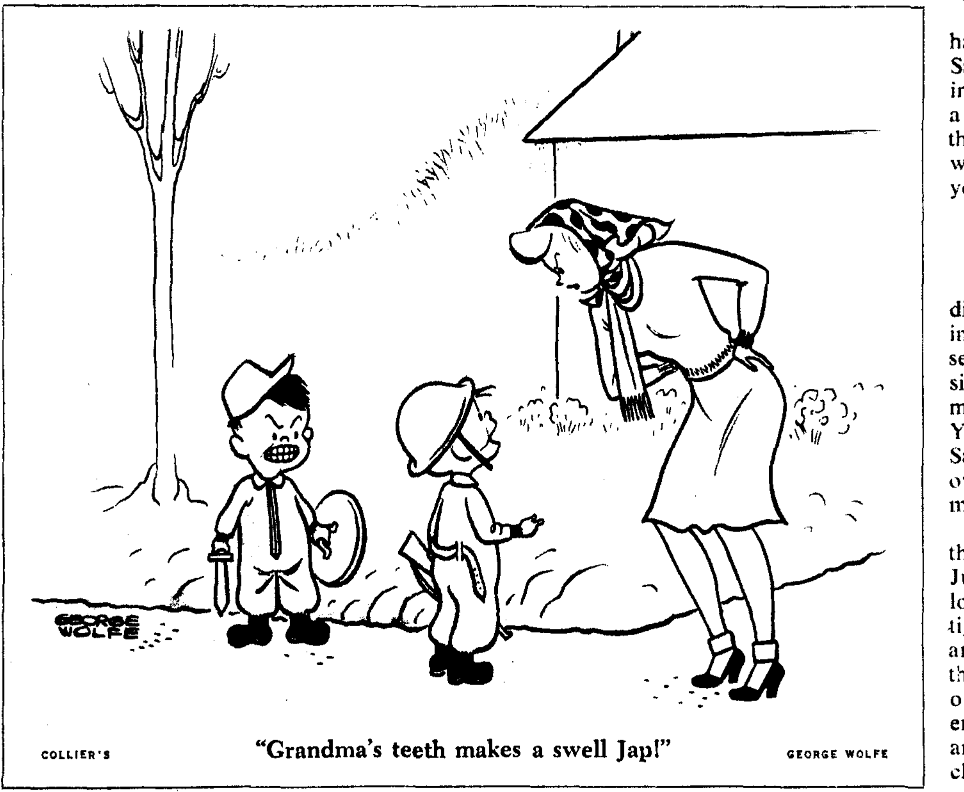
Landing and taking off in rough weather can be a hazardous operation, and destroyers always hover around carriers ready to pluck unfortunate pilots out of the drink. Incidentally, they do their work so well that the five pilots who went overboard from the Sara in the past two years were all picked up safely.

Now the custom is that the destroyer which saves a man from the Sara be repaid by the gift of ten gallons of ice cream—enough for the crew.

Last year the Sara was in the Indian Ocean when Lieutenant Commander William Robinson went overboard. He was the landing officer. It was his job to signal the planes in, or (if he saw that they were approaching improperly) to wave them off for another try. One plane approached in a very wobbly fashion and then, just as Bill waved it off, the plane lurched down to within a foot of where he stood on the after port side of the flight deck. There is a safety net just below for such contingencies and "Robby" dived for it, but missed.

A carrier cannot stop under any conditions. She hoisted her "man overboard" signal flag, and the British cruiser Cumberland was the first to reach the spot where Robby was bouncing around in the rough water. She picked Robby up and returned him, and the grinning crew of the Cumberland waited expectantly for the ice cream.

There was a conference aboard the Sara. If you gave a destroyer ten gallons of ice cream, what would you give a cruiser? Well, a cruiser has six times the crew of a destroyer —obviously the gift should be six times as great, so, amid frantic cheers from the British crew, sixty gallons of ice cream changed hands.



COLLIER'S "Grandma's teeth makes a swell Jap!" GEORGE WOLFE

"We were pickled twice," Lieutenant Commander Bill Ginn of Atlanta grinned, telling me of it; "and we lost only six men. The Sara is seventeen years old and she's never been kissed—by a bomb. That's luck. Then there was that day the Enterprise caught so much hell, and we were never touched."

That was in the eastern Solomons. A force of eighty Jap planes struck at the Enterprise. The Sara was only a few miles away but for some strange reason the Japs left her alone and concentrated on the Enterprise. The air was full of Jap planes and Enterprise flak. Three bombs hit the Enterprise, crippling her pretty badly, though she was able to keep under way.

The Sara's planes took off to help. They did plenty of damage that day, and the water was dotted with the wreckage of Jap planes. When night came, the planes returned. The Enterprise couldn't take all of her planes aboard, so forty of them landed on the Sara, the greatest number of planes ever to land on a carrier. The Sara didn't fire a gun that day. No Jap plane came near her.

"Obviously afraid of us," Commander Ginn said happily. "They concentrated on the Enterprise, but left us alone."

November 5, 1943, will always be remembered as the Sara's greatest day. On that day our troops landed on the shores of Bougainville at Empress Augusta Bay. The Japs had assembled a large fleet in the harbor at Rabaul and it was being fueled preparatory to attacking at Bougainville. Frankly they could have wiped our forces out, because our protection in the way of cruisers and destroyers was very thin. This fleet had to be destroyed, and the Saratoga and the Princeton were given the job.

This was the first time that carrier planes had entered the heavily guarded Rabaul area. It was an all-or-nothing chance but it had to be done. And it worked. Planes from the Sara sank two cruisers, hit six others, sank or crippled two destroyers, shot down at least 24 Jap planes and probably 22 more. The landing at Empress Augusta Bay was completely successful due entirely to the crippling of that Rabaul fleet. Never again were the Nips able to assemble any kind of fleet at Rabaul. Admiral Halsey sent a message to the Sara that night. It read: "Your strike was another shot heard round the world. The Sara, when given a chance, is deadly."

The Sara had been out a long time then and she headed for Pearl Harbor for an overhaul. She was a little bruised and battered, a little tired, and her paint was chipped off in a thousand places. Her crew was down to a diet of beans and rice. She steamed for Pearl happily. Admiral Radford, commander of the task force in which the Sara had been operating, sent a message to Pearl Harbor informing the base of the arrival of the Saratoga. His message read: "The Sara, no longer as pretty as she was, is still a sweetheart."

I've only mentioned a few high spots in the career of this gallant lady. I haven't talked of the exploits of Lieutenant Commander Caldwell, or of the brilliant Commander "Jumping Joe" Clifton "who never knew when to quit," or of a hundred other pilots whose names will always be remembered by the crew of the Sara. I haven't told about the part she played in the Gilbert Islands campaign when she covered the landings at Tarawa. She made nine strikes in nineteen days taking care of Jap airfields behind Tarawa. I haven't mentioned the Marshall Islands campaign and the twenty-five strikes she made in sixteen days at Eniwetok and other Jap bases in the Marshalls. I haven't told of her work in the Far East last May when she teamed with the British carrier Illustrious to strike at Surabaya in Java.

Late in the spring of 1944, the Sara was detached from the Eastern Fleet and ordered home for another rest. The day she left, Admiral Somerville of the British Navy ordered all ships of his command to file past the Sara to pay her homage. Among those who saluted her that day with cheers were the crews of the French battleship Richelieu and the Dutch cruiser Van Tromp. No ship in the history of our Navy ever received such an ovation, and Sara and her crew were mighty proud. The boys talked of that the night of Sara's birthday. They sang their song, One More Operation. Every time the Sara thought she'd have a bit of liberty, some admiral would send her a message, "Just one more operation." They sang:

Just one more operation, boys.
Just one more operation,
And then a good vacation, boys,
And then a long vacation.

"The States for us in forty-four,"
We shouted with elation
But we lay off Engebi's shore—
Just one more operation.

With Eniwetok done up brown,
We hoped for recreation;
We heard the news with curse and frown:
Just one more operation.

The clear young voices rang out and bounced off the bulkheads of the deck and went across the water carried by the soft Pacific breezes. A sickle moon had appeared high in the heavens, and the stars sang their song to the Sara.

And the birthday was over and the Sara had to go to work again. I had to leave the Sara the next morning. She wasn't a huge impersonal mass of gray steel now. She was a living thing, because a ship lives through the men aboard her, who give her life, and when you get to know them, you feel that you know the ship of which they are part.

A Last Look at the Carrier

I climbed into the rear cockpit of a Helldiver (scared stiff if you must know). Looking above to the navigation bridge, I could see Captain Moebus waving a goodby. Beside him stood his executive officer, Commander Hunte, a friendly smile on his face. Young Lieutenant (jg) Jimmy Richards of San Francisco, assistant navigator, leaned over the rail to yell, "Don't forget to phone my wife when you get back."

The engine of the Helldiver roared as though impatient to get away. Big Lieutenant Julie Bescos stood there on the flight deck looking grotesque in his yellow jersey and tight-fitting yellow skullcap. Julie was once an All-America end at U.S.C. (1934). Now this husky ex-footballer is the flight-deck officer on the Sara. When he is satisfied everything is okay, he gives the pilot the signal and you're off. He winked at me and called cheerfully, "If you go in the drink a destroyer will pick you up."

The big deck (the length of three football fields) was alive with yellow, red, brown and green jerseyed men. The gasoline gang wears red; the maintenance men wear brown; the boys in charge of the arresting gear wear green, and the gang under Bescos (the traffic cops) wear yellow.

They weren't just impersonal figures in fantastic uniforms to me now. They were Jack Frost of Seattle and big Art Boone of Louisville and chunky Lieutenant "Buck" Buckley who went to college with Mel Hein and won nine letters at Washington State. There was smiling Pete Annabel of New Canaan. I'd played softball with him years ago. There was . . .

The engine roared angrily, and Bescos dropped his flag. We shot down the deck at seventy knots, and the yellow, red, brown and green figures merged, and then the tail came up and we were airborne. It was that simple and that easy and nothing much to be scared of, after all. We circled over the Sara. She steamed along, looking beautiful from the air, trim in her gray dress, cleaving through the blue waters, leaving a silver wake behind her. We dipped our wing in salute and farewell to the Sara. She went on, proudly accepting our salute as her due. Just like any good-looking gal. They're like that when they're seventeen.

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Needle and Ball

Continued from page 32

The bank of the plane grew steeper, like a paper boat. . . . Lousy sauterne; I'm stewed on lousy sauterne, I thought. . . .

Descamps, the devil, was trying to slip some gin into my sauterne. Dufour was saying, with tears in his eyes, that in France soldiers were treated like Negroes in America. Duchatel, who came from Algiers, was chanting a lewd song in Arabic. Duran was somewhere down the table. He'd left us alone, for fear that he'd dampen our spirit.

A hell of a fine spirit! I thought. After two months of flying four hours a day and at night, too, we had a lot to make up for in one evening. Now that the French boys were through we could kid them about what rotten pilots they were, and for the first time they could tell us what rotten instructors they'd had to teach them. They had taken the back room of the Elite for the party. It was all lit up and decorated. Every instructor had a menu with all their 50 signatures, and a little joke as well: a scrubbing brush for Driberg, with his crewcut; a paper doll for the captain.

We really took off at those parties. Everybody was laughing and shouting. I was telling Descamps to get the hell off my drink when someone started pulling my shoulder. It was Prevost, the student officer in charge of the French Student Detachment.

"Look, look at Duran, my lieutenant!" he said in English. He was proud of his English. "He appears gay, but in effect he is sad with the wine. *Il a le vin triste.*"

"That's tough," I said. I didn't want to start a crying act with Prevost.

"Is my best soldier," he said. "I rest on him."

"You what?"

"I lean on him."

"You lean on him! You rely on him, you mean. Why don't you speak French?" I said.

Then the speeches began. The major got up on a chair. Before he could speak we all got up and cheered and gave the *Banc des Aviateurs,* a kind of fight-team-fight cheer. The major managed to scream above the din that this was the best detachment the American Air Forces had ever trained. At that we got up and yelled the *Banc* again. He went on speaking, and we went on with the *Banc.* After a while the major gave up and introduced the captain. The captain got up and managed to shout that this was the best detachment . . . then we gave the *Banc* again. We ran through the speeches pretty quickly.

ALL the time Prevost was talking with his mouth right against my ear.

"Is a brave boy; was a member of the underground," Prevost said. Smart, I thought; you're a smart boy, Prevost. You know how to get at us where we're soft; but you won't catch me that way.

"You remember the attack against Dieppe?" Prevost shouted, above the noise. "Was Duran who carried the pictures of the German forts of Dieppe to the Britons. But was too late."

"Stop screaming, Prevost!" I yelled. "Enjoy yourself! Have some sauterne!" Prevost tasted the sauterne. His lip curled up. "Is sweet!" he said.

"For two years," Prevost went on, "Duran worked in occupied France, for the RAF. Were hundreds of pilots shot down in France, were prisoners he helped to escape. He gave to them food and clothing. He marched . . ."

At that moment we started to sing. We sang Les Africains, very loud and strong. Then we sang The Lorraine, very grave, half crying. Then we sang Peestol Packin' Mahmah. We sang some dirty songs and finally a drinking song, The Knight of the Round Table. I shouted as loud as I could in Prevost's face, hoping to drive him away.

"Le chevalier de la table Ronde
Goutons voir si le vin est bon!"

When it was over Prevost went on as if we hadn't sung at all—

"He marched with the pilots dressed as peasants. But what chances they took! He led them on German trains . . ."

I put my arm around Descamps and tried to strike up the Chevalier again. We sang about all the wine that we would drink.

Prevost waited. When we finished he went on. "He led them from Paris to the Pyrenees. Had no food. Marched in the night. Britons and Americans particular nearly died of marching. Was froze. Was hunted by all the Gestapo. Was most dangerous work in all France."

Prevost paused. He said with great emphasis: "Was like dancing on a string."

"Dancing on a string?"

"Yes. Was hunted," Prevost continued. "The Gestapo could not caught him. Was betrayed by Vichy-police. They gave him to the Gestapo."

Dancing on a string. What the hell does he mean by that. I wondered.

"Bread and water for six months. Nothing more. Was beaten. Gestapo *hurt* him. These have not all come back." He touched his fingernails. I remembered Duran's odd gestures as if to hide his hands.

"HE STOOD!" Prevost exclaimed. "He told not one name! When the Americans landed in Africa, the Gestapo sent him to Berlin to finish with him. The RAF shot the train. He opened the door. Was too weak to jump. He feel out."

Prevost looked at me closely. I looked away. I began to sing the Chevalier again.

"Quand je meur je veux qu'on m'enterre
Dans un cave ou il y'a du bon vin."

"When I die bury me in a good wine cellar." Hell, I thought, that isn't funny; that's sad. Then I thought: the Chevalier is a funny song. It must be me that's sad.

"Was picked up by a peasant as dead," said Prevost. "Was two months with fever. He came to Paris in a dung-cart. Was long before he found his friends."

"British?"

"Was all the same then. They said he had fought for one war. They took him a ticket for Switzerland to wait for peace. He refused!"

Dancing on a string, I thought.

"Refused!" said Prevost. You'd think he was talking about himself, he was so proud. "When the Maquis commenced he was to be an officer. But he was wanting to fight with a plane. He waited for the next Americans to abandon their plane. He marched with them into Spain."

"End of Part Two!" I said. "Look, Prevost, I don't know why you're telling me all this. Duran is a good guy and I like him, but he can't fly needle and ball."

Prevost paid no attention. "Was caught. Was in prison in Barcelona," he said. "Was horrible! Everyone starved. Was one latrine for thousands. Each morning were many shot. Was one bed for three in the room of Duran. Were animals with claws. In one day Duran and the two killed one thousand in their room!"

Dancing on a string . . . Dancing on a string . . . Then I got it.

"Dancing on a string!" I said. "You mean walking on a tightrope. Why the hell don't you speak French?"

Prevost paid no attention. "Was befriended by his American comrades!" he said pompously. "He parted from the prison as a Briton. His name was Robert Williams." Prevost laughed, looking at me closely to see if I thought this was amusing. I frowned.

"Was no boat to Africa," Prevost went on. "In Valencia he hid until the Loyalists found a sailing boat for him. He sailed across, alone."

"Okay," I said. "He can march. He can dance on a string. He can sail. But he can't fly needle and ball."

"In Africa . . ."

"Needle and ball, Prevost! He can't keep the little needle in the center!"

The party was breaking up. Prevost looked around anxiously. He spoke faster. His voice grew urgent:

"In Africa, French Africa, was the worst of all! Vichy still ruled. Duran asked to be a pilot. They told him to return to France and Petain would forgive him. Duran asked to fight Nazis as a pilot, not to be forgiven. He was put in prison as deserter. Was almost all lost when De Gaulle came to Algiers. Duran sent word. De Gaulle found him and placed him to the pilot's pool with us, waiting for a boat to America. Was an example to all."

We were almost alone in the back room of the Elite. Prevost looked at me.

I didn't say anything.

"If Duran is washed now, will be sent back to Africa as nothing: a disgrace. Will nothing do until the end of the war. For him, is terrible, is to be hurt again."

I didn't say anything.

Prevost at last said what he was leading up to: *"Is impossible that so big a man could be vanquished by a needle and ball."*

I didn't say anything.

"You don't believe my story? You do not care?" He stared at me until I had to say: "What do you want me to do?"

Prevost grinned. At once, he stopped grinning. "Has not yet flown his check-ride. There is time. Give him one more chance."

"Okay," I said. Then I thought: Why the hell did I say that? It must be that lousy sauterne.

THE bank of the plane grew steeper. The nose headed down. I kept on talking as the spiral tightened up. "Place the needle in the center with . . ." The needle slid over to the side and stayed there. Hell, I thought, what's the use? I grabbed the controls and held the nose straight down. "Come on out!" I exclaimed. I took a long breath, drew my neck down into my shoulders, tightened my muscles and hauled the plane up into an Immelmann. I did a few slow rolls and a vertical snap, trying to cool off. I took the mike to tell Duran he was through; but the slow rolls must have made me dizzy. Suddenly I thought, why not try it? What have you got to lose?

So I started talking, flying in wide easy circles. "Look," I said. "Now I know why you can't fly needle and ball. It's because you're all tensed up. When you're as tense as you are, you can't think fast, you can't cross-check, you can't feel little pressures on the controls. You're tense. You're tense because you're trying too hard to get through. It means too much to you.

"Look, Duran, if you don't make it now you will still have done more fighting than the rest of the squadron put together. You can't fail now. You can't fail because you've already won. So stop caring; stop being tense!"

I went on like that—crazy as hell. All the time I kept thinking: listen to who's talking! The big, bad instructor with the heart of stone. If only the boys in the squadron could hear you now! I could hear the captain groan and cry: "Who pulled the plug?"

"You've done a lot of tough things," I remarked. "Flying a needle and ball isn't tough. Maybe you don't like flying under the hood because the hood reminds you of a prison cell. Maybe that's it. Well, you licked the Gestapo and their prisons; you can lick this the same way. You had to think fast in the Underground, didn't you? But you couldn't be tense, could you? You would have cracked up!" All the time I was thinking. listen to this will you, who put the nickel in?

"It was . . . like dancing on a string, wasn't it?" I said. I looked in the mirror; Duran nodded.

"Okay. You've got to think fast on the string. You've got to have a light touch. But you can't get tense. If you get tense and afraid, you're going to fall, aren't you?"

Duran nodded again. He was starting to grin. He's laughing at me, I thought. No wonder.

"Okay. We'll forget about flying. We'll think about the Underground. We'll fool around and have a good time. Look at the needle. That's the string. The dot in the center is you. If you get the string off center, you fall.

"You've stayed on the string for two years in France. Now stay on it for two minutes."

I looked in the mirror. Duran was leaning forward, straining to listen. He had a big grin, right across his face.

He went back under the hood. He laid the wings dead on the horizon and kept them there; never moved them. I felt the stick—it wasn't frozen solid any more. There was no desperate pressure freezing the rudders. The needle was like a tower against the sky. It never trembled. After a while I gave him some patterns to do; then some steep turns. He brought the needle back to center every time. Finally, I got tired of watching the needle. I turned on the radio. MD 62 was calling the ships in.

"Come on out, Duran," I said. "It looks like you'll get your B-26 after all!"

I'd forgot to switch back to interphone. Some smart boy in the tower was in there, quick as a whip.

"Ship giving away B-26's. Get on the interphone," said Marcel Denise.

I grinned. I looked at Duran. He was grinning like a fool. I started to laugh. "Hey, Marcel Denise," I shouted. "I'm dancing on a string!" I laughed into the mike.

"Ship calling Marcel Denise. Repeat your message, repeat your message, over," said the tower in an odd voice.

"I'm dancing on a string, Marcel Denise!" I shouted, laughing like mad.

There was a pause: I had the boy in the tower licked.

"I do not read you clearly," said Marcel Denise, weakly. "Say again, say again."

I began to sing:

"On a string oui oui oui
On a string non non non."

A lot of angry voices began to pour into the radio.

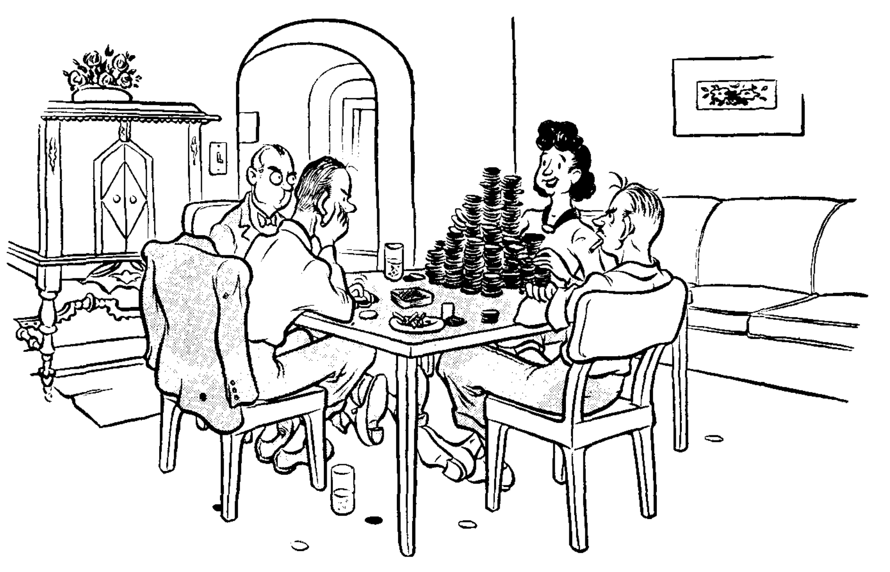
"Switch on to interphone!"

"What are you imitating, an electric storm?"

"Get that hyena off the air!"

What a row! These jokers were screaming and moaning. A couple of very sober and serious cadets kept calling in for landing instructions, and Marcel Denise was going wild shouting at everyone to shut up. And all in French! I laughed like mad into the radio, all the way in.

THE END



"I always win at poker, or pinochle, or bridge, or whatever that was we were playing!"

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STAIRS...
UP DOWN
UP DOWN
UP DOWN
UP DOWN

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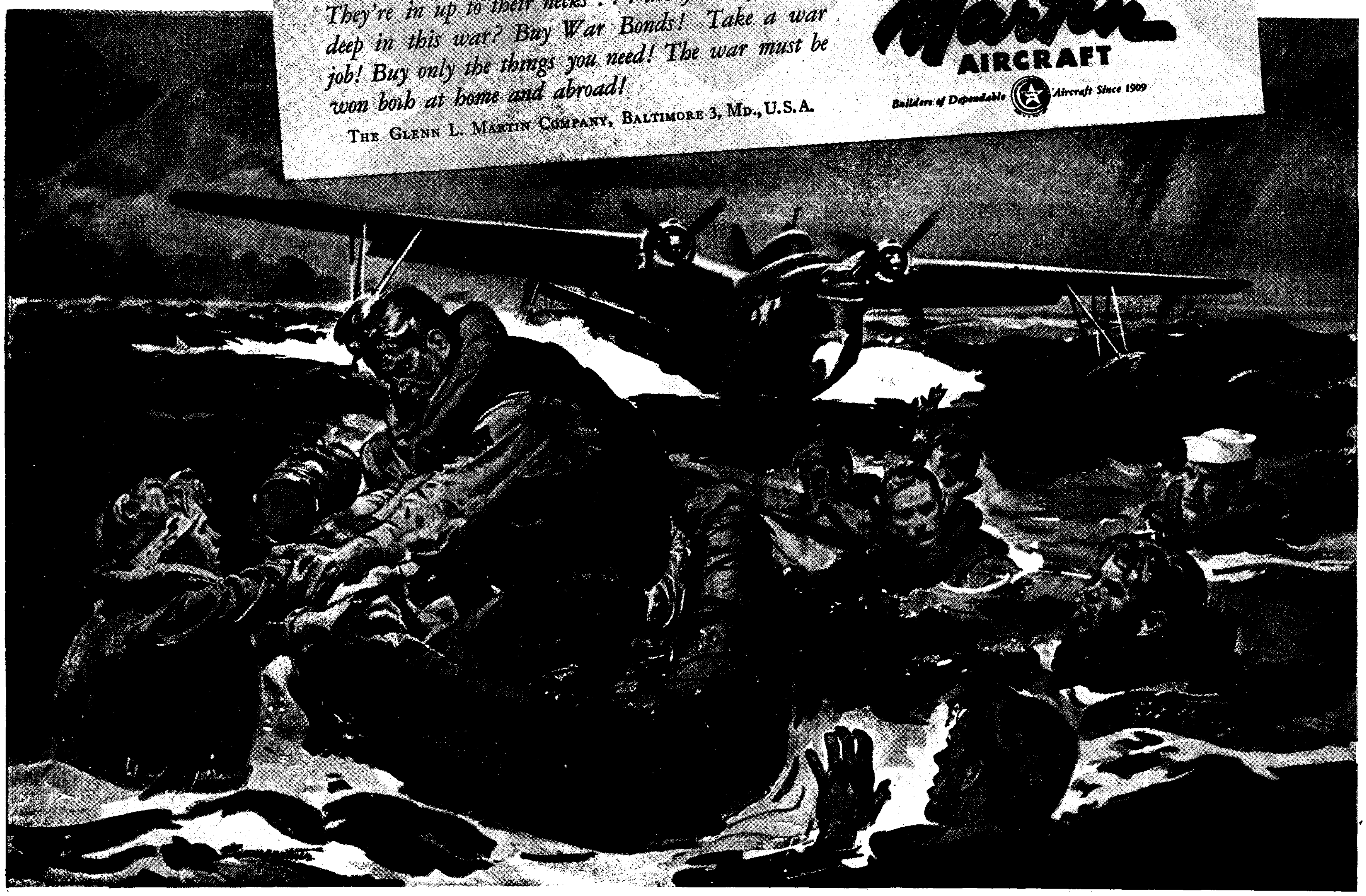

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Iwo: The Red-Hot Rock

Continued from page 17

Striving to keep up with the combat troops, Roselle and his men plunged into the full fury of the barrage and managed to slough onward over a second terrace and to the brow of the third, some two hundred yards inland. This was as far as they got. Mortars plummeted down like hailstones, tearing, mutilating missiles that killed as they fell.

Roselle was knocked sprawling with two of his men. The men got up. Roselle couldn't. His left leg burned and ached in vicious spasms. Only a slender thread of flesh held his foot and ankle to his leg, but he was brutally conscious. He told his two wounded Marines to strike out for the beach. They crawled away on all fours. The three remaining men put a tourniquet on the officer's shattered leg, applying pressure with a carbine magazine.

Then they hugged ground and took it. Roselle cracked wry jokes and damned the Japs. Fifteen minutes later an almost direct hit knocked out two more men—and put four shrapnel gashes in Roselle's right leg. He didn't feel the steel bite, but the blood oozed out into the sand.

During the next ninety minutes, mortar salvos pounded the sector but miraculously missed the Leatherneck officer and the last remaining Marine crouching at his side. Then Roselle actually called the third mortar hit. "Hold tight!" he shrieked, as the high scream of the missile increased. It burst almost on top of them. The enlisted Marine's right leg was torn away, and Roselle was wounded the third time, in the right shoulder.

Without a word, Roselle's companion hoisted himself to his elbows and crawled off the terrace, working his arms and dragging the useless limb alongside the good one. That was when Roselle thought it was all over. He had never felt so utterly alone in his life. All he could think about was his mother and Dad back in Royal Oak, Michigan. He almost went crazy thinking about them. Once he raised himself up for a look around. There wasn't a moving thing in sight; just dead Marines everywhere.

Soon the Japs began to walk their barrage up the terraces from the beach. Roselle simply lay there and waited. When the fourth hit came, he felt himself lifted by the concussion. This time the steel chewed holes underneath both thighs. By now, he didn't care. Later, for some reason, he looked at his watch. But before he could reckon the time, a mortar smashed into the volcanic ash at his left side. The timepiece was shorn from his wrist and a gaping hole reddened his forearm just above the wrist.

"I was beginning to know what it must feel like to be crucified," Roselle said later. "God Almighty, I hurt! But I was so mad I think it kept me alive."

Then, when he thought he had reached the end, he saw helmet tops moving beneath the terrace brow parallel to the sea, headed north. It turned out to be a medical party moving toward Iwo's cliffs to evacuate front-line casualties. They found Roselle's left arm fractured, set it, then evacuated him to the beach. Within a matter of minutes, he was taken from the mortar-beaten beach, still under heavy fire, to an LST where his left foot was amputated immediately.

One Casualty After Another

Roselle was but one of many. Pfc. Norman Pate of New York, a Marine combat artist, abandoned his drawing gear as soon as he reached the beach and moved out with the fighting troops. His limited ammunition was quickly expended and he began to help the wounded by seeking out Naval Hospital Corps men. On his third trip, a mortar blast gouged his right shoulder. He ripped off his dungaree blouse, applied his own battle dressing, then helped haul ammunition forward, carrying litters loaded with wounded on the return trips. He was struck by flying shrapnel on D-Day afternoon and didn't know his left arm was fractured. But because he bled profusely, Pate threw away his blouse to prevent infection He was carrying ammo when a sniper hit him in the thigh, ripping a long furrow through the flesh. So he tore off trousers and walked nude to the beach for evacuation. That was enough.

Our tanks came ashore swiftly, but the

LIFE BEGAN

FOR	AT	WHO
Nellie Edwards	**47**	**Joined the Wac**
Carmen Reyes	**66**	**Received a Selective Service card placing him in 1A**
Andrew F. Howe	**67**	**Was awarded $1,164,201 after a lawsuit lasting 15 years**
Charles Blake	**67**	**Legless, he won low net at a golf tournament with a 67**
William Parmele	**71**	**Bicycled from New York to Chicago**
Abjon Jaramillo	**75**	**Became father of quadruplets**
A Nazi prisoner	**78**	**Was captured by the Allies**
A St. Paul resident	**82**	**Was arrested for driving a car while intoxicated**
Doctor H. P. Mix	**93**	**Resumed his practice as a physician**
Mrs. Catherine Copulos	**102**	**Decided to continue drinking wine and smoking her pipe**
Alvarez E. Haabsburg	**110**	**Asked his insurance company for their pamphlet, Keeping Fit Through Exercise**

—Sgt. Harold Helfer, U.S.M.C.

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Fruit, fruit juice, or tomato juice ....( )
Cereal, with milk or cream....................( )
Eggs, any style............................( )
Bacon or ham.............................( )
Toast (enriched bread) with butter or jam......( )
Glass of milk (children or adults).............( )
Coffee or tea (adults).......................( )
Total................( )

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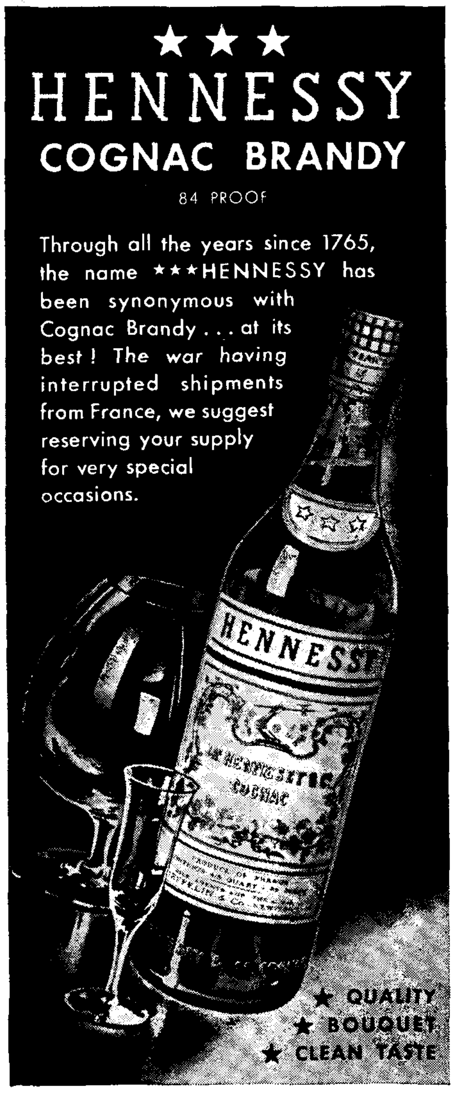
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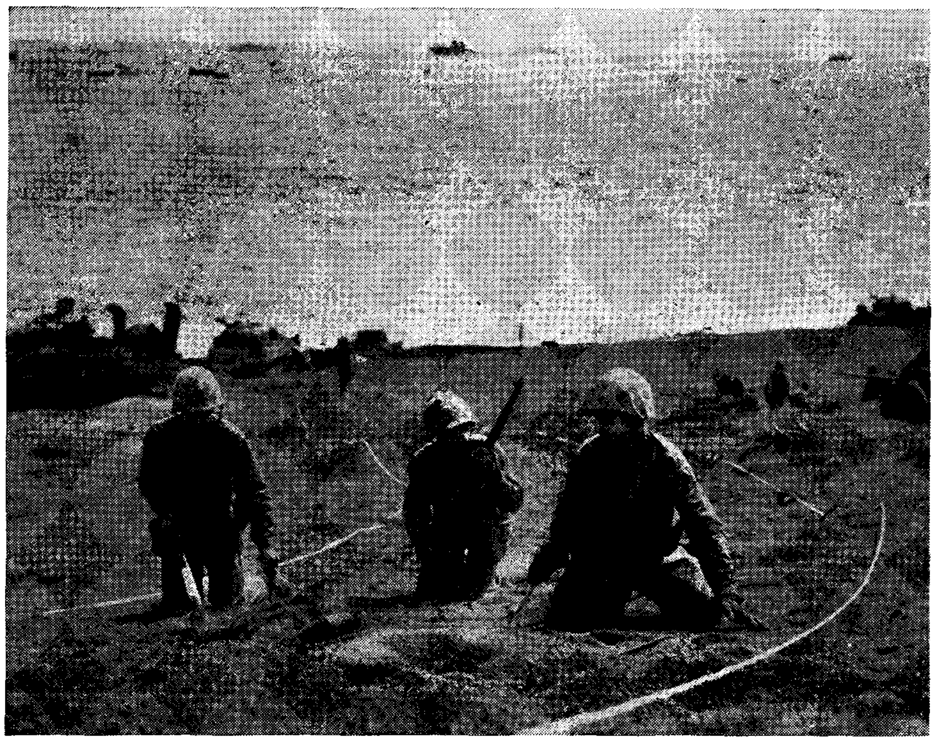

OFFICIAL PHOTO U.S. MARINE CORPS

"The beach itself was no more than ten yards deep, rising abruptly from the water, but it was treacherous volcanic ash, heavily mined, in which men and machines slipped and bogged down." Here, mine detectors clear a beach lane

soft volcanic sand trapped them, and many floundered helplessly and never got off the beach. Behind us on the beaches, the supplies we needed so badly began to trickle in under the murderous Jap artillery fire especially from Mount Suribachi on the southern tip of the island. Landing craft began to roll helplessly in the surf, and by late afternoon, the beaches were clogged with the wreckage of tanks, bulldozers, jeeps, trucks and half-tracks. Ducks, carrying artillery, were swamped in the high surf. Their crews, many of them Army Negro troops, manhandled the guns onto the beach. Casualties were increasing. One Duck drifted three miles out to sea after its propeller had been shot away. Its driver had stuck with it because there was an artillery piece left, and he knew it would be needed.

The need for ammunition became critical. A gunnery sergeant in charge of a mortar platoon ran back to the beach to find an ammunition boat bobbing in the sea offshore because its coxswain couldn't find a safe spot on the beach to land. One enemy shell would have blown him and the ammunition sky-high. The sergeant swam to the boat and persuaded its crew to make a run for it. And they made it.

We didn't lose our sense of humor in those frightful hours. An Army Negro driver of a Duck, coming ashore late on D-Day, was told to drive his load of ammunition to an artillery dump. He asked how he would know whether he was going too far forward.

"Mate, you just keep goin' until you see some cannon firing," his sergeant said. "Then you stop. But if you find yourself with infantry, brother, one of you is in the wrong place."

The fight for the airfield went on. The Japanese retreated slowly from bunker to bunker and from trench to trench until they were backed against the steep fill of the field. Then a strange thing happened. This remnant enemy disappeared completely. Suddenly, as we climbed onto the edge of the airfield, we drew fire from these same Japs. We started momentarily in amazement. They had crawled through the drains under the field like gophers, to pop up two hundred yards away.

A sergeant exclaimed, "The little bastards are coming back for more. Let's give it to 'em!" We did.

By nightfall we had established a secure foothold on the airfield. It had taken us a day to reach this objective which had looked so easy from our transports. The Fifth Division had swung south to attack Suribachi. We had lost several hundred men—and the landing beach was still under heavy enemy fire that continued to be uncannily accurate.

No phase of the battle was more desperate than the continuous struggle to build up ammunition dumps ashore, to supply the advancing artillery and infantry. Marine pioneers and replacement work parties hauled the precious ammo out of landing craft and up from the water's edge. Then the Japanese artillery methodically sent these dumps up in flames, killing and severely wounding dozens of Marines.

Once, an Oklahoma gunnery sergeant was knocked off his feet by the explosion of a small ammunition dump. He leaped up, and saw that the fire would spread to a larger dump close at hand. A caterpillar tractor with a bulldozerlike scoop stood near by, and the sergeant leaped into the seat and drove into the middle of the blaze, lowering the scoop and starting to sweep the whole flaming mass down from the beach into the sea.

His buddies saw the caterpillar catch fire, then they heard a mortar shell smashing into the blaze. The gunnery sergeant, badly wounded, was rescued by two of his men. The small ammo dump and the big one both disappeared in roaring explosions and pillars of black smoke. The men cursed and went on hauling ammo.

Secret of the Japs' Accuracy

But the secret of the Jap artillery accuracy was about to be solved. A Marine—nobody ever got his name—was patrolling the shore where the gutted Japanese transport was beached at a crazy angle on Blue Beach 2. He waited for the next mortar burst and watched the stars. Something ghostly moved in the bomb-torn hulk. He listened. He heard a low, steady sound. He leaned over and stirred another Marine. They got a couple more. They crept up on the derelict ship. They made a rush, and there was a scuffle, and shots.

There, in the empty black hull, lay a Japanese artillery observer, a radio sending set strapped to his back. He had been spotting the Marine dumps and guiding the deadly enemy fire. The Japs' accuracy decreased rapidly thereafter.

The struggle to cut off Mount Suribachi had begun on D-Day. The 28th regiment from Major General Keller E. Rockey's untried Fifth Marine Division parted company with the rest of the line and, led by Colonel Harry B. Liversedge, bit into the approaches of the volcano on the south. The terrain leading up to the almost perpendicular cliffs ran from sand to boulders. Despite the tremendous weight of explosives showered on this cone, it spouted death from hundreds of openings.

The Japs had erected every conceivable obstacle along the approaches to the volcano

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base from tank ditches to barbed wire. These had to be stormed by frontal assault. One of our boys perched atop a pillbox and leaped down on the back of a running Jap and killed him with his knife. Another lost his rifle and wrested a samurai sword from a charging Jap officer and cut his head off.

Captain Phil Q. Roach, 24, former Texas Christian football regular, of Fort Worth, commanding a company of the 28th Marines, advanced through a pillbox maze two hundred yards alongside the volcano. Roach had a taste of what was to come fifteen minutes after the landing at H-Hour when a sniper bullet plunged through his helmet. Now he was pumping carbine slugs at three Japs in a small trench, when another Jap sniper hit him in the left leg. Relieved by morphine, Roach set up communications in a battered shell hole and gave orders until the company radioed back that they had attained the southwest coast.

For the next three days, the 28th regiment battled to scale and capture Suribachi. It was almost a foot-by-foot crawl with mortars, artillery, rockets, machine guns and grenades making us hug every rock and shell hole. Rock slides were tumbled down on our heads by the Japs, and also as a result of our own naval gunfire.

There were many pillboxes on the approaches and there were five main caves inside the mountain, in which a whole garrison of troops had lived. Some of these caves were on three levels. The largest had 50 openings and could accommodate 300 soldiers. Scores of Japs eventually were sealed up in the caves.

Around Suribachi, as elsewhere on Iwo, each pillbox was a separate problem, an intricately designed fortress that had to be smashed into ruins. Even after the assault troops moved past them, there was mopping up to do. Shocked and wounded Japs clung stubbornly to life amid the ruins, some of them half buried in dirt and shattered masonry.

The walls of many began with two-foot-thick concrete blocks, laced with iron rails. Then came ten to twelve feet of rocks, piled with dirt and the dirty ashes of Iwo. The rock and concrete roofs were supported by concrete pillars inside. Single entranceways, which were tiny, long holes, and one or two casement openings were protected against direct hits or flying shrapnel by concrete abutments. The whole structure from the outside might look like a mound rising a few feet above the level of the surrounding ground.

Several of the pillboxes were fitted out as ornate living quarters for gun crews and observation teams. The walls were paneled with fancy wood. There were even sliding, Japanese-style doors inside the entranceways. Cots, tables, upholstered chairs were found. A few of the pillboxes were wired for electric lights and had faucets for running water. Phonographs and Japanese recordings were discovered in one pillbox, perhaps used to help offset the dreariness. The pillboxes seemed to be impenetrable concrete fortresses, and the entire island of Iwo was studded with them. Today most of them are tombs, but they were deadly traps for the Marines. Raw courage alone overcame them.

Once in the battle for Suribachi, a corporal asked for a flame thrower to attack one such pillbox. His lieutenant, trying to conserve fuel, hesitated.

"Only dead Japs in there," he said. "Try a grenade."

"I did."

"Well?"

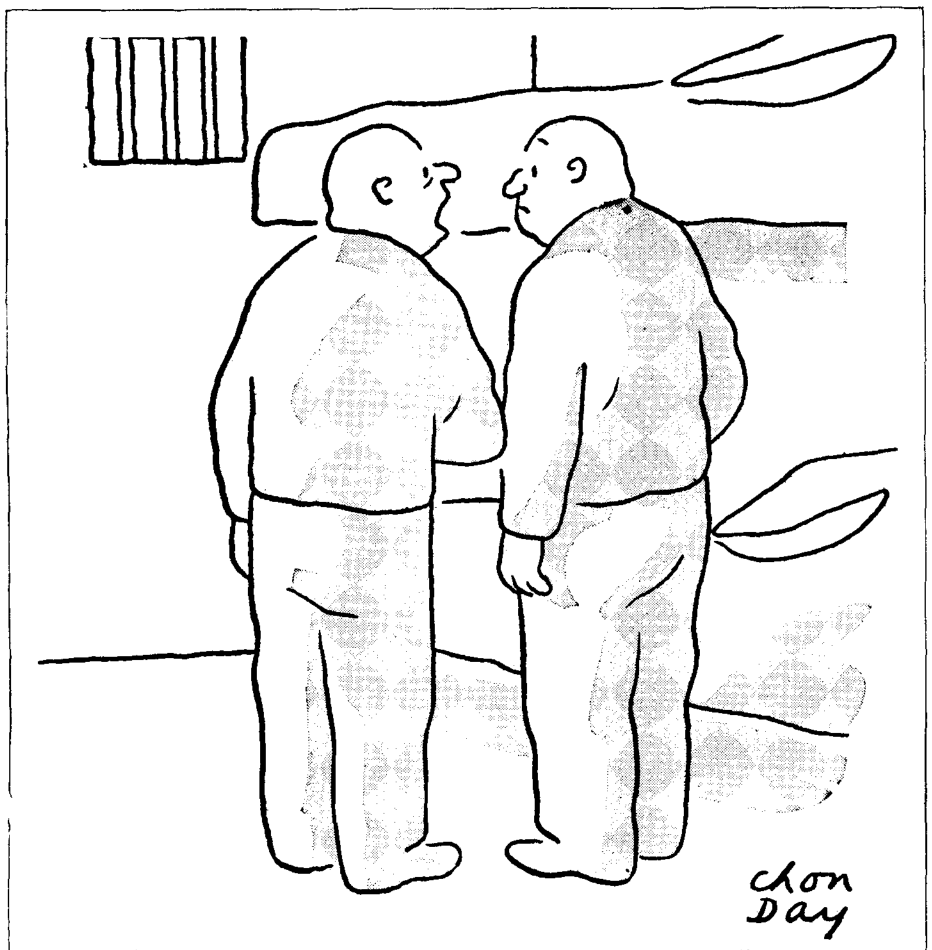
"That blankety-blank dead Jap threw it back at me!"

No Quarter and No Surrender

Later on, the narrow path to Mount Suribachi, three Marines were surrounded at the mouth of a cave. There was not room to use rifles. One Marine made a flying tackle at the nearest Jap and, when felled, twisted the Jap's neck and broke it. Another plunged feet first on a Jap lieutenant catching him in the groin. The third Marine leaped Tarzan-like from atop the cave, his jungle knife flashing. The Jap he landed on was stabbed in the heart before they hit the ground. There were no rules, no quarter and no surrender.

It was in that manner that we took Mount Suribachi, and Lieutenant Colonel Chandler W. Johnson of Highland Park, Illinois, commander of the second battalion, 28th Marines, handed a folded American flag to Lieutenant Harold G. Schrier, and said: "Put that on top of the hill."

"Okay," the lieutenant said, and with Platoon Sergeant Ernest I. Thomas of Tallahassee, Fla., and 42 tired Marines, went up the battered hill, 750 miles from Tokyo. Japs were still in the caves but the Marines used grenades, flame throwers and rifles on them,



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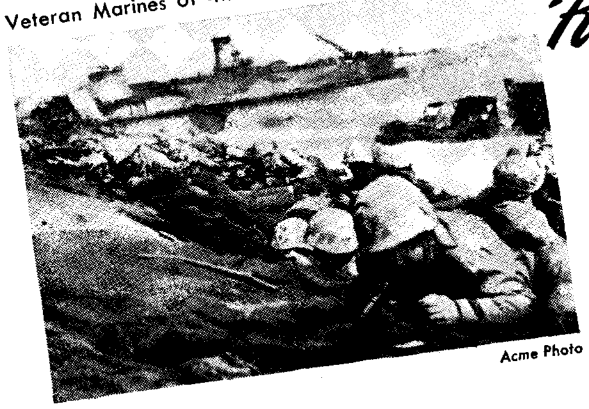
Marines in first wave of assault on Saipan

Passing the barbed wire on the beach at Tarawa

Veteran Marines of 4th Division hit Iwo Jima beach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UNDERWEAR

and Schrier, Thomas and Sergeant H. O. Hansen of Boston, put the flag up early on February 23, just as the colonel had ordered. They used a piece of Japanese pipe they had found on the mountainside as a flagpole. The other men stood near by in skirmish line, but nobody said or did anything except watch for Japs.

Meanwhile, on February 21st, the Third Marine Division, commanded by 48-year-old Major General Graves B. Erskine, began landing and immediately took a place in the center of the line, where the most obstinate enemy defenses were protecting Iwo's second airfield—Motoyama Airfield No. 2. This sector, an upsloping field of volcanic ash lying between the two airfields, resembled the surface of the moon. There was scarcely a yard not plowed by some kind of shellburst. It was bleak and windy. Coarse particles of sand, the size of buckshot, blew into our faces.

Our attack was aimed at taking an open stretch from one side of the central tableland to the other. We could go only as far as our tanks, which at that moment meant very slow progress.

The tankmen had taken a terrific plastering from the very beginning, particularly those attached to the Fourth Marine Division. First Lieutenant Richard E. L. Pierson, 26, of North Olmstead, Ohio, at one time saw immense Japanese rockets hammer into six of seventeen of our medium tanks, while another outfit had nine of twelve knocked out by mines and guns before sunset of the first day in the No. 1 air-strip sector. Pierson's tank was stopped, but he and his crew sat inside and were pounded with cannon for a time while they radioed targets to other tanks and infantry, using the immobilized vehicle as an observation post. Pierson later was hit in the back and lay between life and death several days but recovered.

Now, on the central plateau, Jap guns of all calibers, flaming from what looked like holes in the shifting sand dunes, laid down a wall of fire against our tanks. In addition to everything else, mortar pits dug six to eight feet into the ground with only tiny firing holes visible and mine fields covered by machine-gun fire combined to impede the tanks. From our shell holes we could see several come to an abrupt halt as something hit them. Their hatches flew open and their crews scrambled out to keep from burning alive.

Our infantry push fared no better. As we struggled across the open dunes, the enemy hit us from the front and both flanks. For a Marine to leave his hole and dive for another was a brave act in this nightmarish battle. Mortar and artillery shook the ground like an earthquake. We saw men stagger and fall, some from sheer exhaustion and the strain of battle. Into this bizarre scene, a red rooster appeared from nowhere screaming and flapping its wings. Many Marines lost their lives in this field of stinking volcanic ash. Corpsmen and litter-bearers crawled among the wounded, hauling them from hole to hole. When the 24th Marine Regiment's 2d Battalion reached the scene, they called it "the Wilderness," and there they spent four days on the line, with no respite from the song of death sung by mortars among those desolate crevices and gouged shell holes. The Wilderness covered about a square mile inland from Blue Beach 2, on the approaches to Airfield No. 2, and there was no cover. Here and there stood a blasted dwarf tree; here and there a stubby rock ledge in a maze of volcanic crevices.

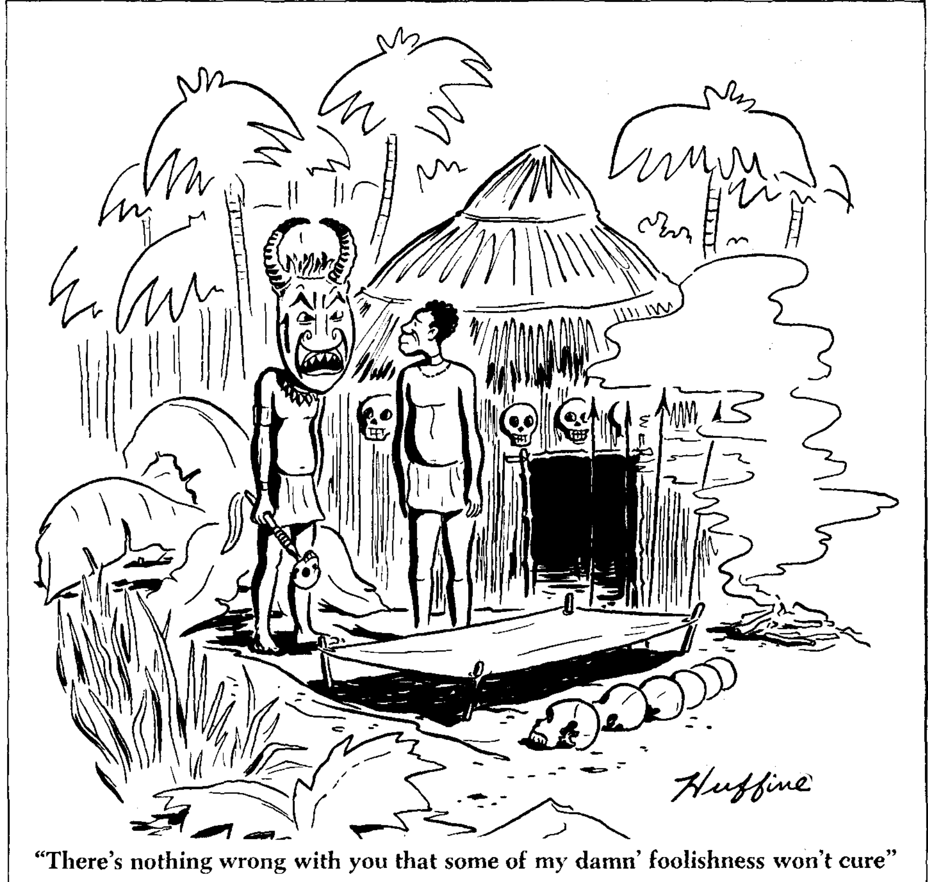
Pounded by the Enemy Mortars

The 2d Battalion attacked with flame throwers, demolition charges, 37-millimeter guns, riflemen. A tank advancing in support was knocked out by a mortar shell. After every Japanese volley, Corsair fighter planes streamed down on the mortar positions, ripping their charges of bombs into the Wilderness. But after every dive was ended, the mortars started their ghastly song again.

Cracks in the earth run along the open field to the left of the Wilderness, and hot smoke seeped up through the cracks. Gains were counted in terms of 100 or 200 yards for a day, in terms of three or four bunkers knocked out. Losses were counted in terms of three or four men suddenly turned to bloody rags after the howl of a mortar shell, in terms of a flame-thrower man hit by a grenade as he poured his flame into a bunker. The assault platoon of flame throwers and demolitionists, spearheading the regiment's push through the Wilderness, lost two assistant squad leaders killed.

The Japs were hard to kill. Cube-shaped concrete blockhouses had to be blasted again and again before the men inside were silenced. Often the stunned and wounded Japs continued to struggle among the ruins, still trying to fire back. A sergeant fired 21 shots at a semiconcealed Jap before the latter was killed. Another Marine assaulting a pillbox found a seriously wounded Jap trying to get a heavy machine gun into action. He emptied his clip at him but the Jap kept reaching. Finally, out of ammunition, the Marine used his knife to kill him.

(Continued on page 57)



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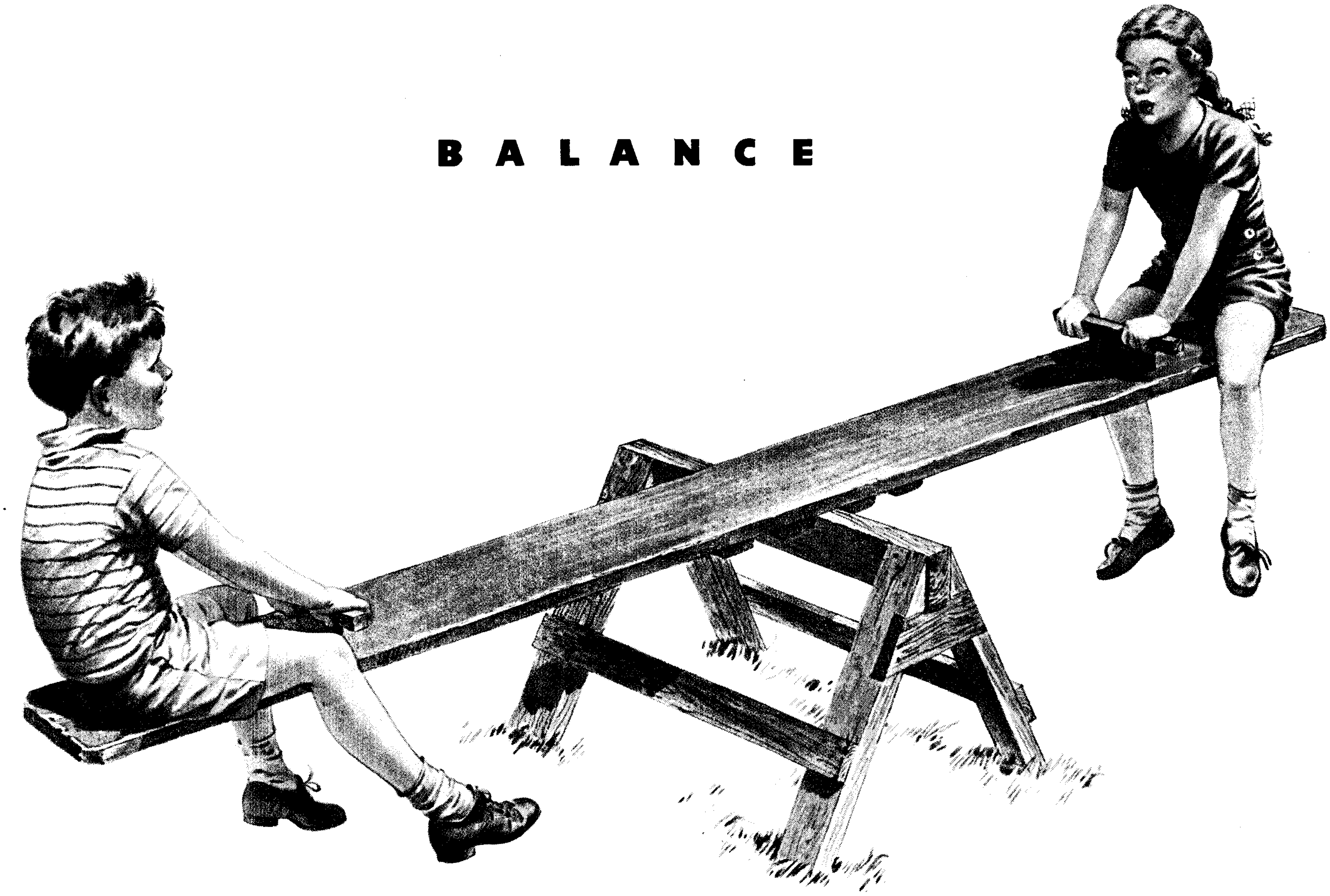

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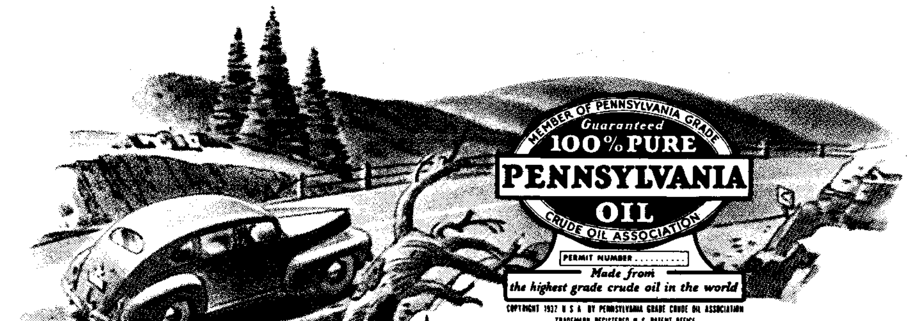
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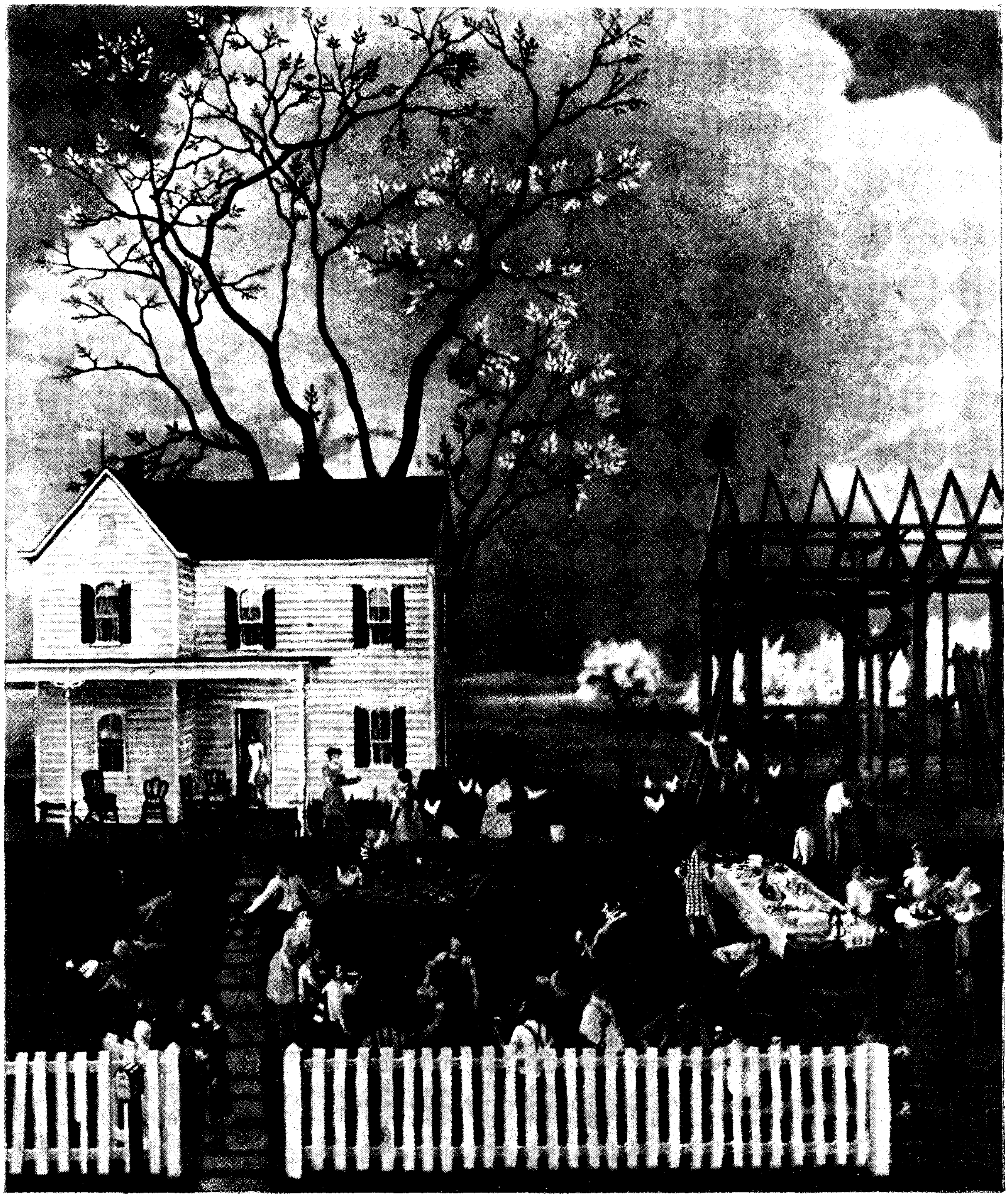

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by

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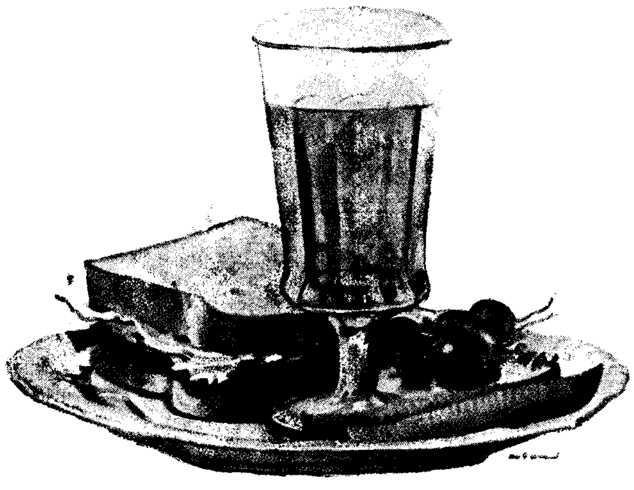

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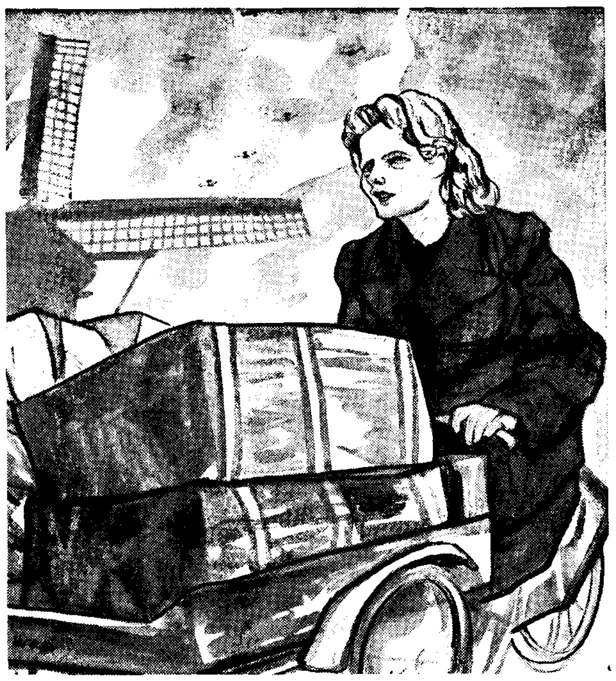
THE Heroes

FRANCIEN DE ZEEUW

XXV



FOR a man supposed to know everything, Doctor Walther Gross showed amazing ignorance in dealing with the women of the Netherlands. Following the army of invasion, the great expert on breeding invited every female of the right age to "promote and protect the true Aryan strain" by bearing children for German soldiers. Double rations and generous cash payments were offered by way of further inducement.

Meeting with refusal, the doctor tried force. Famous old Rosa Manus and other women leaders were sent to their death in concentration camps, and Storm Troopers went out over the land, driving girls into "breeding farms" and brothels. Here and there the resistance was open. But for the most part, women disappeared, joining the men who had already gone underground to escape conscription.

How to feed these thousands soon became a problem, for German rationing was at subsistence level, and those above ground were too close to starvation for any food sharing. Faced with the necessity for bold action, the underground leaders staged a series of raids on buildings where the Germans kept ration books and registration cards. Most of them were highly successful, and 50,000 books were taken in a single town.

How to distribute them was the next question, for the Gestapo covered every railroad and highway, arresting on merest suspicion. The choice fell on Francien de Zeeuw, formerly a telephone operator in Terneuzen, who spoke German perfectly and looked the picture of dewy innocence.

Sewing the ration books in her clothes, Francien set out on the swing that had to cover all Holland, amply provided with registration cards. Now she passed as the daughter of this high German official, and now as the daughter of that eminent general, and sometimes as a secret agent reporting only to Berlin. One by one, the 21-year-old girl distributed her books and identification cards, provided the underground with food and clothing, and also with the means of free travel with the forged papers.

This chore chored, Francien was handed a second and even more dangerous job. With Red armies charging forward on the Eastern front, and Allied armies hammering at the Westwall, many a German in Holland lost heart and looked around for a chance to quit. And not a Dutch household but offered help, giving their civilian clothes in exchange for rifles, ammunition and hand grenades. To young Francien went the duty of collecting these arms and placing them in central depots. Who else so far above suspicion as Little Baby Face, always ready to explain that her boxes and packages were loot picked up by "dear Papa."

Months passed without mishap, and then came the night when Gestapo agents surrounded the farm where Francien and some others were hiding rifles and grenades in cellar, barn and attic. There was a brief flurry of fighting that left dead on the ground, but Francien was packed off as a captive. They did not shoot her outright, for Himmler himself had heard of the girl's activities and wanted her kept for his "questioning."

This, fortunately, happened in September, 1944. Even as the Gestapo waited for Himmler, the Allies stormed Fortress Holland. Paratroopers dropped down on Arnhem. Poles and Canadians waded to the attack through flooded fields, and the whole Flanders-Zeeland area burst into flames. Under cover of a bombing raid, the girl and another prisoner took advantage of confusion to attempt escape. As they raced across a narrow strip of no man's land, the companion fell under machine-gun fire, but Francien reached the Poles and Canadians.

Now, however, came another call on her courage. Outnumbered and at bay, the Allied commander stood in desperate need of establishing contact with underground forces in the town. Cheerfully, as always, Francien disguised herself as an aged crone and made her way behind the German lines, dodging both Gestapo and bombs. The emotional Poles shouted on her return, and the tight-lipped Canadians went so far as to call her a "stout fella."

For some time the Netherlands has had a Voluntary Women's Corps (corresponding to our Wac), a body now serving heroically on the firing line and in the flooded districts. Not until a month or so ago, however, did Queen Wilhelmina announce the formation of the Marine Vrouwen Afdeeling, or Navy Women's Department, for service wherever Dutch ships sailed the seas. From all parts came a rush of applications but by royal command the honor of being the first Marva, or Dutch Wave, went to Francien de Zeeuw. . . .

GEORGE CREEL

PORTRAIT BY WILLIAM AUERBACH-LEVY

Iwo: The Red-Hot Rock

Continued from page 54

Forty-eight hours after the attack began, one element of the Third Division moved into the line under orders to advance at all costs.

Behind a rolling artillery barrage and with fixed bayonets, the unit leaped forward in an old-fashioned hell-bent-for-leather charge and advanced to the very mouths of the fixed Jap defenses. Before scores of pillboxes the men flung themselves at the tiny flaming holes, throwing grenades and jabbing with bayonets. Comrades went past, hurdled the defenses and rushed across Airfield No. 2. In three minutes one unit lost four officers. Men died at every step. That was how we broke their line.

Across the field we attacked a ridge. The enemy rose up out of holes to hurl our assault back. The squads re-formed and went up again. At the crest they plunged on the Japs with bayonets. One of our men, slashing his way from side to side, fell dead from a pistol shot. His comrade drove his bayonet into the Jap who had killed him. The Japs on the ridge were annihilated.

And now behind those proud and weary men, our whole previously stalled attack poured through. Tanks, bazookas and demolition men smashed and burned the bypassed fortifications. In an area 1,000 yards long and 200 deep, more than 800 enemy pillboxes were counted.

The survivors of this bold charge covered 800 yards in an hour and a half. Brave men had done what naval shelling, aerial bombardment, artillery and tanks had not been able to do in two days of constant pounding. What was perhaps the most intensively fortified small area ever encountered in battle had been broken.

The Japs Use a New Weapon

This kind of fighting—hard, relentless, with the Japs under orders to stay in their positions to the death—characterized the days of battle for Iwo that followed. The Japs also were using a new weapon—a motorized 1,000-pound rocket. We dubbed it "Whistling Nellie" because of the screech and whistle that accompanied its launching and flight. One sergeant was thrown 40 feet in the air and killed by a "Nellie" which left other Marines near by unharmed.

There were countless instances of bravery and of luck. A Japanese saber saved Second Lieutenant Bernard L. Jaffee, of New York City, who was working with an air liaison team at a forward observation post on the tip of Airfield No. 2. He had taken the saber from one of two Jap officers who had committed hara-kiri in a cave. He sought shelter as the position underwent eight direct mortar-shell hits, killing or wounding most of about 25 officers and men using the place as an observation post. He had just come out with the saber thrust through his pants belt when he heard the mortar shell singing. He dived back, but not quickly enough. Shrapnel was deflected by the saber, but one small chunk lodged in the buttocks.

An Iowa corporal, a machine-gun squad leader, seeking a spot to emplace his weapon, raised up from a mortar plastering that had him tense against the ground, to stare into the eyes of a Jap rifleman four feet away. The Jap's bayonet was fixed but his gun apparently had jammed. The corporal shouted, and a Marine with an automatic rifle shot the Jap while he was working frantically at the bolt of his own gun. The corporal, a member of the Fifth Division, then started a ten-yard dash to the gun site and was plugged by a sniper, the bullet passing through his neck, grazing his larynx and missing his jugular vein.

The fight went on. The terrain north of Airfield No. 2 looked like the Dakota Badlands—barren except for ugly stunted palms with sulphur blowholes streaming at the bases of sharp, naked ridges that rose fifty to one hundred feet into the air. The ridges made perfect defense positions and the Japs had taken full advantage of them. Their tops were crowned with big guns, most of which

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had been knocked out by our bombings and naval gunfire. Three of these ridge formations—one on the left, one in the center, and one on the right—now held up our divisions. On the left, the Fifth Division passed up through the boulders and sharp rocks, in a frontal assault. In the center, the Third Division drove a wedge into the heart of the enemy defenses, which then shifted to the right where the third great battle was fought.

The scene of this battle was Hill 382—the highest point in the northern half of the island—and a vast amphitheater in front of it through which our men had to pass in order to assault the hill itself. The amphitheater became a grim battle scene with American and Japanese dead strewn everywhere. The Fourth Division launched attack after attack down its slopes, only to meet an incredible combination of fire from enemy weapons poised around the rim.

"It was like something weird," a corporal said; "with flares going up and tracer bullets and smoke, and some of the men coming out of there with blood streaming down their faces, carrying a few others who couldn't walk. It was like some scene in the movies."

The following day another of our companies reached the hill after running the gantlet of fire that swept the amphitheater. But the Japs had zeroed-in Hill 382 just as close as they had the beaches. We were forced to withdraw, and the enemy manned his positions again. A platoon from a company commanded by Captain Stanley C. McDaniel, of Duncan, Oklahoma, reached the summit of Hill 382 on the fifth night of the battle. They were cut off when fire in their rear became so heavy that supporting elements couldn't get through. We put down a smoke screen to get them out. Japanese fire was cutting them down mercilessly, and ten wounded had to be left behind.

The Japs infiltrated during that night. Captain Donald S. Callahan, of Springfield, Mo., commanding a company that lost 60 men, said his outfit killed between 15 and 20 Japs, many of them wielding sabers. One Marine lay for a day and a night on the side of Hill 382 with a broken leg, a dead buddy beside him. He was surrounded by Japs all night but was rescued the next morning when our troops regained the position.

A battalion commanded by Major James L. Scales, of Stoneville, N. C., finally took a protecting ridge which was honeycombed with bunkers, pillboxes and caves. The Japanese had set up machine and antitank guns in every conceivable protected spot, but we flanked them and then moved in frontal assault against the enemy. From our observation post we could see the Japs pop up from their bunkers and roll grenades down on the advancing Marines.

Our bazookas proved an invaluable weapon in this terrain. They were fired point-blank into enemy machine-gun positions with devastating results. After four and a half hours we held the most expensive—but the most valuable—hill on this island. The fall of Hill 382 punched a great hole in the Jap main line of defense across Iwo and gave us observation of all enemy terrain to the north, simultaneously denying them observation of our rear areas. There was plenty of hard fighting after that but it was downhill, and the odds were with us.

THE END

Tokyo Calling Cards

Continued from page 44

minutes. No householder would have dared even to try to put the blaze out.

Having proved itself in the comparatively simple job of demolishing houses, the bomb had to be capable of doing an equal job on industrial buildings, too, or the Army didn't want it. During an incendiary-bomb attack some houses do get burned—by accident—but the prime target is the enemy's industrial plant. So the Army set up some test buildings of that type, too, and tried the bomb on them. It worked beautifully.

This enviable result, however, was not achieved overnight, and that is where the facsimile enemy cities come in. When Hitler started out in 1939, he believed—and said—that he could destroy Europe by fire. It was Hitler's own experts who developed the magnesium bomb with its triggering charge of thermite. But their invention didn't quite work. Terrible fires, yes. In twenty-two days and nights, London had 10,000 major fires. On each of two nights, there were more than 2,000 major blazes. And still London remained. Magnesium incendiaries were not the answer.

When we joined the fight, the Army had to find a better bomb. The National Defense Research Council, under that saturnine Yankee genius, Vannevar Bush, went to bat immediately. With President James Bryant Conant of Harvard, and W. K. Lewis of Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Bush worked out a new bomb filled with gasoline. Weight for weight, they knew, gasoline had nearly twice the heat units that magnesium had. If they could be applied effectively to the targets they ought to do the job.

Standard Oil Development Company was designated to do the research. A few months later, the chemists, with the help of some Du Pont scientists, came up with their answers. A bomb case was designed to hold them, and tests were begun.

Thousands of trials were needed before results were even passable. Standard Oil installed mortars on overhead cranes to shoot the new bombs downward at velocities representing the different heights of free fall. The ideal impact speed was finally found. The bomb was packed with cloth streamers which trailed out behind like the tail of a kite, holding its aim and preventing it from falling so fast that it would go right through a building into the basement. Brilliant work on the part of the engineers now put the real burn in this "block-burner" by devising a base-ejection charge which would lob the jelly out in sizable chunks. The battle seemed to have been won.

Chemical Warfare Service bought up a group of abandoned farmhouses in Indiana and started bombing them to see what would happen. Results were so good that the Army accepted the incendiary forthwith and immediately put it into production. Late in 1942 the first M69s went to England to take a crack at the Nazi fortress. They did not succeed. Both our authorities and the British decided that the solution had not been found. Standard Oil Development asked for another chance.

Ideal Way to Test a Bomb

The only possible way to tell when they had achieved success, they felt, was to bomb test targets that were exact duplicates of real enemy towns and find out where the weapon failed. It was then that the complex was built. Obtaining the backing of the National Defense Research Council again, Standard hired an American architect who had worked in Japan for eighteen years, together with a prominent German refugee of the same profession. These men and their staffs made an exhaustive study of the building construction of sixteen German and Japanese cities in every detail. They drew up specifications that were identical in all important physical properties with the real thing, and in fifty-four days the Army built them.

Not to be misled by their enthusiasm, the engineers organized the best possible fire department to protect the buildings. The moment bombing runs were made and the fires set, these men rushed in and did their best to act as they knew the enemy would act under similar circumstances.

For the first few tests they succeeded—and changes were made in the weight and size of the bombs and in their charges of jellied gasoline. Then finally a run was staged and the fire fighters failed.

The M69 had become at last the weapon its inventors believed it could be. "Little Tokyo" was destroyed.

THE END

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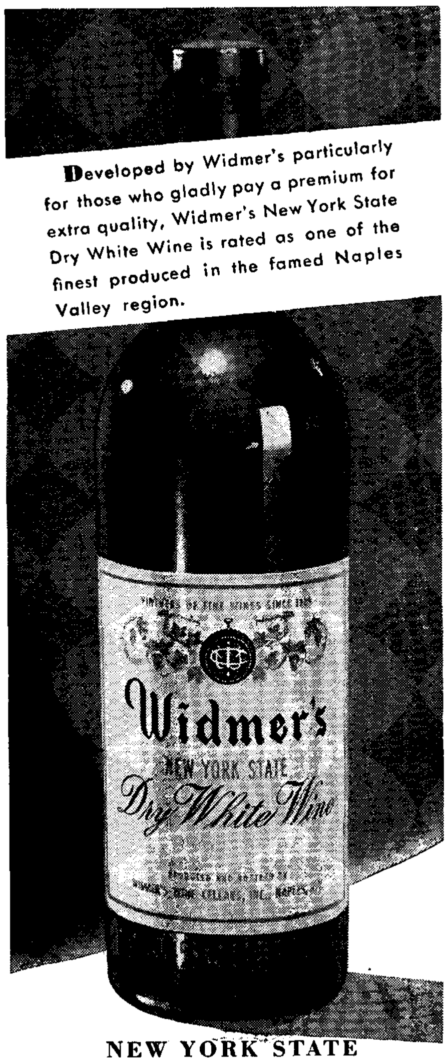
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Darling, This is Death

Continued from page 12

sudden blur of unexpected movement the moment after, for the yellow car was sliding smoothly aside on the road shoulder. The bus wedged itself past, slowly. Mac pulled up a few yards beyond and halted. The girl appeared suddenly beside Ashley's window. She said: "I know this is a frightful imposition, but I— *Would* you consider staying and helping me get this car moving again? I am in a most terrible rush and I simply can't go on without it."

Ashley was surprised at the urgency in her voice and not especially pleased with the request. He said. "I'd be glad to—only it happens that I'm in a rush myself. I've got to get to New York and I shouldn't miss that morning train from New Milford—"

"If you do," the girl said instantly, "you can borrow this car. It'll get you down sooner than the train. I just want to be dropped off a few miles from here—"

It might have been that offer, it might have been the girl herself: in any event Ashley said, "You win, lady," and opened the door.

"Hey!" came Mac's urgent call. "Hurry up, you two." Ashley called back: "I'm going to help the lady with her tire, Mac. You go ahead—and thanks."

The bus door slammed; the Diesel roared again; the bus became a diminishing light blur far up the road. Ashley said: "Okay, now we'll get to work. . . ."

"You're marvelous," the girl said. "But marvelous . . ."

It took a good twenty minutes to unload a small mountain of luggage from the rear deck and disengage the spare tire. However, the young woman was very helpful, and for a wonder, despite the slippery footing, the jack didn't slip once. Ashley snapped the rear deck lock shut at last and said, "Okay, let's go."

"I'm not going to try to thank you now," the girl said. "But . . ."

It was a lovely smile as well as a lovely voice, Ashley decided. Despite frost-touched fingers that burned like fire, he was rather pleased that he'd stayed.

The car came out of the ditch as easily as a yacht slipping her moorings. Ashley sent her along at a snail's pace for a bit to warm the engine. It gave him a fine opportunity to examine his companion's profile in the amber glimmer of the dash lamp. It was, beyond cavil, a very fine profile, also it remained hauntingly familiar. . . . She turned her head suddenly and her eyes narrowed with amusement. "I don't really blame you for not remembering," the clipped husky voice said. "It *was* a long time ago."

He was sure, then. "Ah, come, come!" he said. "I knew it the minute I saw you. The heck of it is I can't remember your name."

"A rotten bluff," she said scornfully. "Whose name?"

"Sandra's gawky little buck-toothed sister's name," he said triumphantly.

"Well, dog my lights!" she said. "You're better than I thought you were."

"You're better than I thought *you* were," he said.

"You mean about the teeth? And I don't gawk so much?"

"I never pay compliments before breakfast," Ashley said. "Otherwise, I— Listen, did you recognize me too . . . right away?"

"Like a flash," she said demurely. "Did you think me altogether brazen to ask you to sweat over that tire? Truly, Mr. Rawdon, it was priceless of you."

"Don't be silly. How is Sandra, by the way?"

"That's the point. She's at Sharon and very ill. Very, *very* ill, apparently. They only told me last night on the phone how serious it was. I got started as soon as I could."

"You mean you've driven over these roads all the way from Boston?"

"Yes."

"I think you're heroic," said Ashley warmly, and added, "What's wrong with Sandra? Nothing trivial, I trust."

"Double pneumonia. And you know she never was very strong."

"Strong as a horse," said Ashley cheerfully. "She always had a deceptive fragility. . . ."

"What's my name? I bet you still don't remember."

"Well, I only met you once. Right? And that was—five, six years ago?"

"Eight," she said quickly.

"Don't tell me the name, though. . . . It will come, it will come. . . ."

"It's Kay."

"Of course. I was just trying to drag it out a bit. A beautiful name," said Ashley.

IT WAS Sandra's face, he thought, studying it as the car crept onward up a long straight hill, and yet it wasn't Sandra's. There was more of an ironic humor in the mouth with its short upper and full lower lip and its *gamine* what-the-hell smile. There was also more of an understanding warmth in the eyes. The coloring was different, too. Sandra was a blonde; young Kay was sort of a light honey brown.

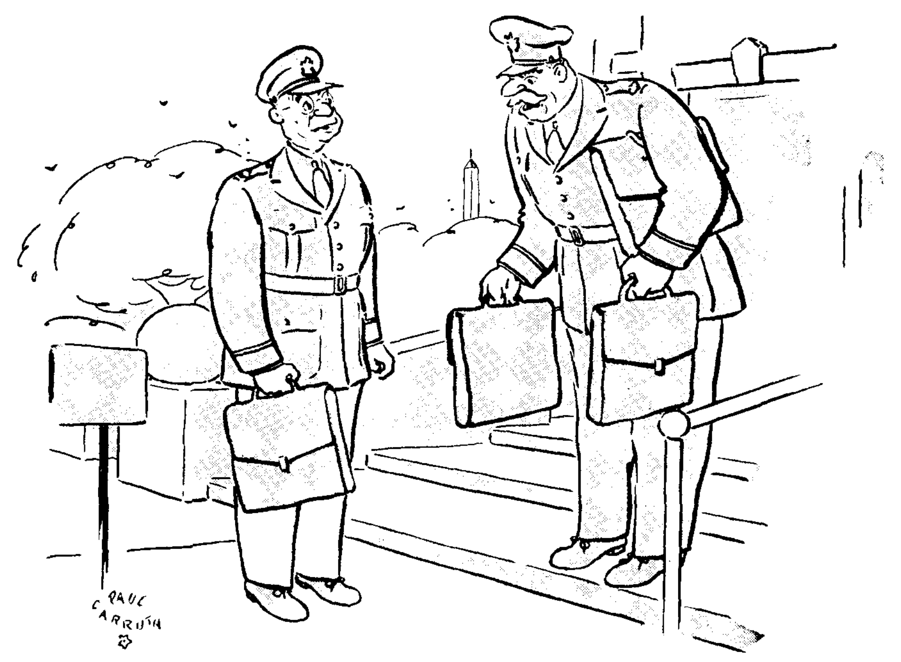
Kay exclaimed, "What are those lights ahead?"

"Praise the Lord," Ashley said. "It's New Milford, and apparently their power is still on. We will now shortly, unless we blow another tire, eat. Will you join me?"

"Will I join you . . . Have you missed your train?"

"Don't think so . . . yet."

"If you do, you know, don't give it a thought. Just drop me at Sharon and keep right on in this to town. Someone in the



"I say, Major, this is no time to let up. This is the Big Offensive, you know"

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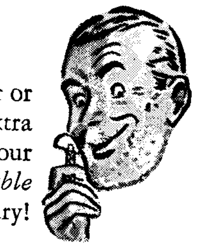

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Our entire production still goes to the armed forces. But it's nice to think about the future jobs that await this veteran's return. It will be an *improved* Powerlite, best of all.

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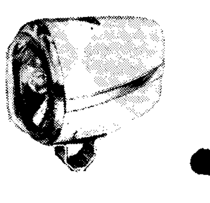
The Delta ROADLITER, a smartly designed, auto-styled bicycle headlight with fluted lens and white enamel finish body — available in limited quantities. Ask your dealer.



Delta

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family can pick it up there—or you can drive it back if you'd like to."

"We'll see," Ashley said.

They curved round into the main square of New Milford, and the eastern sky was now the color of a pale rose. Beneath bright orange letters that said "New Milford Hotel" a man was chiseling at the ice with a pickax. They nosed in to the curb beside him. Behind him, steps led down to a smaller sign that said "Coffee Shop." Ashley took the girl's arm and piloted her across the ice to the steps.

They pushed open a big glass front door at the foot of the steps and there was a short passageway within. It was brilliantly lighted by two naked overhead bulbs. Its black-and-white tessellated flooring glistened. And something else glistened. The girl was a little ahead of Ashley now and she stepped right over it, but Ashley bent and touched it with a tentative forefinger.

A bright red splash in the exact center of one of the white squares. A bright red splash as big as a half-dollar. It wasn't sticky yet, so it couldn't have been there more than a few minutes. But it was definitely blood.

Suddenly Ashley didn't want to go on through the swinging inner doors which Kay Wendell was already pushing open. It wasn't any specific foreboding. He only knew that *something* was happening inside that he wanted no part of. Yet in the same flash of prescience he knew that he was already part of it, that he no longer had any choice in the matter.

Kay Wendell was holding open the door and looking back at him expectantly. He shrugged and stepped carefully toward her, thinking: Ah, well, it's not *my* funeral—

"EGGS!" said Miss Wendell in an ecstatic tone. "Scrambled, with bacon and hashed-browned potatoes. And coffee—look, could you bring a pot of coffee right now, while the eggs are scrambling? We're frozen."

"Double on all of that," said Ashley, slinging his hat and overcoat on a handy rack. The faded, stringy waitress grunted and went away.

The long low room was dimly lighted. There were half a dozen other early-morning breakfasters in heavy boots and mackinaws. And another figure . . .

"Oh, yes," Ashley thought, *"he's* here. Naturally. Inevitably . . ." The long thin figure of the silent traveler of a few miles back had now achieved a similar immobility behind a corner table. Its back was pressed against the wall, as though its owner had propped himself there firmly lest he fall flat on his face. And his face, Ashley could see over the girl's shoulder, was ghastly. It was a long narrow face dominated by the harsh beak of the nose, with a wide thin slit of a mouth above a long bony chin. It was now a waxy yellow-white. The man had taken off his hat but he was still wearing his dark overcoat. He kept one arm pressed against his side; the fingers of the other hand moved in tiny piston strokes on the tablecloth. The eyes were open now, and it seemed to Ashley that they were fixed on him in a kind of wordless appeal.

That was of course absurd.

Coffee came. Ashley glanced at his watch, figured distances briefly, and said, "If I started sprinting right now, I *might* catch that train. However—"

"Ah, don't go now," she said. "Stay and have a decent breakfast. Then take the car and drop me off at Sharon and go on to town in a civilized manner. I couldn't bear to have you—"

Someone touched Ashley's shoulder. The waitress said, bending awkwardly toward him, "That man in the corner wants to speak to you a minute. He said he was sorry to trouble you but it was very important."

Ashley stared at her, past her, into the corner. The long thin shape hadn't moved but there was no doubt now of the appeal stamped on the bony face. The look of those who are *in extremis* is unmistakable to people who get around as Ashley had. . . . He said, "Okay, tell him I'll be right over." To Kay Wendell he said, "Funny thing. Fellow who was in the bus wants to speak to me. Haven't the vaguest notion who he is. You'll excuse me? I'll be right back."

"Of course."

Ashley got up, crossed the floor. The narrow face turned up toward him in a grimace meant to be a welcoming smile. A voice said in what was practically a whisper, "Would you . . . sit down . . . moment? Saw you . . . bus. Find m'self . . . little trouble."

You're a master of understatement, Ashley thought. Aloud he said, "Of course. Anything I can do? Are you—are you ill?"

The dark eyes, enormous now in deep bony sockets the color of stained plaster, didn't swerve from his face. "Won't take long," the rusty voice said. "Little faint . . . is all. Want to get upstairs. Get a . . . room. You . . . help me up, register for me? Be very good of you."

"Why—ah—sure," Ashley said, glancing at Kay. She was pouring more coffee. Her back was toward them. "I have money," the man said, as if concerned at Ashley's hesitation. His clenched hand unfolded, dropped a twenty-dollar bill on the table. "Okay," Ashley said, "let's go. You take my arm . . ."

As if he had been saving himself for this supreme effort, the man nodded and got to his feet almost normally. His movements were a little stiff and mechanical, but they were at almost a natural rate of speed. He said to Ashley, "Sign . . . Joseph Brown, Boston." Ashley nodded. They crossed the floor arm in arm, managed the short stair flight into the hotel lobby. Ashley said, "Stand here by the elevator." He approached the desk clerk and said briskly: "My friend Mr. Brown over there wants to stay on overnight. He'd like a room and bath, if you have one this early. His eyes are bad and I'll sign for him." He tossed the twenty on the counter with one hand and picked up the register pen with the other. He was afraid that if the clerk took one good look at the wavering bone rack by the elevator, Mr. Brown of Boston would get no room. Hotels don't like people who are apt to die on their hands.

However, New England thrift triumphed; the twenty interested the clerk more than the guest. A moment later Ashley and his companion were standing in the wheezing metal cage while a colored boy ran them up to the fourth floor.

Ashley got the door of Number 43 closed and bolted. When he turned, Mr. Brown had managed to cross the big bare room and had sunk down in a battered leather armchair beside an aged mission desk. His eyes were closed again. Ashley said sharply, "Look here, Brown, I'm going to get you a doctor."

The lank brown hair brushed crosswise on the narrow skull was plastered with sweat, but the head shook. "Be all right . . . moment," the rusty voice said.

Ashley began to lose patience. "It's none of my business—" he began, "but—"

"Want to say . . . thank you," said Mr. Brown. "Never made it . . . myself. Do . . . one more favor? Make phone call . . . for me?"

"Can't possibly. All the wires are down, all over the country. Bet you anything. The hotel could get you a doctor, though—"

THE eyes opened. The look in them was that of a lost dog who knows he is irretrievably lost. "Your name?" said the voice.

"Ashley Rawdon. New York."

A bony hand was extended; the other still pressed against Mr. Brown's side. The man's grip was surprisingly strong. "Mine's Evans," he said, with a coy upward smile which dismissed Mr. Brown to permanent limbo. "Got a funny job. Work for the gov . . . ment."

"What?" said Ashley, genuinely startled.

"Sure. Credentials . . . pocket. Wait."

He got his right hand into the overcoat pocket and brought out a worn zippered cardcase. He let it fall on the desk beside him, among the crumpled bills of his change which Ashley had put there. "Inside," said Mr. Brown-Evans, and closed his eyes again, as if in darkness there were strength.

Ashley opened the case. Under a scratched worn sheet of cellophane a card bearing the coat of arms of the United States of America mentioned the name of Robert Evans and went on to make a number of statements which Ashley didn't bother to read. It was none of his business and time pressed. He put the case gently down in Evans' right hand and he said: "Okay, fine. Appreciate your confidence. But let's be frank: you're in a bad way—aren't you? Wounded? I saw blood on the passageway floor as I came in downstairs."

Evans moved bony shoulders as if in contempt and it was evidently a mistake, for his face twisted in anguish. He said, "Get me . . . little water . . . bathroom? I'll be ri . . ."

Ashley came back with the water, and Evans had two small white pellets in his hand. He got them to his mouth; Ashley held the glass; Evans swallowed. He closed his eyes again. Ashley thought of Kay downstairs. He'd better go down and explain . . .

Evans opened his eyes. He said, in a much stronger voice: "Had a little trouble—in Hartford. Two men—maybe more—stabbed me . . . Hartford station. In . . . washroom. I . . . got away. The bus was there—"

"You couldn't call a cop?" Ashley said.

"No. I couldn't . . . call a cop. You said it, kid." Again the rictus meant to be a smile.

Ashley thought, I get that, all right. He's been up to something that would make him bad trouble with the local law. Often happens, I guess, in his racket. . . . Aloud Ashley said: "How bad is the stab? Why couldn't I get a local doctor for you, then?"

"I don't know. I'll look . . . moment," said Evans, disregarding the second question. "Feeling better by the minute. Be all right . . . soon."

You will like hell, Ashley thought. You will not be all right soon, you will never be all right in this world, not if I am any judge. "But why not the doctor?" he persisted.

"Please!" said Evans irritably. "Don't argue. Just let me . . . think. You say . . . wires down?"

"I'll find out for sure."

Ashley stretched out his hand toward the telephone and the telephone rang. Kay Wendell's husky swift voice said: "You trying to run out on me, chum? Don't forget you have my car keys."

"Oh Lord! Listen—er—Kay. It's a bit complicated. Ask the bellhop to run you up to 43, will you? Need your advice."

"Be right with you," she said calmly and hung up. Ashley said, "That was the girl I'm with. She has a car here . . ."

"Car?" said Evans eagerly. "Car? Could she drive me on to New York. Feeling much, much better . . ."

"I don't know." Far below he could hear the whine of the ascending elevator. A word with Kay alone seemed indicated. "I'll ask her," he said. "I'll go down and get her at the elevator. Be back in two seconds. Take it easy."

The waxen face nodded. Ashley unbolted the door and closed it behind him and went on light feet down the long hall.

The sun's first rays striking through the hall window as Kay got out of the elevator showed an even more beautiful woman than the dashboard's dim light and the dusty globes of the coffee shop had revealed. The honey-colored hair was glossy and curling; the skin like cream; the lips wore a great deal of lipstick but he liked that, and their shape was flawless.

Ashley leaned against a wall corner, whence he could continue to regard Miss Wendell in the morning sun, and said: "The fellow is on his last legs: no question. He wanted me to help him get a room. Now he wants to be driven to New York. I don't think he'd last out the trip. He was wounded in some mix-up in the Hartford station. I think he's bleeding badly but he won't have a doctor. Seems to be some sort of government agent. After all, it's your upholstery and your car. What do you want to do?"

The lively face maintained its serene detachment and this, Ashley thought, was surprising in one so young. Life couldn't have been *that* exciting for her, he thought. She said, "All *I* really want is to get to Sharon, Ashley. You and your injured friend are welcome to the car. As I told you. . . . Is he really very bad?"

"You come and take a look," Ashley said with sudden decision. "If he's going to drive on with us, you'll have to meet him anyway. Maybe I'd better take him, at that. If he passes out in the car I'll drag him into the nearest hospital whether he likes it or not . . ."

THEY were walking down the hall. The door of Number 43 was exactly as Ashley had left it. He tapped—twice. No answer. He knocked hard. Silence. He turned the knob and peered in. The room was empty. "Ah, he's in the bathroom," Ashley said. "Wait here a moment, Kay. . . ."

He went in and to the bathroom door, which was now closed. "Evans!" he called. "Evans!" There was no sound. He opened the door.

Evans lay flat on his back in the long narrow space alongside the bathtub. The long overcoat had swung back to reveal its interior soaked and matted with dark red. His vest, which he had evidently been trying to open to examine the wound before the last fatal hemorrhage started, was soaked too. His face was now the color of old parchment.

Ashley snatched the little framed mirror off the nail above the washstand and knelt and held it to the lips—there was not even the faintest clouding.

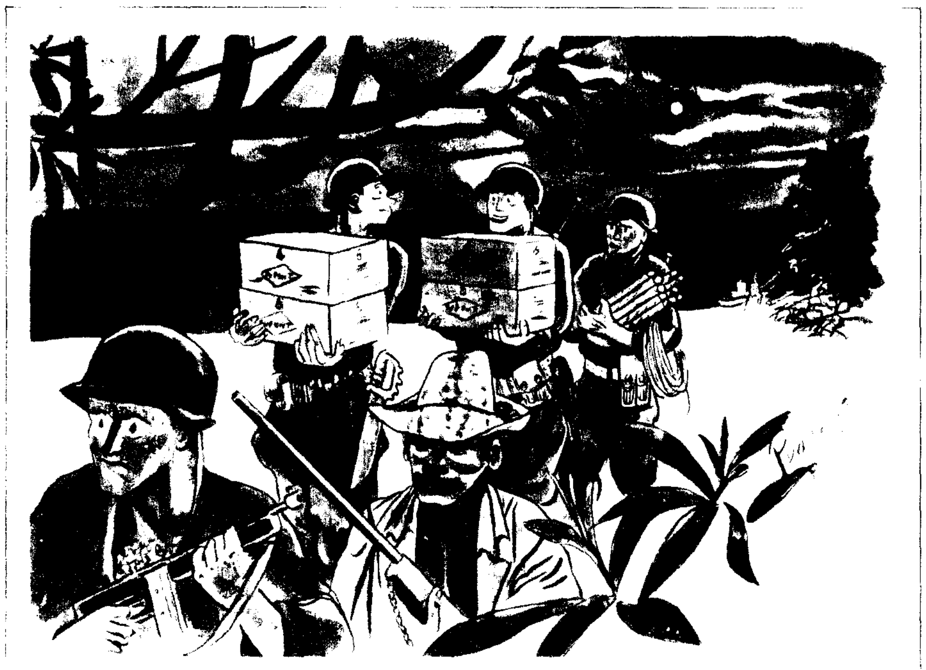
Ashley stood up. He turned. Kay's face in the bathroom doorway was a pale question mark. Ashley said quietly, "I told you to stay outside. He's dead."

The dark blue eyes widened, but there was no other change. Ashley liked that. He didn't want a hysterical young woman on his hands at this point. She said calmly, "So what do we do now?"

"Is that hall door behind you shut?"

"Certainly."

"Ah. Well, I suppose the first thing to do is to get the local law. I wish I had the



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nerve to search his body but it's none of my business. The trouble is that this will hold us—you, as well as me—up for hours."

"Oh, *no*," she said. "I can't; I really can't. Sandra . . ."

Ashley said, "I tell you what. We leave him right here, just as he is. We go downstairs"—he replaced the mirror—"and we drive off. And from the first pay station we pass I'll phone the clerk and ask him to have a look at the man in 43, who maybe doesn't feel well. Then . . ."

"You can't. They said downstairs the wires are all down. I asked. I was trying to get Sharon while I was waiting for you."

"All right, I'll mention it casually to the clerk on the way out. Only let's hurry. . . ."

The telephone on the desk gave a long imperious ring.

ASHLEY and the girl stood looking at each other. The back of his neck felt suddenly cold. He said, inanely, frozen in his tracks, "It couldn't be you again, could it?"

"Ashley!" she said. "*Please* see . . ."

Her voice, like his, was strained. He made the desk then in three quick strides. "Yes?" he snapped into the receiver.

"Mr. Brown?" came the clerk's voice. Ashley hesitated: then he said: "Well . . . I'm up here with him; I'm the man who signed for him. Any message?"

"Yeah. Tell him his friends are on the way up." He sounded mildly amused.

"*What?*"

"His friends."

"What friends?" Ashley's voice was rough, his lips suddenly stiff, his throat dry.

"Why, *I* dunno their names. Three of 'em. They just drove up, three fellas; they asked if the thin guy from the bus had just checked in and I told 'em yeah . . . I told 'em he had some other friends with him, meaning you and the lady, and they bust out laughing and said that was fine, not to announce 'em; they'd come up and surprise you. But I thought I better call . . ."

Ashley never remembered putting the receiver back, nor indeed whether he did put it back. For at that instant, only three floors below, he could hear the wheezy whine of the elevator beginning its climb. . . .

He stood, for the space of perhaps six heartbeats, without moving. He had no gun. He had no doubt, either, about the "friends": they were, they must be, the killers from the Hartford station who had seen their escaping victim get aboard the bus after all.

Abruptly, his brain began functioning again. He looked at Kay. She was staring at him as if she had seen a ghost, and one hand was halfway to her mouth though she made no sound. Ashley's face had gone sheet-white under its tan. He stared back at her. Then he leaped toward the window and wrenched it up.

Outside, an old-fashioned iron fire escape angled steeply down to the ice-sheathed courtyard three stories below. There were several snow-capped cars in the courtyard but no sign of movement. Ashley jerked his head back into the room. He said, "Quick, Kay—out the window and down!"

He snatched up the hat from the bed and crammed it on. Kay hadn't moved. He slid the door bolt with one hand, put his other arm under the girl's elbow in simultaneous moves and then he was pushing her toward the open window. She said in a whisper, "What's wrong? Is it the police?"

"I wish to hell it were. I think it's the men who killed him. Hurry, kid, for the love of God . . ."

She was out of the window like a graceful deer going over a hedge, her legs two flashing beige streaks as she crossed the sill. Ashley went after her. He slid the window shut. It drowned the elevator's sound, but the elevator by now (he thought) had probably stopped. He had never but once before in his life been aware of quite such urgency and that was when an ack-ack gun had jammed on him during a Messerschmitt attack off Salerno. The slanting handrails of the fire escape were bloated and swollen with ice; the steps were shining parabolas of ice, and the courtyard below looked far away.

But what drew Ashley's every nerve to piano-wire tension was the thought that at any instant . . . *any* instant . . . he would hear the screech of the upflung window and look up and see ironic faces grinning down at him. At him—and at Kay. Because on that slanting stage, in that bright sunlight, with himself and the girl proceeding as laboriously as if descending a glacier, a baby couldn't have missed them. They were perfect targets, at practically point-blank range.

More steps. The windows above, already passed, glinted down like so many mocking eyes. There seemed no sound in the world except his own heavy breathing and the scratching of feet on ice and he prayed there might be no other sound. . . . Next moment—incredibly—he felt his foot strike flat solid ground and he whirled and Kay was standing close behind him. He seized her arm and pushed her around the corner of the building.

It was a narrow little alley but it was as good as any dugout; the girl looked at him for an instant. She was panting too. Then she put her hand to her mouth and began to laugh. The laugh had a tinny sound.

Ashley said sharply, "Kay! *Stop* it!" He put his hand on her arm again and shook it viciously. The laugh stopped. She said: "That was n-nice going, b-but . . ."

"Look!" he said and pointed. Framed by the walls at the far end of the alley was a scene as perfect as a Currier and Ives print: a little ice-roofed station beneath tall ice-draped and partly splintered trees, with a couple of old-fashioned sleighs drawn up beside it. Far up the invisible track they saw a white-curling plume of smoke against deep blue sky. A faraway whistle gave a long shrill blast. Ashley said, "Why, that's the northbound local. If we run fast enough . . ."

He snatched at her hand. They ran up the alley, slipping a little but not much. A toy train slid into sight around the edge of the toy station. "We can make it!" Ashley said. Then they were out of the alley and in the open, facing the main square.

Over at the right, in front of the hotel, were two cars: Kay's yellow convertible and a large black one. To their left was the railroad station. The train had stopped. It wouldn't stop long. "Hit her up, Duchess!" Ashley said, and held her hand more tightly.

The brakeman saw them coming and shouted encouragement. The engineer saw them too and tooted a couple of ironic blasts. Beyond the station, the spire of a white church winked and glittered in the January sun. They came skidding and stumbling across the icy cinders, and Ashley pushed the girl ahead of him and she went up the steps like a bird. "Goodby!" he called. "I'll phone you later. . . ."

The train gave a hard preliminary jerk, and Kay Wendell lurched down the steps and put a hand on his arm. "Either you come with me, or I get off!" she panted. Her cheeks were a lovely pink. "I will *not* be left like this."

The train jerked again and, practically without conscious volition, Ashley found himself clinging to the bottom step. The whole business—from the second summons of the telephone to the instant when the train moved—had been so rapid that his heart was still chattering like a machine gun. There was no time to stop and argue here: the train was going and he was either going with it or he wasn't. . . .

He went with it.

THE smoker was almost empty. Kay Wendell sat down in the first seat she reached and Ashley sat down beside her. He was a little annoyed with her for insisting that he come along; he was also a little flattered. He decided that his annoyance was not, after all, with her, but with himself for coming. She threw back the coat and said: "I must say you were very efficient. You—" She stopped and choked with laughter again. "When I think of us scuttling down that fire escape . . ."

"Skip it," he said. "Skip the fire escape, anyway. Believe me, we were lucky to have a fire escape."

"But you didn't have any breakfast."

"I can get some at Sharon. No breakfast is a detail. The big thing is that there isn't a hole in it. Or in yours, may I add hastily."

"I still don't see what we're doing on this train. Why didn't we go back and get the car?"

"And have one of those babies take a shot at us before we got the motor started? Besides, they've got a car. They could have followed us easily. That yellow convertible of yours is conspicuous."

"All right. But now what?"

"Cornwall Bridge is next stop. We'll get off there and get some sort of transport to Sharon. Then I'll come back and get in touch with the law. Of course the boys from Hartford are on their way by now, but I can't help it. The main thing was to get ourselves out, which we did. The next thing was to get you clean away; dissociate you entirely from the whole mess. Which we certainly would seem to have done."

"Except that blasted car," she said thoughtfully. "However . . . tell me, exactly what did the last telephone call say?"

He told her.

THE train went curving along the frozen river and the world was all blue and gold and purplish morning shadows. "What about this rush of yours to get to New York?" Kay Wendell interrupted. "If I hadn't held you up for that tire . . ."

"I never pay compliments before breakfast," Ashley said grinning and looking her straight in the eye. "Otherwise . . . why, I am supposed to be on the Silver Meteor in a very short time from now, that's all. But I can always squeeze in on another train."

"I don't know whether you can this year," she said doubtfully. "Miami or Palm Beach? Lucky devil. . . ."

"Miami."

"Cornwall Bridge next stop!" the brakeman bawled. "Cornwall *Bridge!*"

"It won't be long now," Ashley said.

"I only wish you'd had some breakfast."

"You know, you have a fine sympathetic voice. I bet you have a fine sympathetic nature. In fact, I think you are a very fine girl."

"Oh, thank you, sir. I might say . . ."

"Yes?"

"You are not exactly a slouch yourself. I will never, never forget that fire escape."

"Let's hope the next act goes off as well. I want to get your car back for you."

"Ah," she said indifferently, "one of Bill's men can do that."

"How is Bill?" He wondered whether his voice changed perceptibly as he said the name. The old current of pure feral hatred was electric in his veins again as he said it, and he couldn't help it. "He's fine," Kay Wendell said. "Working terribly hard, of course. All these government contracts . . ."

"Incidentally," he said, "how have *you* been spending your time for the past couple of years? You can understand I have been a bit out of touch with the Arden family . . ."

"Oh, this and that," she said hastily. "Lots of volunteer war work in Boston, you know. Nothing ever exciting. . . ."

The train slowed. "Well, here we go," Ashley said.

"Where's your coat?" she said.

"Hanging in the coffee shop," he said. The train stopped. They descended to another little icy platform, where two ancients muffled to the eyes leaned hopefully from two battered cars. Ashley hailed the nearest. "Any chance of getting us over to Sharon, Cap'n?"

"Yes, *sir,*" said the ancient. "Just druv over from Sharon. Road ain't bad at all. Cost ye ten dollars."

"Six," said Ashley firmly.

"Seven."

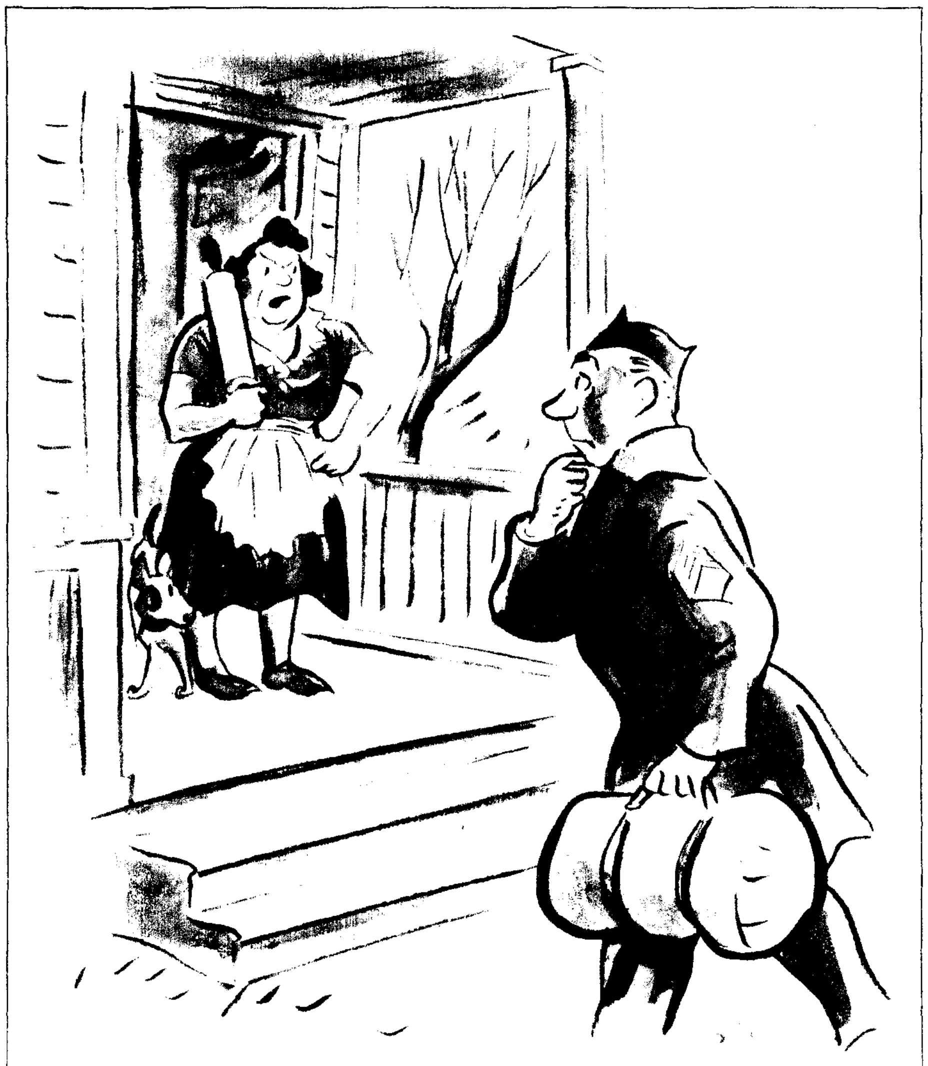
"Let's go."

They drove joltingly through a world that looked, now that the sun was well over the all-encircling hills, like a giant frosted wedding cake. It was a six-mile drive but they said very little. Halfway there the girl began to shiver. Ashley put an arm around her shoulders, drew her close. She resisted a little, not much. "It isn't you, it's your coat," he explained. "I'm colder than the North Pole. Couldn't you wrap it around both of us?"

"No." But she lay closer to him then.

"Pig," he said and drew her closer still. He could see her cheek curve in the faintest sketch of a smile.

They slid up the long hill that leads into Sharon from the west, and the long low whiteness of the inn at its summit was cream-colored against the samite snow. Ashley said, "I tell you, I have no desire whatever to



"I've been waiting for you to come home ever since I saw those newsreels of the liberation of Paris"

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be pleasant to William M. Arden at this moment. Besides, the house is probably in a dither with Sandra so ill. I'll get out and wait here at the inn; Father Time here can take you on up to your sister's and come back and pick me up. Okay?"

Her face clouded a little and he felt unreasonably pleased. "I—Yes. Yes, of course," she said, so Ashley instructed the skipper to that effect. Then he took his arm away from Kay Wendell's shoulders and said sternly, "Now you take care of yourself. A boiling hot bath, and a hot whisky or two, and don't stir out of bed until you hear from me."

The last words made her laugh. "Getting pretty—what's the word?—connubial, aren't you?" The car stopped. "Sure you won't change your mind and come along? It's only another mile—"

"But sure," Ashley said. "But very sure—Hey!"

"Yes?"

"I really would like to bring your car back because I really would like to—"

"Yes?" she said meekly.

"To report in person what the law has to say. What about meeting me here for a cocktail—say around four o'clock? I'll phone you when I get here. Wires'll be back by then, sure."

"Splendid," she said. "I'll be sitting by the telephone . . . and thank you again—Ashley."

He would have liked enormously to kiss her and didn't. He put up his right hand in a stiff mechanical half-salute and slammed the door. The old jalopy wheezed away. Ashley turned up the narrow freshly cleared path to the inn.

He hadn't been there for years but it hadn't changed. The cheerful red-and-gold sign which said "Cocktail Room" still pointed. He followed its directing arrow. Inside the long-raftered room with its leaded windows and pine paneling, a brisk fire was burning in the big stone fireplace; the pyramids of glasses behind the little semicircular bar glittered brightly; and from the other side of swinging doors came the fragrance of fresh coffee. Ashley tossed his hat on a settee near the fire and sat down beside it. A pleasant pink-cheeked young Irishman appeared.

"Do you serve breakfast in here. Or should I hit the main dining room?"

"Annything you want, sor." A menu was produced. Ashley mentioned the items which had long ago gone stone-cold at New Milford and added a stack of wheat cakes. He felt hungrier than he had for weeks. "And perhaps a shot of sherry," he said. "Had a very cold drive."

"Right away, sor." The young man appeared gratified. He vanished into the kitchen and came back practically at once. He poured and brought to Ashley a small glass of the nut-brown wine. Ashley nodded, lit a cigarette, and fumbled in his pockets for the pencil stub and scrap of paper without which he always found it hard to think.

I CERTAINLY hope no one has walked off with my coat and hat, he thought, finding his fingers still stiff with cold. *Hat?* What's that you're looking at?

He bent forward and pulled the felt toward him. It had been a very good hat in its day, a long time ago. A very good hat . . . but certainly not his own.

He turned it over with a feeling of blank amaze. Suddenly it came to him: he'd picked it up mechanically from Evans' bed when the last phone call had come in: picked it up, jammed it on, and headed for the window. The curious thing was that it had fitted him so well—and was, to a casual glance, so much like his own—that he hadn't noticed the difference. It was the dead man's hat.

Ashley sat staring at it, holding it lightly between his palms. Then he put the hat down carefully beside him and drank his sherry.

By the time he'd finished his breakfast the barman had come back and was unobtrusively polishing the already-glittering glassware. Somewhere overhead a radio began, very faintly, to play. Now, Ashley thought, let's see about the telephone. . . .

He went over to the phone booth, which stood in a little arched passageway between the side exit of the room and the long veranda. To his delight the operator's voice answered at once. She said, Yes, service was back between Sharon and New Milford.

"Quick work," Ashley said, and asked for the New Milford Hotel. He dropped money and heard the same bored clerk's voice saying hello. He said sharply:

"This is the man who came in this morning with Mr. Brown of Boston. In fact, I registered for him; remember?"

"Yeah," said the voice. "Well, he's gone."

Ashley felt his jaw sag. "He's what?"

"He's gone. Those fellas that come after him in that black car brought him down and took him away. An' boy, was he drunk!"

"Drunk?"

"Yeah. Couldn't even walk. Out cold. They was laughin' about it."

Ashley got the picture. The corpse propped between two of the visitors, with the third acting as advance scout in case of possible interference, the passage across the lobby, Evans' long legs trailing, the hasty stuffing of the body into the car—and away! "They didn't say where they were heading, did they?" Ashley asked, futilely.

"Naw . . . I woulda give him part of his money back but they didn't ask for it." The voice was virtuous.

"Oh, that's all right," Ashley said, trying to think fast. "I'm calling from outside the hotel, you know. I had to put the lady on a train. Is that big yellow car okay where it is for a while? I don't want to get a ticket."

The voice said sure, it was okay for all day if he wanted to leave it there. Ashley said, "And my coat—and hat. I left 'em in the coffee shop. Will you look 'em up and take charge till I call?"

"Sure . . . I told 'em you and the lady was friends of his, that you come in the yellow car and must be around somewhere, but they said that was okay, you'd all meet later . . ."

Ashley nearly ground his teeth. "That was damn' thoughtful of you," he said in a silken unnatural voice. "I'll be seeing you. . . ."

He slammed up the receiver and took it down again. He asked for the nearest state police barracks. A distant bell jangled, then a deep voice said, "Connecticut State Police, Troop L, Sergeant Cunningham speaking."

"My name's Rawdon, A. Rawdon. Calling from the Sharon Inn. I want to report a murder. The body's disappeared."

There was a sound as of Sergeant Cunningham's brogans shifting explosively from desk to floor, and this made Ashley feel a little better. "Just a minute," the sergeant said. A new voice, a rich and resonant baritone, said, "Lieutenant Mulvey. Just give me the story."

Ashley gave his name again, and his location. "I've been staying in Litchfield," he said. "I was leaving for the South today. Took the early bus to New Milford. Fellow in the bus seemed sick—hurt. We get to New Milford, go in the coffee shop. Fellow says to me he feels very bad, will I help him get a room—register for him and help him upstairs."

"I see," said the lieutenant. His voice seemed to Ashley to be freighted with the darkest suspicion. Ashley went on: "So I did. Upstairs, the fellow gives the name of Evans, shows me a government card."

"What kind of government card?" This was snapped out fast.

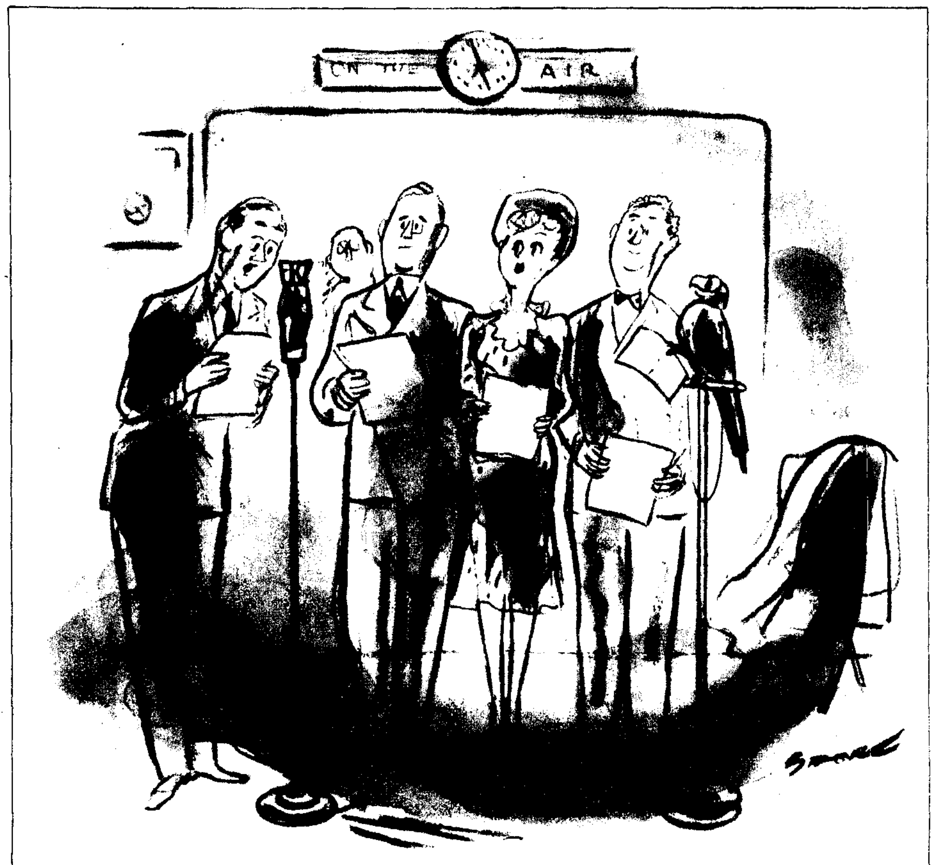
"TELL you the truth, I didn't examine it. It had a coat of arms and his name; looked all right to me. . . . Anyway, the guy wants me to make a phone call but of course the wires are down. Then he tells me he had some trouble in the Hartford station this morning: that two or three men stabbed him. He was trying to get away, you see?—when he took the bus. I suggested calling you people and also calling a doctor but he wouldn't hear of it. I'll give you some further details when I see you; the net is that I stepped out of the room for a couple of minutes and when I came back, this Evans was on his back in the bathroom—dead. Either he started to bleed all over again—he'd been losing a lot of blood—or his heart just stopped. I know he was dead because I tried a mirror on his mouth."

"You ever see a dead man before?" the lieutenant asked. Ashley didn't much care for the caustic tone; he said, "Quite a number, Lieutenant. I've just finished six months in the Merchant Marine."

"Oh? Okay . . . go on."

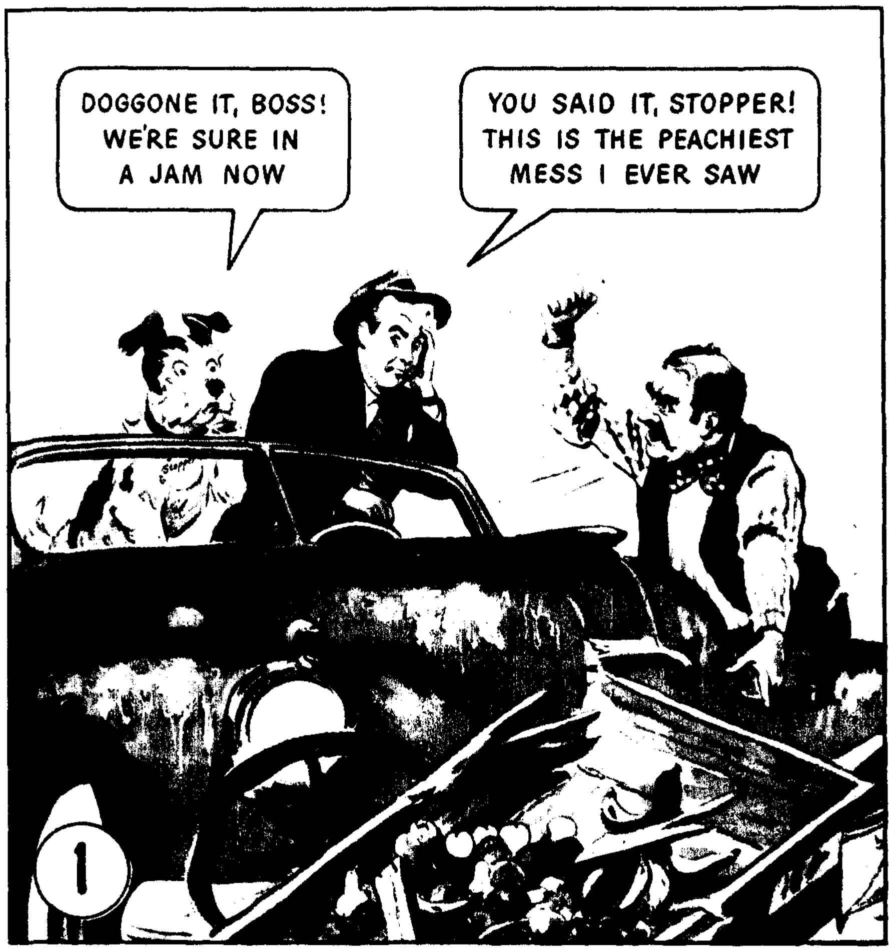
"Right then," said Ashley, "the phone rings. And the clerk says three men are on the way up to the room. For my money, they were the men who stabbed Evans in the station. I had no gun and I certainly didn't want to be found in the same room with him; naturally they'd try to put me over the jumps too. So I went down the fire escape." (Kay can be brought into this at the right time, Ashley was thinking.) "And there was their car in front of the hotel. There was a train just pulling out at the station and I got aboard and came to Cornwall Bridge; from there to Sharon." (*That* sounds damn' funny, Ashley thought. It isn't so inane when you know I had charge of a young woman but it certainly sounds dumb assuming that I was alone. However . . .)

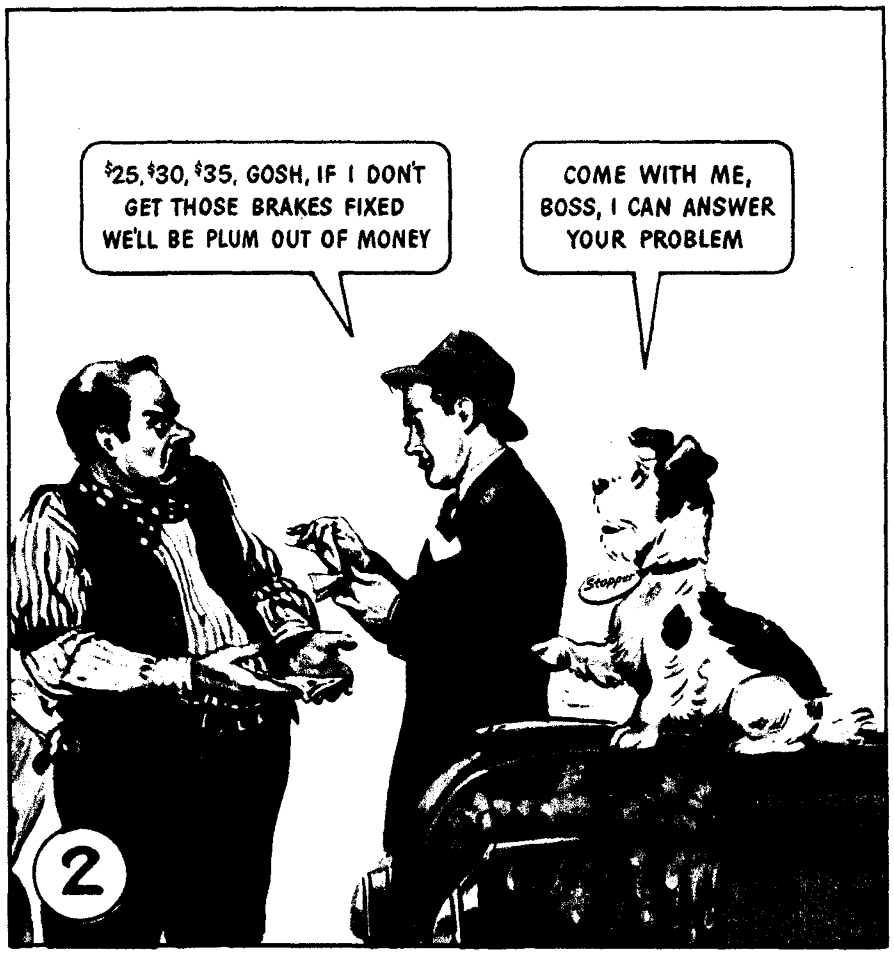
"This is the first moment I found the wires

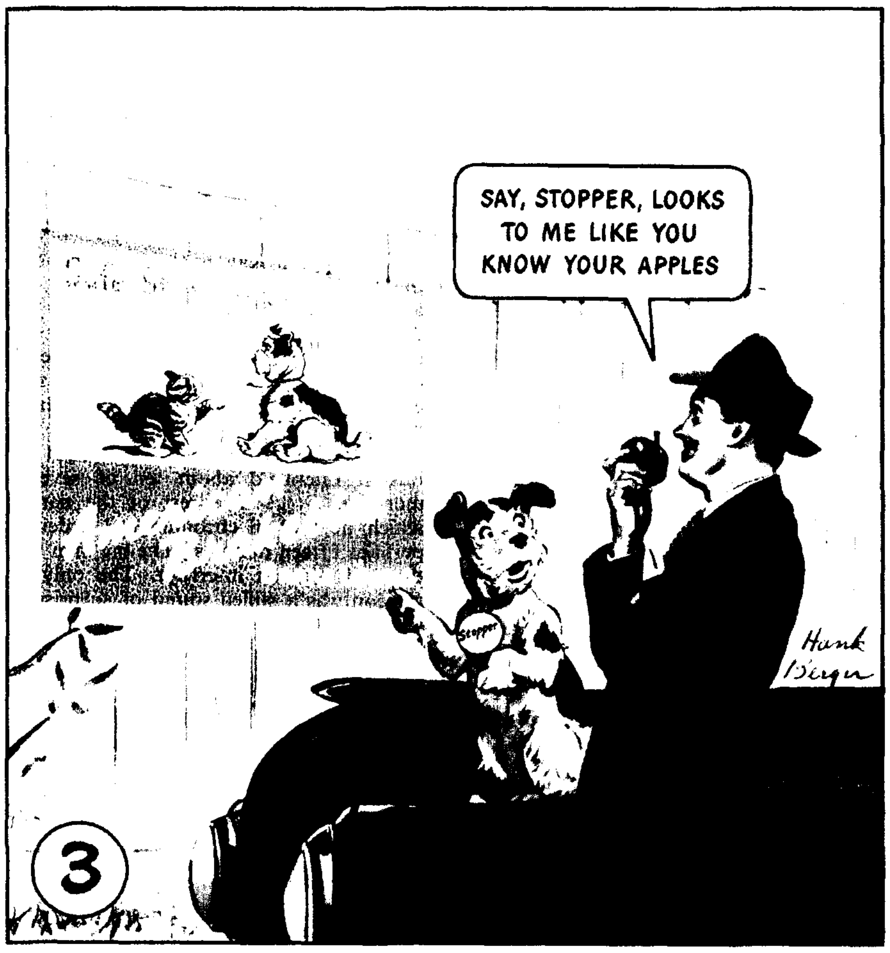


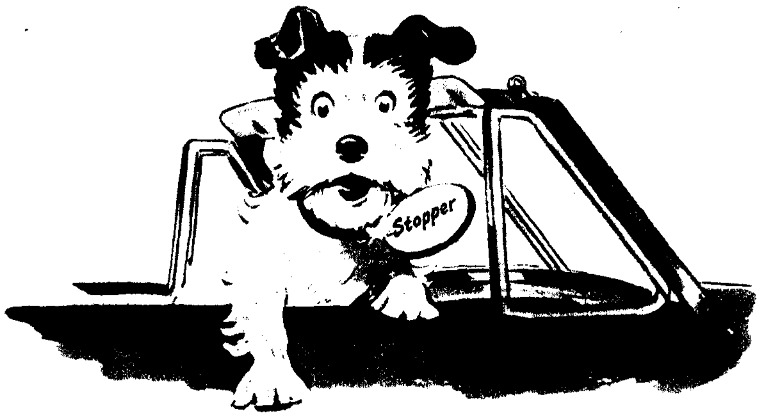
"Did the parrot tip off John? Will Mary be able to win him back? Listen in tomorrow—"

COLLIER'S LEONARD DOVE


DOGGONE IT, BOSS! WE'RE SURE IN A JAM NOW
YOU SAID IT, STOPPER! THIS IS THE PEACHIEST MESS I EVER SAW
Stopper
1


$25, $30, $35, GOSH, IF I DON'T GET THOSE BRAKES FIXED WE'LL BE PLUM OUT OF MONEY
COME WITH ME, BOSS, I CAN ANSWER YOUR PROBLEM
Stopper
2


SAY, STOPPER, LOOKS TO ME LIKE YOU KNOW YOUR APPLES
Stopper
3



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"The Champagne of Ginger Ales"

were working," he added. "What you want me to do now?"

"What's all this about the body disappearing? How do *you* know—if you hopped the first train out?" The voice was rich in irony again. Ashley said: "Oh! I just called the hotel . . ." He repeated what the clerk had told him and added his own conclusions: ". . . You see my point, Lieutenant: They must have walked the body out between them; they must have taken it along because they didn't have time to search it thoroughly there and they must have thought he had something on his person which they wanted. . . . The car was a black sedan—I wish I could give you the license number but I can't. But I thought at least as soon as you knew about it, you could get out an alarm for such a car with three-four men in it . . ."

"Oh, you did? Don't you worry about us, Mr. Rawdon. You say you're at Sharon Inn?"

"That's right."

"Well, stay there. Stay right there. We'll send over for you right away. Understand?"

"You could keep a civil tongue in your head," Ashley said, beginning to boil. "I'm trying to pass on some information I thought would interest you. And you needn't send for me. I have transportation coming and I'll drop in on you in about half an hour."

"Hey, listen, mister!" The baritone dropped half an octave, became cajoling: "Don't take it that way. We'll handle that black sedan part all right, but I want to get a full report from you. Will you stay right there—please?—and we'll shoot a police car right over."

"Sure," said Ashley, now mollified. "I'll be here . . ."

He hung up, jingling the remaining coins in his pocket. He considered that the least he could do—for himself and for the public interest—would be to cancel his seat on the Silver Meteor and try to engage another seat. He called Penn Station and explained that he wouldn't be on today's train; could he get on tomorrow's? It appeared that he probably could.

This last call took quite a time. He hung up and strolled out to the veranda; then he recalled that he hadn't paid for his breakfast or picked up Mr. Evans' hat. He went back and did both and came back to the veranda again and stood staring at the sunlight on the snow. Only he wasn't seeing it, nor the bushes sprawled in odd flattened shapes like squat ice igloos: he was trying to think—hard.

One thing that kept him from concentrating was the realization that Sandra was here, just over the snowy slopes at the end of Sharon's long main street. Or was she? Had the so-abused little heart of hers given up already? Or . . . could it be, could it possibly be that it wasn't Sandra over the snowy slopes who was distracting his mind? . . .

HE BECAME aware of two vehicles approaching the inn from opposite directions. One was a sporty little blue coupé and he saw the flash of a brilliantly hued sweater in the driver's seat. The other was a long dark job with a whip aerial and a glinting roof searchlight; it said "Police" as plainly as the lettering on its doors.

The two cars reached the inn at practically the same moment, and turned in at opposite ends of the U-shaped drive. They stopped, facing each other. Out of the blue coupé stepped Kay Wendell, vividly attired in blue ski trousers and a Norwegian sweater, with huge white fur mittens on her hands. She waved one of the mittens at Ashley and approached him.

Out of the other car stepped a bulky fur-turbaned state trooper. He did not wave at Ashley, but he approached, too. With speed and determination.

"Hi!" said Ashley, disregarding him and descending the steps toward the more attractive of the two figures. Kay's face was fresh and radiant. "I thought I'd drive you back myself," she said, a little breathlessly.

"Hey—your name Rawdon?" said a gruff voice from behind Ashley's left shoulder.

"That's right," said Ashley, turning.

"I gotta car here," said the square brick-red face under the fur cap. "Lieutenant sent me over to get you." The eyes in the face shifted toward Ashley's companion and the face got even redder. "Why, how are you, Miss Wendell?" the trooper said, all his truculence gone. "I'm fine, Piedmont," Kay said. "You looking for Mr. Rawdon? I was just going to drive him to New Milford—"

Ashley said quickly, "I've been on the wire to the barracks up the road about things at New Milford. The lieutenant was good enough to say he'd send a car over for me. Sergeant—how about Miss Wendell and me taking her car and you can follow? Or we'll follow you, if you'd rather."

The big man hesitated. "Okay," he said. "I guess you know the way, Miss Wendell. Drive on. . . ."

SCRUBBED pine stairs held the scent of creosote and wet snow; at their top was a short corridor whose first door was open. The sound of a rapidly clicking typewriter came from within; it stopped abruptly as Trooper Piedmont's hard heels slammed the bare boards and Kay and Ashley preceded him through the door.

Lieutenant Mulvey was a genial-looking giant with a face like a sandstone cliff and hair about the same shade. His eye was a frosty blue, his chin prognathous; but his mouth was wide and humorous, and Ashley decided he might be a pretty good egg. Trooper Piedmont saluted and opened his mouth to speak, but Ashley standing just inside the door spoke first: "Good morning, Lieutenant," he said. "I'm Rawdon. This is Miss Wendell, who was with me in Milford."

This left Trooper Piedmont with nothing to say, so he said it.

The lieutenant tore his gaze with visible effort from Kay and switched it on Ashley. He said, rising from behind his stained and paper-littered desk and indicating a couple of chairs drawn up in front of it: "Oh. Yes. Sit down, Miss—er—Wendell? Sit down, Mr. Rawdon—Okay, Piedmont, that'll be all. Shut the door."

The door was shut. The lieutenant said, fixing Ashley with a glare, "You didn't mention the lady on the telephone."

"I know I didn't. She wasn't with me when I phoned you. I thought she ought to be here in person. . . . Is it all right to smoke?"

"Sure."

Ashley gave Kay a cigarette and offered the lieutenant one. To his surprise it was accepted. He lit matches and said, sitting down again, "First . . . I've got some papers here." He dug out his seaman's papers and other matter, which the lieutenant studied carefully and handed back. "Okay," he said, "shoot."

Ashley said: "This starts when I got on the bus at Litchfield about ten of seven this morning. . . ." The rest of the narrative, which he told in chronological order, took perhaps fifteen minutes. The big man behind the desk did not interrupt. The only interruption was a stifled sound of surprise from Kay when Ashley mentioned the hat. He glanced quickly at her and she said: "Sorry. You didn't tell me."

"Didn't have a chance to tell you," Ashley said, which wasn't strictly true. But on the short drive to the barracks they had spoken of other things . . . chiefly of his views on Kay. Ashley added at this point, "By the way, if you want me to sign a report on this, shouldn't—"

"Don't worry," Lieutenant Mulvey said. "It's being taken down." He permitted himself the luxury of a wink at Kay. "Ah," said Ashley, "dictaphone, eh? I might have known. . . . Well, anyway, as I say, it wasn't till I got to the Sharon Inn that I realized the blasted hat wasn't mine. Then I found the wires were back and got the hotel, and then got you. Message end." He sat back and lit another cigarette.

He felt much, much better now that this was off his chest, though he wondered why the lieutenant hadn't done something before this about the black sedan. The lieutenant said, pointing to the felt hat which Ashley was holding in his lap, "That the hat? Let's have a look." Ashley passed it to him. The big man turned it over and over in immense but delicately handled fingers. Abruptly he nodded, said, "Thanks . . . sit right where you are," and lumbered out of the room still holding the hat. The door remained open. Ashley said to Kay: "Well, I guess that's *that.* It was all right to state that I have known Mrs.

William Arden for several years and let it go at that? I didn't see any point in mentioning my exact former status."

"Naturally. Now can we leave?"

"I expect so—pretty quick."

"He isn't going to slap us in the clink, is he?"

"Why, what kind of language is that for a delicately nurtured and expensively reared chit like you?"

"Just what is a chit?"

"Darned if I know."

The lieutenant came back. He said, "You two want to come with me? Got something I want to show you."

Ashley had a quick stab of fear: It sounded so much like "Dilly, Dilly, Come and be killed." *Could* the lieutenant be intending to turn a key on himself and Kay as material witnesses? But at once the thinking part of his brain said to him: "Absurd. They don't treat important money like the Arden money—and its friends and relatives—that way, not on top of a straightforward narrative like ours." He got to his feet hoping his face hadn't reflected his momentary doubt. The lieutenant said, "I'll show you the way. . . ."

He led them down to the far end of the hall, where another flight of stairs went down to the ground floor. At the foot of these stairs he unlocked a heavy solid door and threw it open. The dazzling sunlight burst in; so did the cold. The sun was so bright it hurt Ashley's eyes; he blinked and looked again.

They were standing at the top of a short flight of concrete steps which led down into the rear courtyard of the barracks. There were two motorcycles and another police car parked there, but they weren't what engaged Ashley's attention.

Tilted against a supporting tree where the wrecking car had evidently left it was a smashed, bent bundle of scrap iron which had once been a black sedan. It had been a big heavy car and whatever it had struck must have been after a sweeping skid so that it was hit amidships, because the heavy frame was bent, literally, almost in a semicircle. Ashley said, "Well, blow me down. You had it here all the time, eh?"

The lieutenant gave a noncommittal grunt. "That the car?"

"Well. . . . I only saw it for a moment and it certainly looks a lot different now, but I'd say it was the— Why as I live! Can I look at them?"

"Sure," said the lieutenant grimly. "Want you to. Left 'em right there until you could." He added, with meticulous accuracy, "Randall's coming over from the F.B.I. office at Hartford any minute. He wanted to see 'em before we moved 'em, too."

ASHLEY was already down the steps. There were four bodies in the car: two in front and two behind. The two in front were lying in a kind of horrid embrace on one side, their pearl-gray fedora hats mashed down over their eyes and their dark, broken faces partly invisible. They were squat thickset men in expensive velvet-collared draped overcoats.

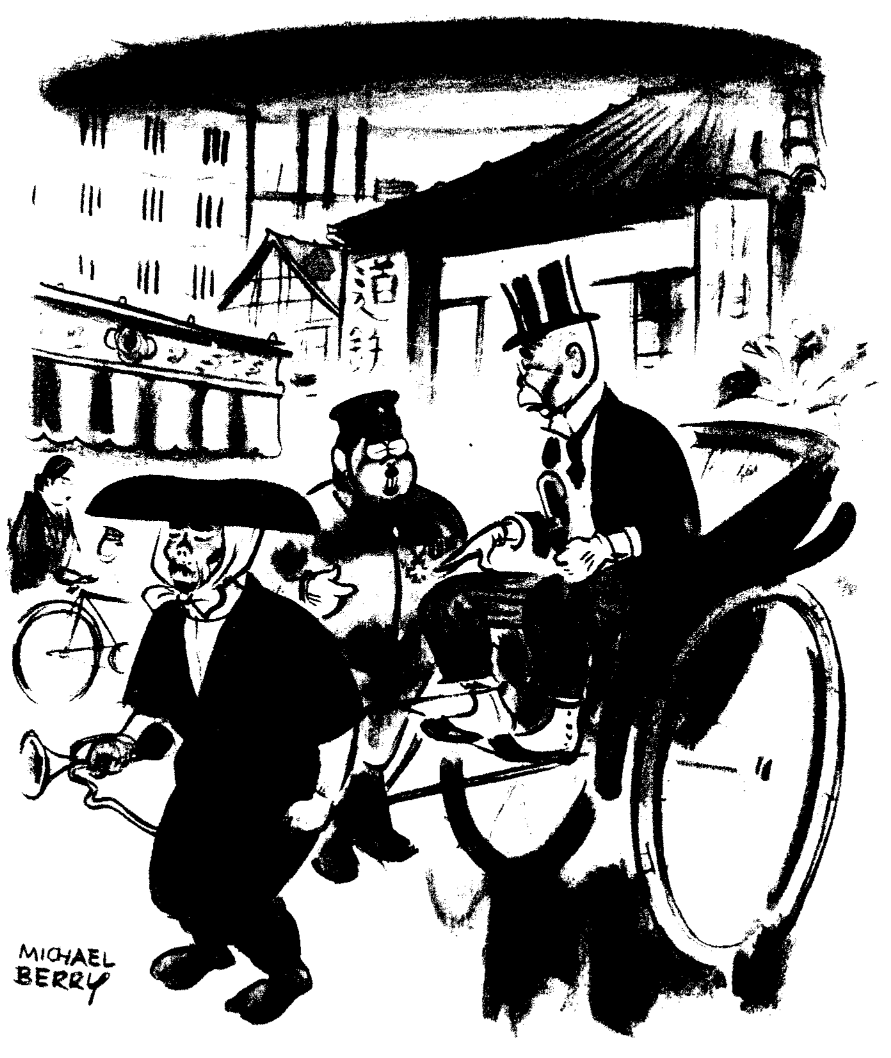
One of the two in the back seat was of the same ilk. He was bent forward in an absurd position as though he had acquired a hinge in his spine; his back was obviously broken.

The fourth member of the little group had, by one of those freaks of momentum which occur in so many accidents, been pitched right up from the floor where he had apparently been lying, and pitched so hard that his bare head had crashed right through the top of the partly open rear window. He hung there now like a lean scarecrow, with his ruined face turned directly toward Ashley's. There was something ineffably remote about Mr. Evans' fixed and timeless stare, and it came to Ashley suddenly what it was: He resembled now, more than anything else in the world, a mummy. He looked as though the cerements had just been unwound and left him stripped and faintly indignant after four thousands of years of dreamless sleep. Ashley said, turning to find with relief that Kay was still at the top of the steps, "Yes. This is Evans, all right."

Lieutenant Mulvey grunted. "That's all I

TOKYO TALKING

by MICHAEL BERRY



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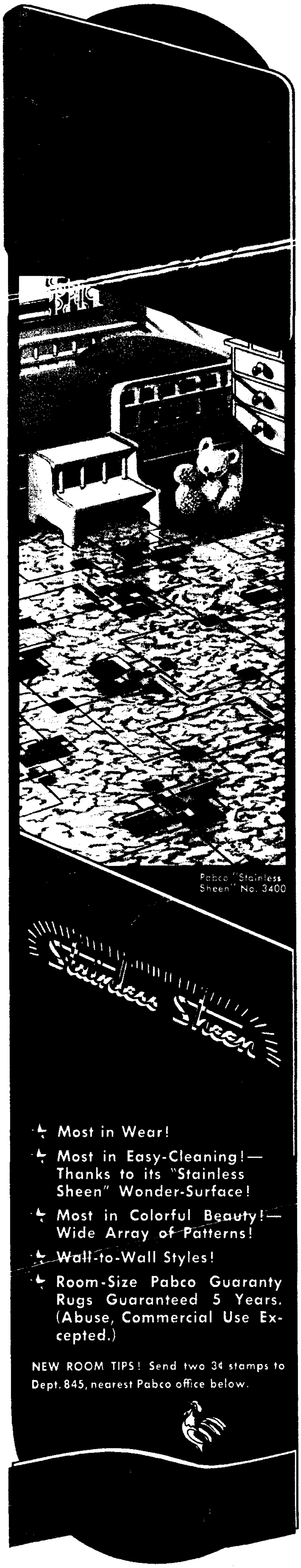

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wanted to be sure of—right now. Come back inside a minute, will you? You feel all right, Miss Wendell?"

This last, in sudden solicitude, brought Ashley's gaze back to Kay. Her eyes were closed; she seemed to be swaying a little as she stood there. But at once the eyes came open again and she gave both men a stiff, small smile. "Sorry," she said. "Little faint. . . . Ashley, I do think I could use a drink at the first possible moment. . . ."

"Sure, sure," the lieutenant said soothingly. "I just want to get Mr. Rawdon's signature on his story. . . . I hope you two are going to be around for the next couple of days? Especially this afternoon?"

They climbed the back stairs while Ashley answered. He said, "I tell you—I'm supposed to be on my way to Florida right now. And Miss Wendell—I don't know her plans. But neither of us knows one single thing more than we've told you. Incidentally, can't she be left out of the thing entirely, Lieutenant? I mean in any newspaper reports of the accident or any publicity? I know Mr. William Arden would appreciate it no end. . . ."

They were back in Mulvey's office. He waved at the chairs again and pressed a button. A small-size trooper with big ears and a wooden pale face appeared bearing a neat sheaf of typescript. The lieutenant said, handing it to Ashley, "Now if you'll just read that over and sign it. . . ."

Ashley did so. The transcription of his remarks was extraordinarily accurate. He bent forward, nodding, and reached for a pen and said, with the pen poised, "Be glad to. But you haven't answered my question."

"About Florida?"

"About Miss Wendell. The hell with Florida."

The lieutenant's stare became a shade more sympathetic. "You sign and we'll talk," he said. "I don't think we're going to argue."

Ashley signed.

THE lieutenant took the typescript back with a wooden face and reblotted the signature: "Ashley Rawdon." He handed the pages back to Big Ears, who went away. Then he said: "Y'know, this looks to me like it's pretty serious. We found that car about half an hour before you phoned, Rawdon. It was wrapped round a tree maybe halfway between here and Milford. I s'pose it was heading for N'Yawk. Naturally we're checking ownership: It's a Connecticut license. What papers are on the bodies we don't know—yet: Won't know till Randall comes. But people like this guy Evans—if that *is* his name, and if he *did* work for the gov'ment—don't go getting bumped off unless they're on to something pretty big. It's just too damn' risky."

"I believe you," said Ashley.

"So anyway this F.B.I. man is coming over from Hartford, and one thing I *can* tell you, he'll want to see you both. But—I don't know's you'd have to wait here. If we knew just where you were going to be . . ." He hesitated, looked at Kay.

"We'll be right at the Sharon Inn," Kay said enthusiastically. "Lieutenant, that would be sweet of you . . ."

"What about that car of yours, though?" Ashley said. "Maybe I—"

The lieutenant said: "I think you better let *us* pick up Miss Wendell's car. We can deliver it over to Mr. Arden's for you. If there's been any monkey business with it, like sticking a charge under the hood—"

"Lieutenant," said Kay, "you're tops."

The lieutenant tried to look powerful and detached. He said, "And meantime, you'll both wait at the Inn?"

"There, or back at Arden Court," said Kay in a lively, silken voice. "My sister is very, very ill—as Mr. Rawdon mentioned. I do want to get back to her—"

"That would be all right, I'm sure," said Ashley hastily. "Wouldn't it, Lieutenant? I'll stick right at the Inn till I hear from you about this Mr.—what's his name?—Randall."

"Okay. . . . And about the newspapers: What I started to say when I said this might be serious is—you don't need to worry about the newspapers, Miss Wendell. You might see a report stuck away somewhere about a car being picked up by the state police with four bodies in it and a Connecticut license, but you sure won't see anything about a man named Evans nor about anything that happened at the Milford Hotel. Believe *me*. . . ."

He brought his fist down on the table and looked proudly and fiercely at Kay. "I've taken care of *that* already."

Ashley had no doubt that this was highly inaccurate: It was probably Mr. Randall of Hartford who had arranged it. But he was very glad to hear it, whoever had handled the matter. Kay said, getting up, "Lieutenant—if you weren't wearing that wedding ring, I believe I should have to kiss you."

Ashley said hastily, to cover his fellow male's suddenly scarlet confusion, "Do I get the hat back?"

"You do," said the lieutenant, "*not*. . . ."

THE waiter took away the fillet of sole *bonne femme* and brought two portions of what the menu proudly termed Coupe Soufflé Montmorency: It turned out to be Nesselrode pudding. "And coffee now, I think," Ashley told him. "And perhaps a touch of brandy? What do you say, Miss Wendell?"

"I would say yes if it hadn't been for that second Martini," Kay said. "So I will say yes anyway." The waiter went away.

The fire burning more brightly than ever in the stone fireplace and the afternoon sun outside gilding the leaded windows made a particularly pleasant spot of the Sharon Inn, Ashley thought. The buzz of conversation from eight or ten assorted parties at various tables was cheerful, too, none of them being very near. He felt at one with the universe again instead of just a fire-escape jumper. He mentioned this fact to Kay.

She agreed. Heartily. Removal of the brilliant sweater on account of the room's warmth had disclosed a heavy yellow silk blouse which was incongruous and charming with the ski trousers. There was a healthy color in her cheeks and she had done remarkable things with just a comb to the shining hair. Ashley said, gazing fondly at her, "While I think of it, how come you have escaped matrimony?"

"But I didn't. I thought you knew."

He stared accusingly at her bare left hand. "Well, I didn't. Who's the—"

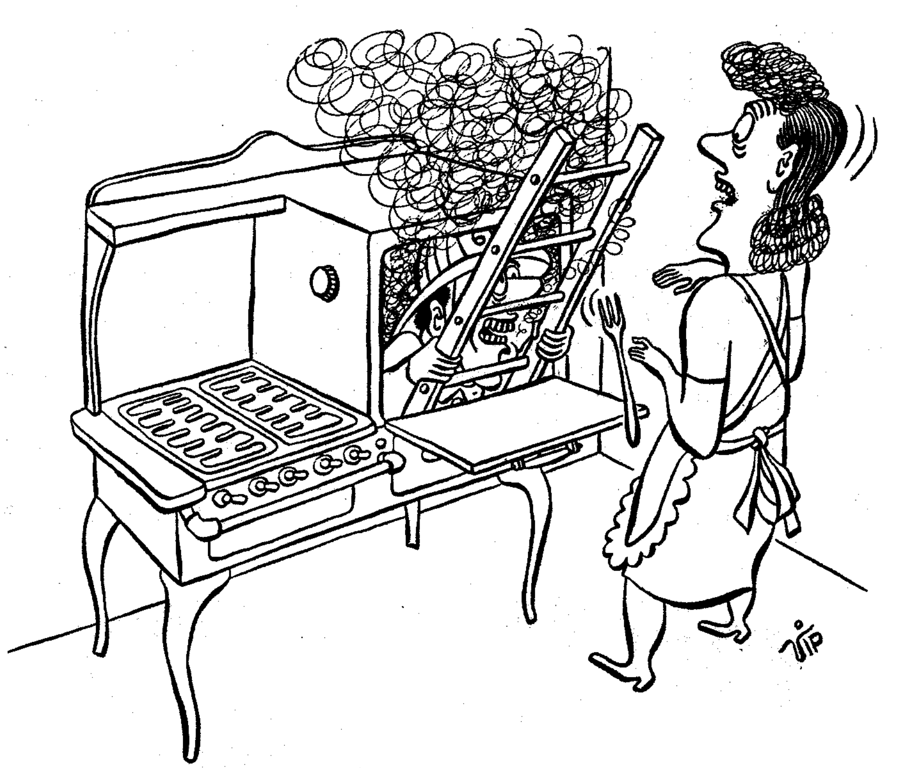
"Maybe you knew him. Bob Allison."

"Why, of course I knew him. Class ahead of me. . . . I'm stupid, Kay—very sorry. I didn't know you two were—I did hear about the bobsled crash, though. Someone wrote me. Damn' shame."

It might have been, it doubtless had been, a shame: Nevertheless the sun, which had momentarily stopped shining, came out again. . . .

"I realize you weren't where they were printing social notes at the time we got married," Kay was saying.

"Hope you'll forgive my asking . . ."



COLLIER'S "I'll bet you thought I'd never get here!" VIRGIL PARTCH

"Of course. And I don't mind speaking of Bob. He was a swell person. Of course we never, *never* should have got married, any more than San . . ." she caught herself quickly. "Matter of fact, I'd been planning to leave for Reno the same week he was killed." She leaned toward him. "That, by the way, is between you and me and about three other people in the world. But I'm using my own name again."

"Thank you, Kay. Honored."

The waiter came back with the coffee and two tiny thimblefuls of brandy. Kay said, "Getting back to this other matter. Right now, while you're feeling in what I trust is an expansive mood, I want to put in a special plea. I want you to come back to Sandra's with me."

"I'd like to," said Ashley, "but this fellow Randall from Hartford may be around any moment. I will relinquish you—reluctantly, but sadly—on account of your sister. You might better be there for a while, anyhow. You need a nap. You look terrible."

"I what? Why, you louse!"

"Actually you look nice enough to eat with ice cream," Ashley said. "That was just being—what was your word?—connubially solicitous. And I do think you must be dead after driving from Boston, even if you don't show it."

"I will now play my last card, then," Kay Wendell said, smiling once more. "I'm scared to go alone."

Ashley said, "Why, what a transparent lie! Beautiful child afraid to drive a mile and a half in broad daylight! Listen, I told you I am *sure* the New Milford episode is closed, as far as you're concerned. All three of the guys who knew there was a yellow car connected with Evans by even the most tenuous of threads are—well, you saw them. *They* won't talk."

"They might have stopped to telephone, though," Kay said in a low voice.

"By Jove!" Ashley said, thoughtfully. "You might have something there. . . ."

"Ashley, put it down to the excitement of this morning, if you like, but truly, I'm petrified. Truly. *Please* see me home!"

ASHLEY said slowly, "Listen, you don't think I *want* to see the last of you, do you? If I had my way . . ."

She became absorbed in tilting the tiny brandy glassful into her demitasse. After a moment she raised her eyes and said innocently, "And just what would happen if you had your way?"

"If I weren't old enough to be your—er—uncle, I'd say quite a number of things to you at this point."

She cocked a derisive eye at him in simulated scrutiny. She nodded. "Practically senile is right," she said.

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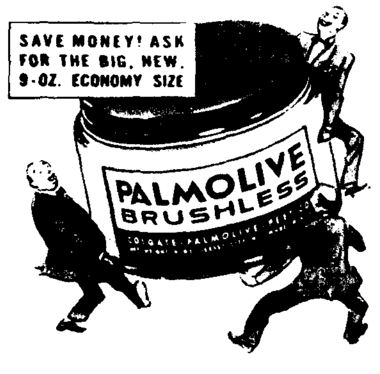

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"An old broken man," Ashley agreed.

"Broken?"

"Full of assorted shrapnel. Just a hollow shell. But *not* incapable of feeling. Do you seriously want me to drive you home and smile prettily at the folks?"

She gave a delicate snort. "Of all the menageries . . ." she said. "Still, you write. You ought to meet them. Be a valuable experience for you."

"Who's there?" he asked, not caring much but not wanting to move yet, either. "I mean—besides Sandra and Bill and the medical staff?"

"Well—the Danes, from New Haven; you must have heard of him. He looks like the little cover-man on Esquire and I think he's the same sort of old lecher—with a difference. His wife is straight out of Hollywood. Then there's Relling . . ."

THE waiter was bending deferentially over Ashley. He said, "Excuse me, sir, but there's a gentleman outside who would like to see you."

"To see *me?*" Ashley had a sudden recollection of the last time a servitor had given him such a message, and a momentary wild vision of a miraculously resuscitated Evans standing, ruined face and all, at the entrance to the cocktail room.

"Yes, sir," the waiter said. "He said his name was Randall."

"Oh . . . why, that's fine. Tell him to come right in. No—wait, I'll go out with you." He added, to Kay, "Be all right to bring him back here, won't it? We'll feed him a drink. You can stay right where you are—in fact you must."

She nodded. "But you *will* come with me—after we get through with Mr. Whozis?"

She was suddenly, he saw, very pale.

"After Randall gets through with *us,*" he corrected, "I certainly will come—if I can."

He went away and returned in a couple of minutes with the caller in tow. Mr. Randall of Hartford was a thin young man in his middle thirties who wore a gold-rimmed pince-nez and dark conservative clothes. Together they made him look like a run-of-the-mill insurance clerk, which (Ashley reflected) was doubtless how he wanted to look. He refused a drink courteously, saying "Doctor's orders," with the glimmer of a wink at Ashley from behind the pince-nez. He accepted a cigarette and when it was lit he smiled at Kay and said, "This'll only take a couple of minutes. Mere matter of form. I got held up in New Milford for a bit and when they told me at the barracks that you two were here, I decided to come here directly so as not to delay you."

"Very thoughtful of you," Ashley said warmly. "But you've been to the barracks—you've seen the wreck? And—you've had a chance to glance over my remarks to the lieutenant this morning?"

"Oh, yes. Yes." He paused, waiting courteously (and cleverly, Ashley realized) for Ashley to speak further. Ashley said: "Of course we're both bursting with curiosity to know anything else that isn't officially hush-hush. . . . One thing I'm curious about: Did the visitors just burst in the door?"

"Yes. Apparently. Woodwork was old and half-rotten: one good push and they must have been in the room." Kay shivered. "I do want to ask you both this—very seriously: You must have been discussing the affair to some extent since you left the barracks. Are you quite, *quite* sure that there's nothing else you can add that could have any possible bearing on the situation? No matter how farfetched it may seem? Nothing in the least out of the ordinary that happened, for instance, from the time you boarded the bus at Litchfield, Mr. Rawdon, until you went down the fire escape?"

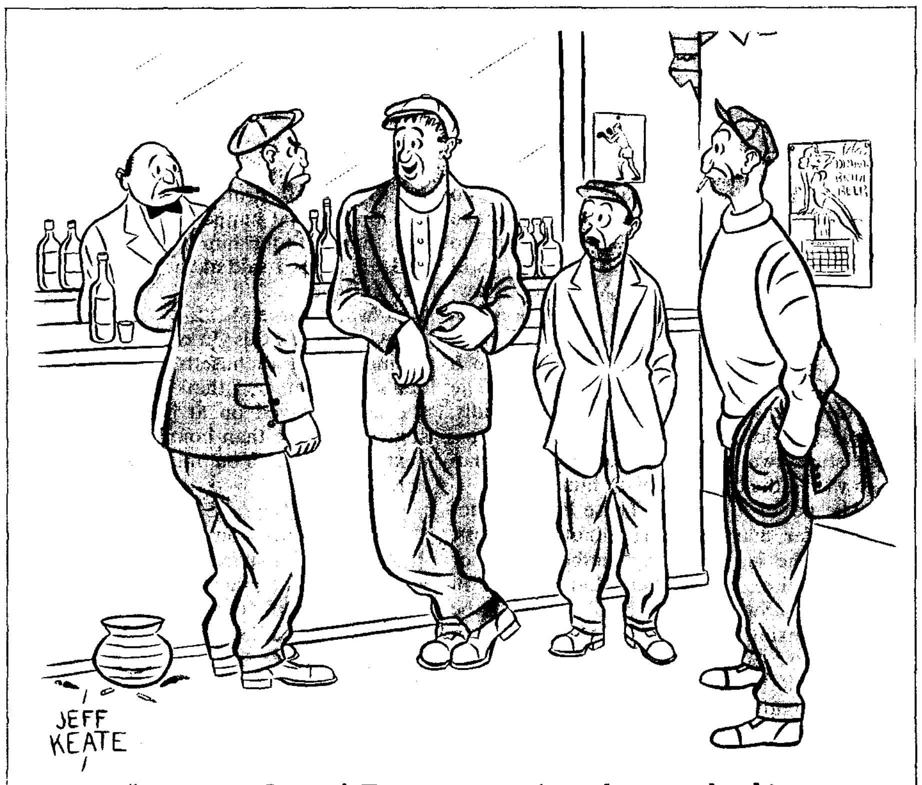
The quiet voice underscored the word "Nothing?" one final time and was silent. The sharp green eyes behind the sparkling glasses looked brightly, hopefully, from one face to the other and back again.

Ashley was suddenly in an acutely painful position. Because there was something. Something he'd been meaning to ask Kay Wendell about—and hadn't, merely because he'd forgotten it. But it came back now: Randall's use of the term "farfetched" brought it back. Yet if he mentioned it now, it would look very funny to Kay. It would look as though he definitely didn't trust her. As though he figured *she* might be involved in the dirty work. He bent his head to avoid the gaze of those bright green eyes and rubbed his chin as if in deep thought.

"No-o-o," he said at last, feeling his cheeks burning a trifle and hoping that the bright eyes would put that down to the glow from the fire. "I don't think so—do you, Kay?" He raised his head and her violet eyes were fixed on his as eagerly and as transparently as a child's. She said, "The only thing I can think of, Ashley, is about—the possibility I mentioned—of their having stopped to telephone."

"Oh, yes!" Ashley said, blessing her for the thought. He outlined her suggestion to Randall. "And of course if they did stop to report by phone," he concluded, "it might mean that they passed on the number of the yellow car. Would that mean that Miss Wendell might find herself getting some unpleasant attention?"

"It could be, of course," Randall said. "Interesting possibility." He didn't seem much impressed and Ashley wondered why. Then Randall said, "Neither of you touched



COLLIER'S "Now, now, Grogan! Tomorrow morning, when your head is clearer, will I still be a miserable, low-down yellow skunk?" JEFF KEATE

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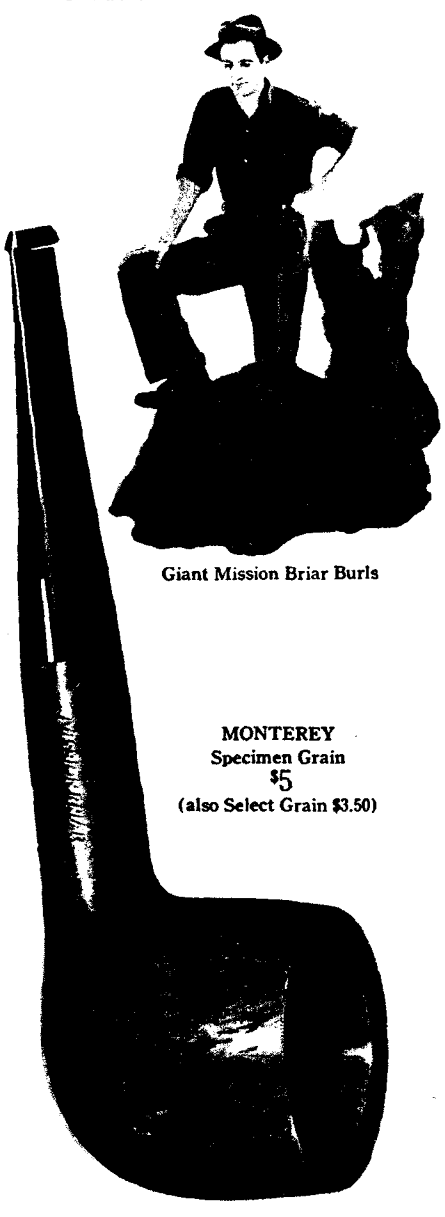

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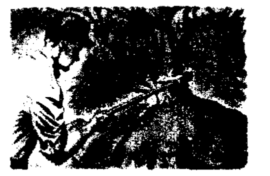

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the body in any way—removed anything from it or from the room before you left?"

Ashley's short explosive laugh was genuine amusement. "I'll say we didn't," he assured Randall. "Except that hat. If you'd seen the way we got out of that room . . ."

"And nothing from the body?" The voice was a delicate probe.

Now Ashley was on sure ground. He met the bright eyes squarely and with pleasure. "Nothing," he said firmly. And added: "Also nothing from the hat—as I'm sure you realize."

Mr. Randall certainly had something on his mind. And just as certainly he wasn't giving any of it away. He remained seated exactly where he was, but his eyes went flicking back and forth like a bright ray from Kay Wendell's face to Ashley's. Then he gave a brief perfunctory sigh and said, "Well, I was afraid you'd both tell me that. Afraid," he added quickly, "that there *wouldn't* be anything else you could recall."

Silence.

"One more thing," Randall said, "I want you both to do me a favor. I realize it may be a hard one to fulfill. Forget that this ever happened—for a few days, anyway. Forget you ever heard of an Evans, and especially forget that you ever heard he might be a government man. I won't go into details, I'll only tell you both that silence for the next few days may be . . . extremely . . . important." His inflection of "extremely" made it more impressive than a much stronger word, Ashley thought—much more impressive than if he'd said "frightfully" or "terribly."

"Glad to promise that," Ashley said, "and I'm sure Miss Wendell will be."

This time it was Kay's eyes which dropped. She raised them again instantly and frankly to Randall's; she said, "I'll promise that from *this moment on,* Mr. Randall—but I was at my sister's house this morning and I'm afraid I did tell my brother-in-law the main outlines of what had happened: you see I was still full of it. I'm sure *he's* very discreet, though . . ."

"That would be Mr. William Arden?"

"Yes."

A LOOK of considerable relief softened Randall's thin face. "I'm sure he is," he said. "And he's the only one? No one else heard what you had to say?"

"No. We were alone in his office, no one else could possibly . . ."

"Fine," said Randall and got to his feet. "I have to talk with him in another connection shortly—we keep an eye on that Hartford plant of his, you know—and I'll impress on him the need for silence. Though I'm sure he realizes it. We . . . it's been very pleasant to meet you both. I hope we can have that drink together under happier circumstances, Rawdon—let's say when the war's over."

"Then there'll be no mention of Miss Wendell in any connection at all?" said Ashley.

"Right. And you're free to start for Florida whenever you please."

Ashley nodded, got up too. He said, "Let me see you to your car, anyway."

They went out together and when they reached the car Randall said: "Come inside and sit down a moment. Warmer inside. . . . Glad you offered to come out here: I was going to ask you to if you hadn't. Thing is this—and this is even more confidential than what I said back there—this talk is strictly between you and me. Right?"

"Right."

"The point about these people perhaps having stopped to telephone is well taken. They could have. But they didn't. We've checked every pay station between the hotel and the point where the car was found: No dice. But Evans' wallet was missing—the one you describe, with a government card in it. It isn't on his body, it isn't in the wrecked car, it isn't on the person of any of the other three, it isn't lying at the scene of the wreck. Granting that there is always some outside possibility which we haven't thought of, I can think of just one probability, which is . . ."

"That there was another man," Ashley hazarded.

"Exactly. Another man who acted as lookout, who never went into the hotel at all, who helped with the body when they came out. Let's say they didn't dare take time to search the body and clothing thoroughly, but they *did* find the wallet. Let's say they slipped that to their fourth partner, *who didn't drive on with them;* let's say they also gave him the news that a man and a girl had been with Evans upstairs and that their yellow car was still standing close by—thank the idiot of a hotel clerk for *that,* of course; let's say, finally, that they told this fourth lug that *they couldn't find Evans' hat.* What's the obvious conclusion—on the part of the fourth man?"

ASHLEY said promptly, "That one of the people in the yellow car had swiped the hat—*and* that whatever they were looking for might be *in* the hat. Right?"

"Exactly. Now as far as I know, I'll tell you frankly, nothing was ever in the hat except Evans' head."

"And mine."

"And yours. . . . But *they* didn't know that, and their confederate, whoever he is and who is presumably still alive and kicking, didn't know it, and presumably he has the yellow car's number—"

"Which he can trace. Hell's fire!" said Ashley.

"Well, I began by resisting his advances, like you said—so he brought me home!"

COLLIER'S MARGARET TRAFFORD

"Which he can *try* to trace. Anyone who calls the Connecticut Motor Vehicle Bureau and tries to trace that number is apt to bump his nose. We've seen to that. *Still* it's an unpleasant angle. . . . Mind you, Rawdon, this is only conjecture. There *may* not have been any fourth man. They *may* have tossed the wallet out the car window into a ditch. Only—why should they do that? The rest of Evans' papers—old receipted bills, couple of old letters, that sort of thing—were stuck away inside the pocket of the man who was in the back seat with him. . . .

"The net of all this is: These boys are not playing for marbles. The minute the boss, whoever he is, whether Number Four or someone else, learns that Man & Girl in Yellow car Swiped Hat, he is going to be damned anxious to interview Man & Girl in Yellow car. So: I want you to be careful, and I want Miss Wendell to be careful. I wish I could tell you the whole story on Evans but I simply cannot . . . not yet. . . . I don't want to alarm Miss Wendell unnecessarily and I certainly don't want you to mention our speculations about a fourth man. I don't know how good she is at keeping her mouth shut. That's why I wanted to talk with you alone. But I do think she ought to be urged to watch her step for the next few days—I hope we'll have this broken by then. . . ."

"I'll scare the daylights out of her," said Ashley grimly, "if she won't promise to be good. What I'm wondering is, shouldn't she get completely away somewhere herself? Here I am bound for Florida with all traces covered; they don't know who *I* am; I don't see how they could ever find out. But Kay—incidentally that car of hers has a Massachusetts license. It just occurred to me."

"What!" Randall's face was suddenly livid.

"Yes."

"Ah," said Randall, "I slipped there, all right. I took it for granted she lived here in Sharon with her sister. . . ."

"No. Boston."

"I'd better get to a phone at once," Randall said. "That's what comes of trying to cover all the bases at once. . . . Well, it may not be too late."

He stepped on the starter, and Ashley opened the door and got out. Randall said, as the motor sputtered and started, "One other thing: You going to drive her up to the sister's place?"

"I hope to tell you—after this talk."

"Arden will probably want to get your version of what happened this morning. Tell him, but don't tell him of this chat we've just had. That, as I said at the outset, is between you and me. . . ."

"I won't forget."

"Also there's this: In case anyone *has* been asking in Massachusetts about Miss Wendell's car number, I think it would be well if she either stayed on at her sister's or went somewhere else than home to Boston for the next few days. You might suggest that to her.

"HERE'S my number." He scribbled on a bit of paper. "You can get me through that at practically any hour of the day or night, if you add the word 'Official' when you give the number. Give me a ring before you leave town and I'll let you know about Massachusetts. I assume Miss Wendell will be at her sister's for tonight, anyway?"

"Oh, yes. I'm sure of that."

"Fine. Well—call me in the morning before you shove off, will you? Or ask her to call me? And I hope you have a pleasant trip. They tell me Miami's jammed this year."

"I don't expect to be there long. Fellow at the Veterans' Hospital there has got a new wrinkle in digging out shrapnel. I'll be seeing you, I hope—and thanks."

They shook hands. Randall drove off and Ashley went back to Kay. She was watching the arch doorway intently, and as he came through it, he saw her relax with relief. He came toward her, grinning, and she made a loud "Whoooo!" of relief through distractingly pursed lips and pretended to fan her face with both hands. He said, "Why all the comedy relief?"

"I feel nervous when you're out of my sight."

"Why, that," Ashley said, "is wonderful. Now I am really making progress. Do you have any other symptoms? Palpitations?"

"Don't be vulgar. I am very thirsty. I could use a brandy and soda and then I want to know what kept you so long."

"And that," said Ashley, motioning to a waiter, "is precisely what you are going to hear, my dear." He ordered drinks from the waiter.

"We were just letting our great minds run over various possibilities in connection with this morning's dirty work. Randall thinks you are very smart to have thought of that telephone angle. He thinks you had better be very, ve-ry careful of yourself for the next few days. He doesn't think I ought to leave you at all."

"Not at *all?* How primitive."

"Shut up. . . . You know, I had a bad minute with him. Don't know whether you noticed it. When he asked whether there was anything else—no matter how farfetched—which either of us could remember."

The limpid gaze on his face was like the brush of violets. "And there was?"

Ashley drew a long breath. "Yes. You're going to be sore but you shouldn't be sore. It had to do with you. It's so *trivial* that I forgot all about it, and I was damned if I was going to mention it to Randall before I'd mentioned it to you. . . ."

SHE had both hands folded under her chin, listening eagerly. Her eyes were very bright. "Ashley!" she said. "I love you! What was it?"

He said, as the waiter came back, "Tell you . . . in a moment." He lit them each another cigarette. The room was nearly empty now. He said, "Remember when the bus driver was just about to shove your car around? I was at the wheel of your car and you were standing between it and the rear of the bus."

"I remember perfectly," said the husky charming voice.

"Well . . it wasn't snowing. But I could have sworn I saw something like a big snowflake fall out of the window where Evans was propped—you were right under it—or out of the sky . . . and I *know* I saw you stoop as if to pick something up."

She caught her breath sharply and then her smooth forehead wrinkled as if she were casting her mind back to that exact instant. Her lips trembled slightly as she tried to compose her face into a smile. "And just why didn't you mention that to Mr. Randall?"

Ashley squirmed mentally. He said, "Why-uh-why . . ."

She laughed as though she were unable to help herself and then put out one hand and touched his. She said, "Ashley, I am rapidly getting so indebted to you I'll never know how to repay you. I think that was sweet . . . not to rouse any evil thoughts in Mr. Randall's mind of that poor Evans man—slipping secret messages out of bus windows to me by the light of the moon. . . ."

Ashley said, smiling too, "But you *did* stoop. . . ."

"I certainly did. And you saw something fall. But it didn't fall out of the window or out of the sky, it fell out of my hand. It was a little white lipstick."

Ashley felt a quick surge of relief which momentarily surprised him. And then the more he thought about it the less satisfied he was with her explanation. Unless he were completely cockeyed his question had upset her a good deal more than it should . . . if she were telling the truth.

(To be continued next week)

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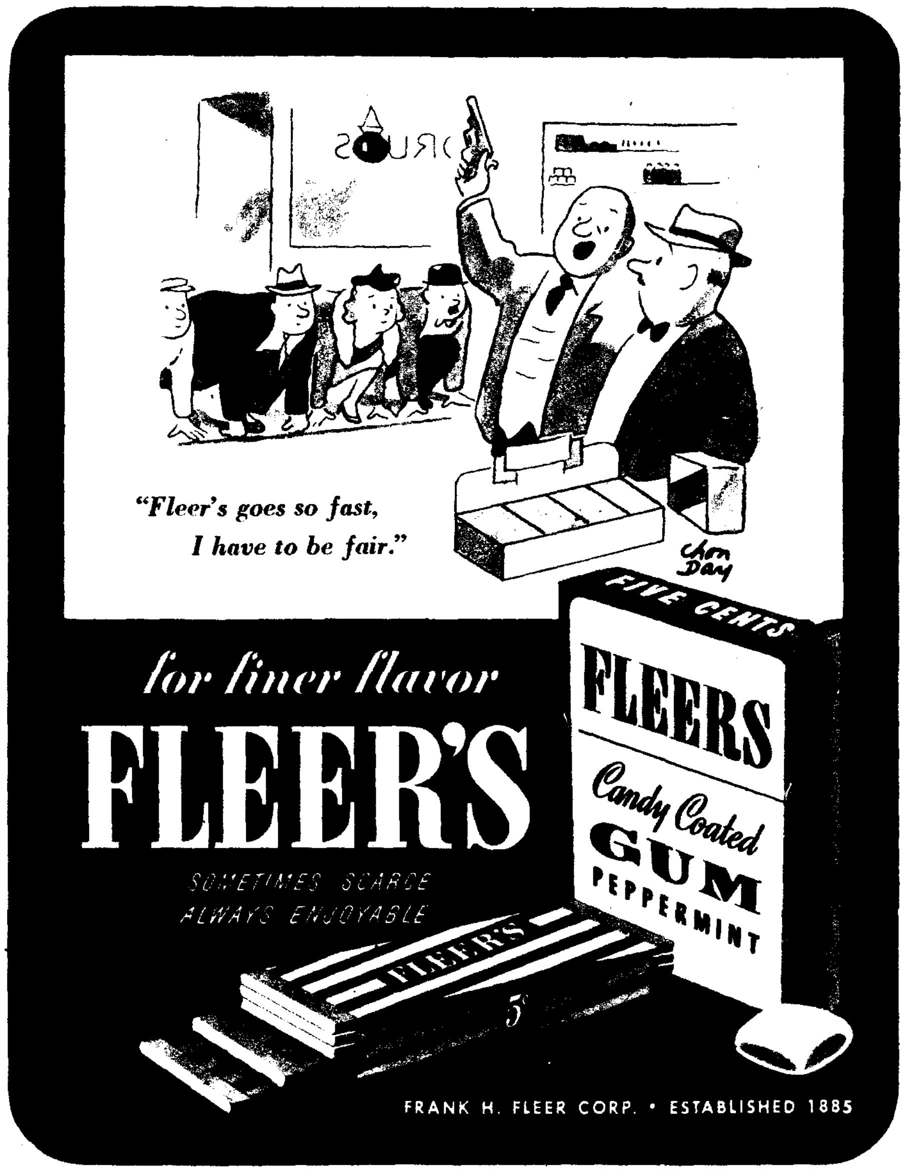

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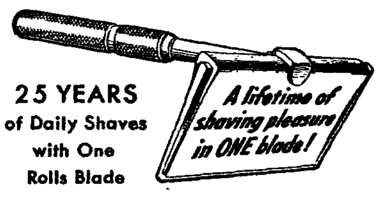
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She Heard Him Say It Twice

Continued from page 15

a man must believe if he is to stay sane and warmhearted. I liked him, so I slipped my pack of cigarettes on the table behind him.

When I got up to go, he said, "You must come back and see us again. It is good to talk to an American and meet the man inside the uniform—if you understand my meaning."

"Glad you said that," I said. "I'd sure like to come back."

"Is that why you brought Helene home?" he asked, but in just the right tone, without any offense.

"Why, no," I said. "First I was just giving her a ride in return for some matches, as simple as that, and then I saw how pretty she was." I felt so much at home that I spread my hands and shrugged a little, the way I'd seen them do it, and said in French, "Well, after that—"

They both laughed, and Helene said, "Come back on Sunday afternoon, in the daytime, and see if you still think the same thing."

I REMEMBERED all that, standing in my jeep in the dark square, with the crowd growing more quiet all around me. Suddenly the band in the center of the company of Senegalese soldiers began to play La Marseillaise, and everyone began to sing. They sang quietly, as though just remembering something they had heard long before, singing a little above the muffled brass.

A few of the people around me were crying and even the two ten-year-olds standing on the flat radiator hood of my jeep stopped their horseplay and stood up straight.

When the crowd reached the line in the song, *"Le jour de gloire est arrivé,"* I joined in. Aside from the stuff I'd been drinking, I felt that I knew all these people because I knew Helene and her father, and their singing had some meaning for me.

Slowly the soldiers began to march forward, and the crowd shifted, parted into an open aisle and then fell in behind the band. It took more than fifteen minutes for the square to empty. I stood there in my jeep watching the long line march off, the kids running alongside the band, the red blossoms on the flamboyant trees lining the road catching the flicker of torchlight.

I know I'm high, I thought, as I began to drive again toward Helene's house, but I'm going to miss these people.

Something had happened in my mind. Everything I saw as I drove—a café, a store, the Chambre de Commerce, everything reminded me of something Helene and I had done or said. When I passed the *Route de la Corniche* and heard the regular wash of waves below, I remembered the Sunday afternoon we had gone swimming there together. . . .

I had come out of the water first and was lying on the hard-packed white sand watching her as she ran up the beach shaking her head a little and lifting her hair away from her ears. She was wearing one of those bits-of-triangle bathing suits, and the way she was put together made all the smooth mathematics of streamlining and airflow seem clumsy.

"You," she said, as she stretched out on the sand near me, "what do you look at like that?"

"You," I said.

"None of that kissing business, now, you."

"Who's talking about kissing?"

"You will be, in just a minute, *et j'y perdrai ma réputation.*" She was smiling a little with an expression that was neither all laughter nor all seriousness. Her eyes had different depths and levels; sometimes—when we talked about the Army or Africa—they were smiling and flat and mildly interested. But other times, like the day I told her about my having grown up an orphan with nobody back home, or when I tried to explain how she and her father had filled something inside of me I never knew I had—then her eyes became darker and deeper, younger and yet older at the same time; and it gave me the feeling that I was seeing deep into an honesty and a feeling that went back through many generations of straight, dark-haired women with understanding, half-humorous eyes under black flyaway brows.

In some ways she was like any good-looking, twenty-year-old American girl who didn't have much time for the whipped-cream kind of fun because she had a technical job all day and kept house for her father most of the remaining time. In other ways, though, she was different. Everything she had been through in France after the Germans came, all the things she would not talk about, even now, gave her a maturity I'd never found in any American girl.

We didn't say anything for a while after that. I spread out my towel and put my head back, keeping my eyes shut against the sun. The machine-gun burst that had chopped me up at Salerno had left, among other things, a tight area through my leg. The sun felt good on it, and I let myself relax, listening to the waves roll in, knowing Helene was there and remembering the night a few months back when we said au revoir at her house. I remembered suddenly thinking: If she should go up those steps and never come back down, I'd lose the most important person and the most important belief in my life.

She was standing on the step above me when I had put my arms around her. She had stiffened a moment with surprise, then relaxed against me.

"Helene," I said, "I can tell you what I'm thinking in plain English or guidebook French. Which do you want?"

As she stood on the step, her eyes were on a level with mine, and I saw a smile begin to crinkle their corners. She put her arms around me and ran her hands up to my shoulders.

"Books never have the right words," she said. "So why talk at all?"

I pulled her toward me so hard I lifted her off the step, and when I kissed that warm and living mouth of hers, the slow, heavy pounding of excitement began in my chest. This was the end of one part of my life and the beginning of another, and I wanted it never to end. . . .

LYING there on the beach, I heard her say, "Pete," very quietly. I squinted against the sun to look up at her. "Pete," she said, shading her eyes under her hand and looking out over the ocean, "where do we go from here?"

"Well," I said, "confidentially, I'm planning to love you and leave you and never give you a second thought."

She threw a handful of sand at me and said, "You!" in French, which made it sound different and more affectionate than the English word.

"I'd like to have a house in Tarascon," I said, "where the streets are full of sunshine and the cellars full of good muscatel. And I'd like to run the vineyard with your father, and a couple times each year go up to Paris on business and have a little fun on the side."

"How about me?" she said. "Where do I come in?"

"You?" I said. "Are you figuring on getting in on this thing, too?"

"You!" she said. "I never know how to answer when you make those American jokes."

We didn't talk for a minute. Then she said, "You don't want to go back home?"

"Sure," I said. "I'd like to visit the States every so often. There are some wonderful places I'd like to show you, but outside of that, I have nothing there."

"You had things hard there?"

"Well," I said, "sort of. Especially during the thirties. I lived in an orphan home, then I went to work loading trucks—when there were trucks to load."

"And school?"

"School?" I said. "Well, I did see some kids going to school. But I figured I was learning some things, too."

"You sound a little bitter."

"No," I said, "I'm not. We all learned something in those days. The country will be better after the war. But like any place—any place that's a free country, I mean—it's not where you are but who you're with."

"Just as simple as that?"

"Yes," I said. "Just as simple as that."

"Pete," Helene said, "how old were you when that accident happened and you lost your family?"

"Nine," I said. "Any more questions? Any little details I can fill in?"

"I'm sorry," she said.

I sat up and said, "No, I am. I'll tell you anything you want to know."

"Well," she said, and then turned to look right at me, "why not tell me about us?"

WHEN I arrived at Helene's house, everybody was talking at the top of his voice. I could hear them as I passed the flamboyant tree in the yard and climbed the dark, winding Moorish staircase. As soon as I opened the door, Helene's father, already holding a glass, sang out: *"Vive les Americains!"*

I sang right back: *"Vive les Allies!"* and everybody clapped and laughed.

The whole crowd in the room hollered, "Vive! Vive!" as Helene came up to meet me. There must have been twenty or thirty people, all pretty tight.

"Hi," I said, *"comment allez-vous?"*

Helene smiled. "So-so. How are you?"

"A toast," Helene's father shouted at her in French. "Get him a glass for a toast, Helene!"

"Oh, Papa," she said. "Let him take his coat off, at least."

"Tell Pop," I said to her in English, "I'll drink that toast out of my hat. This has been a long time coming."

She told him, smiling. He laughed and passed it on to the crowd, and in a minute everybody was hollering happily at me again. Somebody wearing a Cross of Lorraine on his lapel—a De Gaullist from the early days—passed me a bottle of prewar brandy. I knew how rare the stuff was and tried to refuse politely, but Helene's father pushed it into my hands. "Go ahead, Pete, take a drink," he said. "It fortifies the spirit."

So I tilted the bottle back and fortified my spirit.

"Pete," Helene said, "are you drunk?"

"Only a little," I said; "just enough."

"We have a bottle of champagne," she said.

"Save it for the others," I said. "I've been drinking with the fellows. *Beaucoup.*" She gave me one of her quick looks, and I saw by her eyes she knew what I felt like. Thinking about her in the middle of the noisy, celebrating crowd in her house, I suddenly felt the cool chill of loneliness, for I remembered that by tomorrow night at this time I would be gone.

Helene's father came over and put one hand on my arm. He said, slowly, in French, "Pete, you spoke to the colonel, maybe?"

"No," I said, "but I got to the màjor, his right-hand man."

"What kind of a man is he? Does he drink wine?"

"Well," I said, "he has a very military mind. Besides, he has been overseas too long, his promotion is long overdue, and he is Reserve and the colonel is West Point. Altogether he swallows plenty." And maybe, I thought, he'll swallow me if he can't find me when he wants me tonight.

"Papa," Helene said quietly, "what good is there to talk about it?" Her voice was tight and I could sense the tremor under it.

"Take it easy," I said.

"All right," she said. "Fine. You two talk about the major, and I will take it easy."

"You see, Pete," her father said. "See what you have here? She is pretty maybe, but there is a devil inside."

"The kind that screams and kicks," I said.

"And throws dishes. Terrible. You have no idea," he said.

"You two," Helene said, "sometimes you are both like children."

"That champagne," her father said, "we still have it?"

She looked at him for a moment and then said, "I'll see if it's cold."

When she was gone, the little controlled smile came off M. Moussac's face. He spoke in slow, broken English. "She does not cry. She is good."

"Yes," I said, "she is."

"This major, he said no, like that? No reasons?"

"Same old story. But this time I got some reasons."

I DIDN'T think I'd ever forget how it happened. When I had got past the staff sergeant into the major's office, he'd waved his cigar at a chair and said, "Sit down, Crane. What's your trouble?"

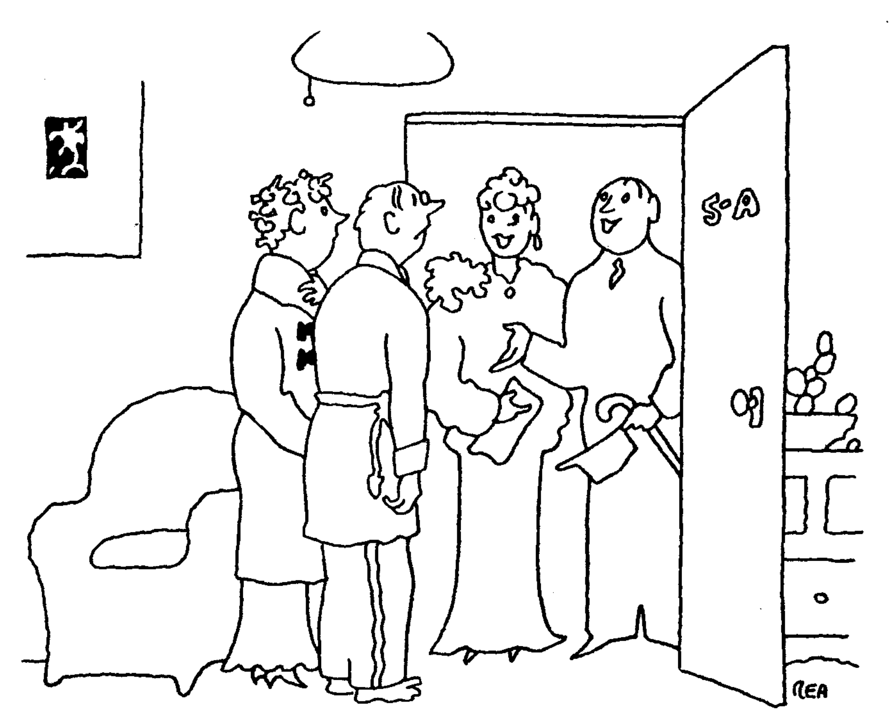
I told him about having requested permission to get married and being turned down by the CO.

"Oh, yes, yes, yes," he said through his teeth and cigar. "Yes, now I remember. That French kid in town. The one you had at the Chambre de Commerce dance."

"That's right."

"Can't say I blame you," the major said heartily. He wanted to show he was disregarding his gold leaf—just talking man to man. But I thought: Here it comes. He's going to use evasive tactics.

"No, Sergeant, I don't think the CO'd change his mind." He picked up some papers on his desk; "Memos, channels—with everybody rolling hell-bent-for-election toward Paris, and me, I have to be stuck here in



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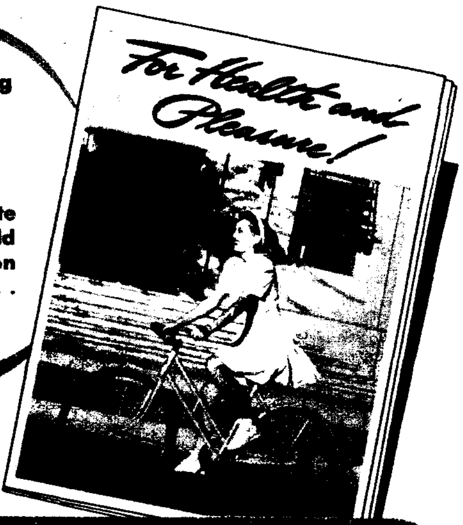
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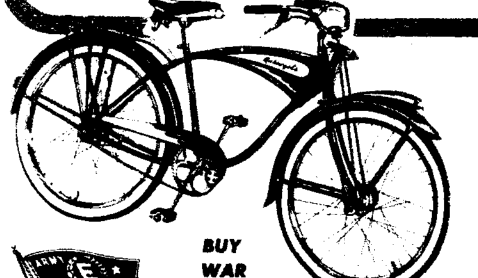

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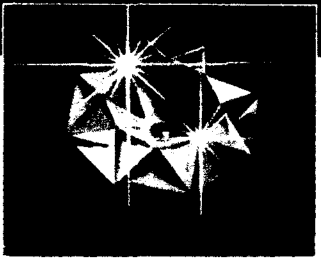

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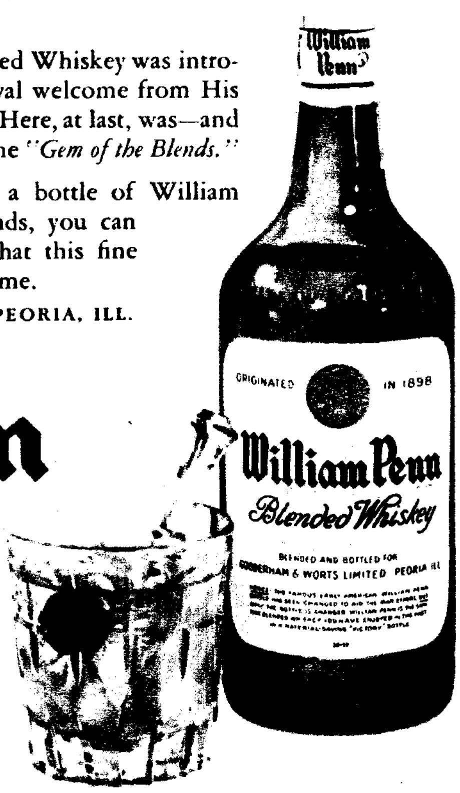
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Africa, moving papers from the 'Incoming' box to the 'Outgoing' box." Evasive tactics.

"Not even if you endorsed it, sir?" I asked.

He signed a paper with a quick scrawl without looking up at me. "Afraid so. The colonel's said yes to four guys before. Each one of them went sour. Now, Sergeant," he said, suddenly looking up at me, "look at it our way for a minute. You know how damn' vulnerable we are at the top! If enough guys got hitched up here, it would probably reach the Old Man in Cairo. Then who's out on a limb—you or me?" He picked up some more papers, but I didn't get up to go.

"This is one marriage that'll work, sir," I said.

"Sergeant," he said, "that's the last cliché I'm willing to hear! You've always impressed me as pretty damn' intelligent." Here it comes, I thought, evasive tactics plus a gas attack. "You ought to know that higher echelons than we decided on this rule for your own protection."

"Major," I said getting up, "you're making a big decision—one of the biggest in my life—on account of some very small personal opinions."

He put his palms flat down on the desk, thumbs gripping the edge. Hell, I thought, here I go, to hell with it all, the whole antihuman machinery.

"This girl and I have known each other for about a year now," I said. "Her father and I are friends. They've been family to me in a way I never knew. I haven't learned much in the last three years, but I've learned this much: It's people like them and what they mean for me that count."

The major didn't say anything for a minute. He was burning, but he was big enough to know it and hold it. He said, "Crane, speaking as a divorced man to one who's never been married, I can tell you you're singing in the wilderness. I've explained one set of reasons to you. Second, the men in this command know the CO's attitude on these foreign marriages, and the situation is under control. To make an exception of you would blow that all to hell. Third, your replacement's here and you're being rotated back to the States; and fourth, you hotheaded, stubborn kid, because I saw you in action in Italy and personally got you your Bronze Star, I'm going to disregard your outburst and order you to go take a good cold shower. So get the hell out of here!"

Now, as I spoke to Helene's father, I remembered it all, but I couldn't begin to explain it to him. Like combat, I thought: If you've never been through it, you'll never know—and if you have, you'll never be able to explain. And always, whether in great fear, or pain, or saying goodby, you learn to follow the road alone.

Helene came back across the room with a bottle wrapped in a napkin, and her father said, "Who knows? Maybe in France we will meet. In Paris, maybe, or Tarascon."

He was being as kind as anybody could be. Tonight the dream, the impossible, crazy half-forgotten dream had come true. Paris was free today, France tomorrow. And in the middle of his joy he was able to stand and talk and feel what I felt for a little while.

"In France!" I said. "We ought to drink to that!"

"Yes," he said. "Such a toast should have *Lachrymae Christi,* but some champagne and perhaps an unshed tear or two of our own will do." He was using fancy language to cover his feelings and he said it smiling, but with enough sadness in his voice to catch me by the throat.

I picked up my glass. "How about you, Helene?" I said. "Aren't you going to join us?"

"No, no," she said. "You two go ahead. I couldn't swallow a thing." And when her father and I touched glasses and said solemnly, "In Paris," she began to cry.

In the back of my mind, I heard somebody yelling "Pete! Hey, Pete!" But nothing registered until I saw Barney come bursting through the door.

"Pete!" he shouted across the room, waving his arms. He looked wild-eyed and out of breath. Everybody stopped to look at him, so I went right over.

"You," I said, "you and Benedict Arnold!"

"Pete, listen," he said swiftly, grabbing my arm. "I got the dope from Robbins. The major wants you toot sweet and walking upright. You'd better make it on the double, 'cause you're walkin' on eggs, pal!"

"Wait for me downstairs, will you, Barney?" I said, and he disappeared.

I started to shake hands around the room, nodding and saying, *"Oui, oui,"* until I reached M. Moussac. He took my hand in both of his and tried to smile.

Helene went out to the steps with me. There was nothing to say; we just held on to each other for a minute, and then I went down the steps.

As I walked toward him, Barney said, "You—you poor bohunk. When it rains, it pours."

"Now what?" I said, feeling weary and empty inside.

"That meeting," he said; "it was strictly sixteen cylinders. The general just radioed for a French-speaking experienced unit to fly up to Bordeaux. The major is going, and he tagged you and me."

"Wait a minute," I said, "wait a minute. . . ."

"That beautiful States-side rotation of yours," he groaned, "gone with the wind. You hadda go learn French."

"Bordeaux," I said, "that's France, southern France, near Tarascon! Out of my way, Barney!"

"Hey!" he shouted, as I raced up the stairs to Helene's house. "Come back here, you crazy fool! We gotta tear! You've already said goodby!"

"Sure," I shouted back. "But only this second one counts!"

THE END

Any Week

Continued from page 4

MEANWHILE, other items of questionable amusement—although we're thankful for our readers' interest—have been arriving from various precincts. Mrs. W. J. Miller, of Robbinsville, New Jersey, sends us a headline from a Trenton newspaper. It states: "Miss Mae Garrett is Married to Pfc. Magyar or U.S. Army." And Mrs. Susie Polsky, of Winnipeg, Manitoba, submits a classified advertisement in which an Ontario gentleman, aged 47, who wishes to correspond with older girl or widow, claims his occupation is "plastered and fruit grower."

IT SEEMS somewhat unreasonable for us to talk about what happened last Christmas on the Admiralty Islands, but you know the mails these days. On behalf of her brother, Stanley Hart, C/M 2/c, USNR, 44th Naval Constr. Bn., Mrs. M. H. Shaw, of Grand Junction, Colo., forwards his account of a makeshift but fairly satisfactory Christmas tree. It had only two lights, but one was red, the other green. The former was filched from a "Rooms" sign over the door of a shabby hotel in Sydney. The latter came from a traffic light in Brisbane. Two truckloads of Seabees were boomeranging down a girl-studded street, Mr. Hart says, and the first one jumped a light. "What's the haste, Mitey?" yelled a cruising gendarme, as he gave chase. The second truck stopped, the driver removed the green bulb from the traffic light and drove on to where the first truck driver and the cop were jawing at each other. After some gabble, the cop was persuaded to return to the scene of the crime. Well, no green bulb, no ticket. As to the tree, Mr. Hart writes that a couple of natives became curious as to why such an arrangement was to be found in the Admiralty Islands. Explaining it, Mr. Hart told them about Santa Claus, his beard, his good giving, his bag of tricks and gifts. "He is often called Saint Nick or Kriss Kringle," Mr. Hart concluded. "Or Uncle Sam," one of the natives added. Fair dinkum. . . . G. W.

There's Always a Last Time

Continued from page 20

a short-term gal, and if I let you go away thinking anything else, I'd be selling you down the river."

"Write me when you change your mind, will you?" His voice was casual, unconcerned.

"No letters, darling," she said, and then he was gone, and she couldn't tell whether he had heard her or not.

It was something new for her, saying goodby while she still liked a guy so much. If he had stayed around another month or so, it would have been all over. This would have been a cinch. As it was, it was the hardest thing she'd ever done in her life. She watched him climb into the plane, long and lean and a little bit awkward. Then she turned and walked away from the gate, her blond head high, and it wasn't until she'd bumped into a hurrying Army officer that she realized that she was blind with tears.

UPSTAIRS in the terminal, she stood still a minute wiping the tears away, and then she went into a restaurant to get a cup of coffee before buffeting the mob on the bus. She bought a magazine and sat up at the counter staring at the clock in the mirror across the way. It was six-ten, and she tried to figure out how she'd kill the evening. Barbie was away for the week end, so the apartment would be empty. She could go home and drink beer and listen to the Pee Wee Russell records Bill had brought her. But that would be maudlin; and certainly not the way to get over a yen for a boy. A date was what she needed, and she wished passionately that she hadn't cut her own telephone wires by letting Bill Parrish monopolize her from that first August night at Delmonico's until this gray day in December when he was off again.

She thought about that first night now, and even in this chilly, drafty spot she could remember the heat of it. She'd been wearing a strapless black net, and her hair was swept up on top of her head. She'd been pouring a beer for a lieutenant in the Merchant Marine when Bill had come in, a bit wilted even in his frosty whites. He'd stood in the doorway a minute, looking around, then he'd walked straight across the room to her. "Draw one, will you, queen?" he'd said.

"Think I'll double that," she'd answered, and they had smiled at each other and kept on smiling even as they drank.

She had liked him then, and in the weeks that followed she had liked him a lot more. She'd saved his corsages and theater-ticket stubs, and the cocktail napkins with "I love you" scribbled in the corner, but all the time she'd been sure it was just another episode. She'd kept on flirting with the boys at Delmonico's, noticing their shoulders and their smiles, just like before; wondering, sometimes, which would be the next guy.

The waitress put her coffee in front of her, and she took a long drink of it. Then she opened her magazine listlessly, oblivious for once to the tantalizing pages of dresses and coats and impossible hats. And she said inside herself: Same old sucker, aren't you, bud?

The door opened and a group of soldiers came in, young, noisy. She hardly saw them, and it wasn't until someone next to her said, "That's the bunch of G.I.s they've just flown back from a concentration camp," that she noticed anything different about them. The painful thinness, the pallor, the tired eyes. They spread themselves around at the tables and the place was loud with them. One boy reached out a long arm with sergeant's stripes on it and put a nickel in the juke box.

"What you got, Joe?" somebody yelled. "Ginny Simms?"

"No-oo," he made two syllables of it. "Dinah Shore."

Ginny listened to them wrangle a while over who was hotter, watching them secretly through the mirror behind the counter. She saw one of the boys go in and telephone; saw him sitting tense in the booth, a smile hovering around his mouth, drumming his fingers, tapping his heels with the music. She watched him suddenly slam the door shut, pour in his nickels and dimes and quarters; saw his mouth move and knew he was talking to his girl.

For a quick stabbing instant, she thought of Bill coming home, of hearing his funny, low voice after many, many months. And then she laughed at herself and wondered how many boys there'd be between now and the end of the war. Dozens of them, she thought, and she picked up her check and started to leave.

The boy they called Joe had moved over to the stool next to hers, and as she brushed by him, he smiled. He looked so weary, and the grin seemed to italicize the dark circles under his eyes, the lines around his mouth. She tried to push past him, but he put out his hand a little as if to restrain her. "Hello," he said to her.

Ginny smiled at him briefly, a little impatiently.

"Gosh, it's nice to look at an American girl. Mind if I sort of stare?"

"I'd just as soon you wouldn't," she said brusquely. He dropped his arm to let her go by, and she felt ashamed of herself.

"Sorry," she told him. "It's just that I look pretty foul right now. You deserve Betty Grable or someone."

He looked at her for a minute. "You'll do," he said. He had a nice deep voice and scrubbed-looking hands. He was big and very young, and Ginny paused, drawn to him now, not wanting to leave. He took his eyes away reluctantly and reached in his pocket for his cigarettes. He gave her one, took one himself and lighted them both.

"You have nice hands," he told her. "Gosh, nail polish looks beautiful! I haven't seen any in a heck of a long time."

Something about him attracted her. His eagerness, perhaps. His complete lack of guile. And she found herself thinking: Here's another one I could go for. Oh, Parrish, you had me all wrong.

"The war hasn't changed you, has it?" She said it softly, with intentional provocativeness.

"I don't know," he said. "I forget how I used to be." He looked in the mirror at himself a long while. Then he looked at her reflection and smiled.

OKAY, chum, she told herself. You were screaming around for a date a minute ago. You've got it.

"I'll tell you," she said. "You used to be a pretty terrific guy. It still goes." Lord, she was an old hand at this sort of thing. He took her hand and squeezed it till it hurt. Then he let it go again.

"Look," he said. "I'm getting a train for Des Moines tomorrow, but tonight is all mine. Want to help me celebrate?"

Ginny pretended to consider it a minute. "I suppose you'd call this a pickup."

"I suppose you would," he said, and he seemed surprised. "Believe it or not, it's the first time for me."

"For me, too," she said and, strictly speaking, it was the truth. One didn't count the boys one picked up more or less legitimately, on trains, at canteens; here and there where they happened to take one's eye. "I don't think a couple of greenhorns could get into too bad a jam, do you?"

He grinned again and went over to say goodby to the boys at his table. They got a cab and whizzed over the bridge to Manhattan, neither of them saying very much on the way. Joe was too busy looking out of the window, eating it all up. Ginny was thinking what a good-looking kid he was, in spite of the jagged scar across his cheek. She was thinking what heaven it was to be proving to herself so soon that Bill wouldn't be the last one.

They were going along 57th Street, and Joe said, "Where'll it be? You name it."

"Let's see. What do you want to do? Eat, drink, listen to music?"

He leaned back in the cab and half closed his eyes. "I don't even have to think to answer that one. I've dreamed it so many times. I'd like to listen to some hot jazz and get very

Right before dinner, Jim said to Ann . . .

Says Jim-

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quietly and thoroughly stoned on Martinis."

"Sounds good," she said. "If you don't mind a lot of smoke and pretty awful gin, I know the place. The Smoke Screen in the Village. It's at Third Street and something."

He told the cab driver, and after a bit of groping they were there. It wasn't much of a place, but the music was so good it caught you up and held you the minute you walked in. They found a table near the band and just sat and gave themselves to it. The piece ended. It didn't taper off; it was simply there one second and the next second it wasn't.

In a little while he said, "Gee, that was nice."

She nodded.

"After that, we don't really need to be introduced. It's like having sweated out a Jerry barrage together. But just for the record, I'm Joe O'Hare. Who are you, beautiful?"

"Ginny Hall." She felt exhilaration spreading in her. Same old thing beginning again. Same old excitement. Then she looked around and she saw the table where she and Bill always sat. For a foolish, sentimental moment, she could see his blond head against the dark wall. His fist beating it out on that table. She shut her mind to it quickly, and all she could see was Joe. She liked what she saw. The good planes of his face; the way his mouth was made.

"What are you thinking about?" he asked her.

"You," she said.

"I mean before you got around to me."

"I was thinking about the guy before you. He had the shiniest eyelashes you ever saw in your life, as if he brushed them a hundred strokes a day, and he had a kind of back-of-me-hand-to-you look on his face all the time. Silly the fragments of a person that stay with you."

"I know," he said. "I try to think about my wife's face, and all I can remember is the way her fingers curl up on the ends and the way her hair looks in the sun."

She felt a small flicker of ridiculous jealousy, and then it went away. What the heck? So he had a wife. At least she'd made it clear to herself that Bill wouldn't be the last. This kid liked her, and she liked him. He'd make a pass at her before the evening was over, and she'd let him. Oh, a slight skirmish for appearance's sake, but she'd let him all right. Their drinks came, and Joe raised his glass.

"To us!" he said.

Ginny lifted hers. "To us!" she repeated softly.

Then the music began again, and they didn't try to talk through it. It wasn't that it was too loud, but it consumed you. It got inside of you and you couldn't tell where you left off and it began.

When it was over, Joe said, "I could get drunk just listening to that stuff. Golly, I'm glad I'm not deaf." He kept looking at her, and he added, "Or blind. Gosh, you're lovely!"

SAME old sweet talk, she thought, and she dropped her eyelashes just enough. "Mine's just a face," she said. "My brother got the looks in our family."

"The heck he did!" Joe answered. Their hands were inches apart on the table, and he moved his until their fingers were just touching. After a while she said, "I'm glad you came home."

"So am I." He said it fervently. "Look," he told her, "that train to Des Moines I was *talking about. I don't have to take it.* No one knows I'm home."

She didn't say anything with her mouth, but with her eyes she gave him the business. Yet strangely enough she was also thinking: This ought to be fun, but somehow it isn't. It's too darned easy. It's moving so fast.

When the music stopped again, she said, "Feel like talking about what went on over there?"

"I haven't until now," he answered her, and then he looked through her and beyond her at a lot of things she couldn't see. When he began to talk, it all came at once. He told her incredible things in a perfectly normal voice. Funny things that the guys had said that made her throat grow tight for all her sophistication. It made her think of Parrish again and of his becoming a part of it; she thought, too, of the wonderful effortlessness of being with him, a feeling she could not quite capture here with Joe.

Eventually, Joe told her about the scar. He and a group of boys had got separated from their division and had found themselves directly behind the German lines. They'd been taken prisoner and sent to a concentration camp, and later, when they were en route to another camp, their train was bombed by the Allies. In the ensuing confusion, a few of them had escaped, and it wasn't until Joe was in a hospital in England that he had any idea how badly the shattered glass from the train window had chewed up his face.

He leaned toward her now, smiling a little, pretending that it didn't matter. "Tell me," he asked her. "Does it look like hell?"

"You're fishing, Sergeant," she told him. "You know it's pretty spectacular." And there was a little edge to her voice, because the feeling persisted that she was out of place here, playing a game that she'd outgrown. "Look, Joe," she said, "we're acting like a pair of sophomores. Your wife—" She fumbled for the right words.

His hand was warm over hers, and she felt rather than heard what he was saying. "Good Lord, I'm crazy about you! You're here. You're real. She's—" He gestured vaguely, and the unfinished sentence hung between them.

SHE wanted to run away from him then. Such a nice guy, she was thinking. Such a heck of a nice guy. All mixed up because he's had a couple of drinks, because he's been lonely too long, because I'm being a stinker. The enormity of what she'd been doing hit her then, and she was suddenly tired to death of the whole business. There'd been so many years of this . . . so many years.

She pushed her hair back from her forehead wearily, and then she began to laugh. "You guys," she said. "You're all so easy. You're all so dumb. A little come-on, and you think any gal's terrific. You make me sick, you're all such utter fools." The look on his face was hard to take, but there was no other way to undo the horrible thing she'd begun.

For a long time he didn't speak, and, when he did, his voice was harsh. "You can say that again." He beckoned to the waiter, then he said, "Let's get out of here."

Standing in the street under the glow of a street light, he looked at her, his hands shoved into his pockets, and he laughed deep in his throat. "I thought you were the swellest gal I'd ever met."

She buttoned her coat collar with cold, trembling fingers. "Well, now you know," she said.

"Yeah," he murmured, and a single syllable had never carried more scorn. He turned away from her and walked down the street. Ginny watched him until he was out of sight. Then she walked over to Fifth and got a cab.

Back in her apartment, she sank onto the couch, and for a while she just lay there with her eyes closed, listening to the small, familiar whir of the electric clock, not thinking of anything at all.

Then slowly and disjointedly her thoughts began to form again, and she thought about tonight, and how much she'd liked the boy at first—maybe because she'd wanted to desperately to like him—and how, later on, that swift and sudden revulsion had risen in her. And why had it happened tonight after all these years? She was remembering all she'd said to Bill at the airport that afternoon, understanding at last her unprecedented candidness, her uncharacteristic solicitude. Because she was cynical and sophisticated, she had simply thought it was an interesting variation on a theme. She hadn't had the wisdom to know that this at last was good and honest and unending.

"Bill Parrish." She spoke his name out loud, and she lay very still a minute, holding this new and wonderful thing close to her—holding it close until it wasn't something new and separate any more, but part of her mind and heart.

She remembered the last words she'd spoken to him and, smiling a little, she walked over to the desk and began the letter to Bill.

THE END

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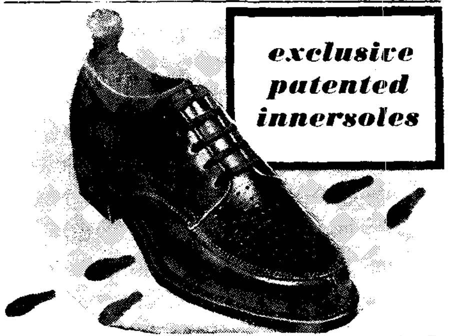

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The Week's Work

Sergeant John Basilone

THE men who wrote the story, Iwo: The Red-Hot Rock (p. 16), not only were there when it happened; they so helped to make it happen. The five co- ithors are Marine Corps combat corre- ondents; that is, regular fighting Marines. fferent from other Marines only in that eir equipment includes portable typewriters well as guns.

With the battle of Iwo still in progress, ollier's editors asked the Marine Corps Di- sion of Public Relations if the combat rrespondents could provide an eyewitness ory. The reply, by radio collect, was this markable account of one of the war's great ents. A sixth Marine produced on-the-spot n-and-ink sketches which illustrate the ory. The five co-authors represent a team. e article, they say, was written in behalf all combat correspondents at Iwo. There ere about thirty correspondents, of whom o were killed.

Collier's request was relayed from New ork to Marine headquarters at Guam. ence to the command ship off Iwo, thence the correspondents on shore. Four corre- ondents—Staff Sergeants David K. Demp- of the Fourth Marine Division, Tony nith of the Fifth, Alvin M. Josephy, Jr., of e Third and Dan Levin of the Fourth ttled down to their typewriters, there on e noisy, trembling beach, using discarded nmunition boxes or whatever they could nd for worktables, and, ignoring the con- nuing battle, they began to produce this infully intimate record of war.

Collier's cannot say where the work of one uthor leaves off and that of another begins. heirs was a joint enterprise. Then from a earl Harbor hospital came the cabled con- ibution of the fifth correspondent, Second ieutenant C. Peter Zurlinden, Jr., who tells hat he saw on D-Day and D-Day plus one, efore he was wounded.

THE sketches made by First Sergeant Harry Daniel Reeks of New Orleans were elivered by ship to Guam, and from there y air to Washington and to Collier's. There eren't any combat correspondents in the st war, only civilian reporters. In this war, ey were a Marine Corps innovation. rigadier General Robert L. Denig, director f Marine Corps Public Relations, started e custom, since adopted in all military anches, of assigning regular enlisted men the task of reporting battle action. Gen- al Denig realized the need for such a group ter Wake Island, where there was not a ngle correspondent to report what had hap- ened. Brief operational dispatches were the nly official information to be had from ake Island.

Now there usually are two correspondents each regiment. They are assigned by the ublic Relations officers to go in with suc- essive assault waves. Each of the five co- thors here previously had experience in ewspaper, magazine or radio work.

You'll notice that Sergeant John Basilone prominently mentioned in the story. He as killed early at Iwo. We reproduce here e Collier's cover of June 24, 1944, showing ergeant Basilone after he received the Congressional Medal of Honor for action at Guadalcanal—the first enlisted Marine to receive it. Basilone could have had a commission and a safe job, if he had wanted it. Instead, he chose action at Iwo.

Major L. A. MacSweeney, who had to do with the supply and equipment phases of the Iwo Jima operation, helped to check and co-ordinate the story.

HANNAH LEES, whose name you have seen often in Collier's (Mothers Without Fathers, p. 19), is completely surrounded by a family of doctors, with a husband, a father, a sister, two sisters-in-law and a brother-in-law all in the medical profession.

She would have been a doctor herself, she says, but for a little difficulty with qualitative chemistry. She writes us: "I thought, when I was a little girl, that I would grow up to be a man and a doctor. A man because I was sure nobody, my mother to the contrary notwithstanding, could possibly go through life being anything as inferior as a female, and a doctor because all the most satisfactory men were doctors. I got over the first idea quite remarkably, but the last still lingers."

During two years at Vassar, Miss Lees says, "the medical urge cropped up again and lasted up to qualitative chemistry. When I couldn't find any of the things that were supposed to be found in chemical compounds, I began to realize I wasn't destined to be a doctor, and I abandoned the sciences for the less exacting arts."

She wrote her first short story during her final college year at the University of Colorado, and shortly after she married—a doctor. They have two children.

"My husband is all but collaborator in everything I write," she says, "but he is too jealous of his professional reputation to let a whisper of it leak out, and also he is too jealous of scientific truth to let me commit one small medical error. . . ." At present her near-collaborator is away—a lieutenant commander in the Pacific. . . .

A. P.

Hannah Lees

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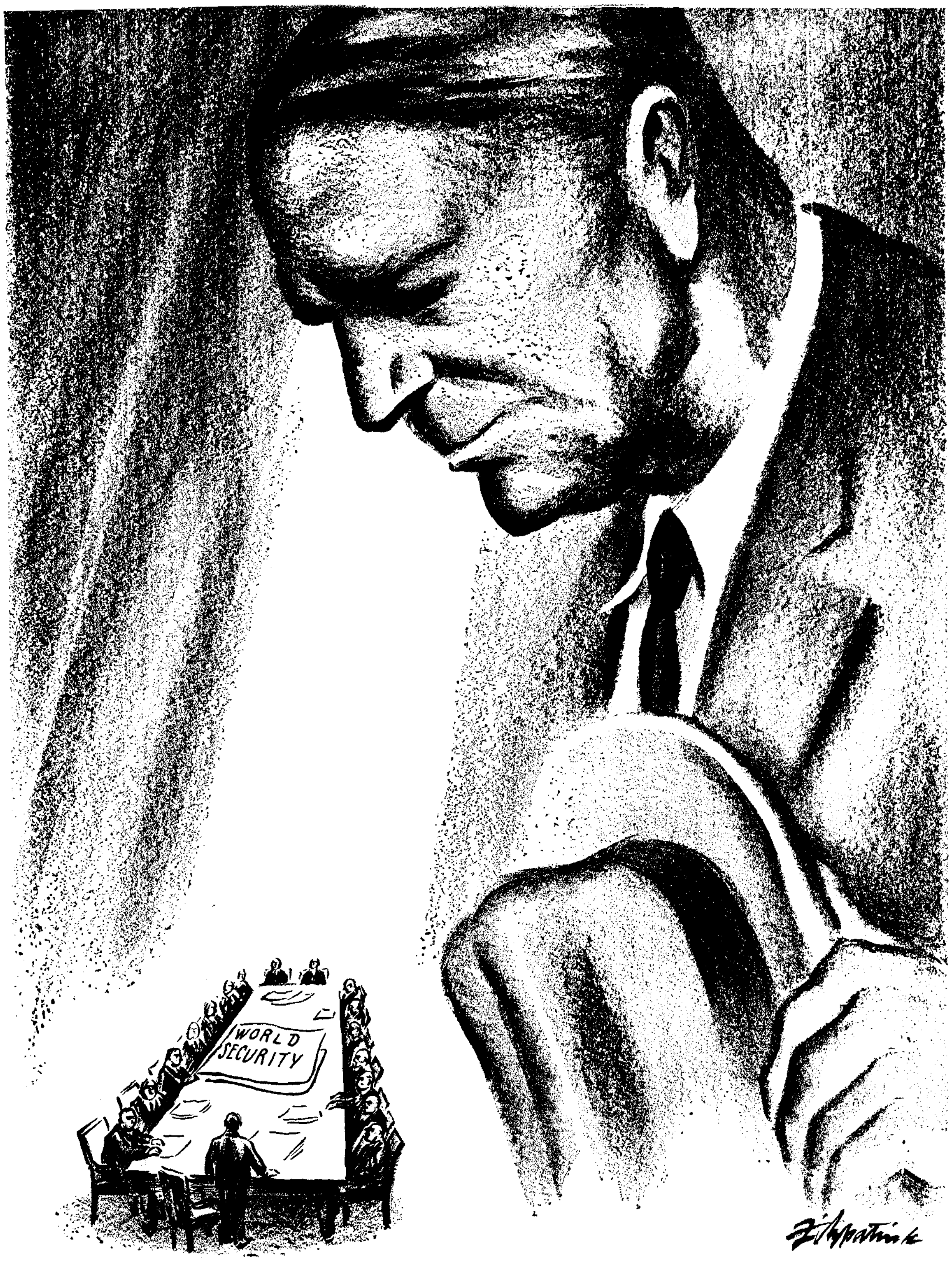

SEARCHLIGHT ON SAN FRANCISCO

THERE is going to be full publicity, according to State Department officials, in connection with the World Security Conference of the United Nations, scheduled to open in San Francisco April 25th. Some 500 press representatives are expected to be on hand to report the conference. The San Francisco opera house, seating 3,500 persons, is likely to be used for the plenary sessions of the conference, and it seems probable that as much of the public as can squeeze into the opera house will be admitted to these sessions.

William D. Wright, of the State Department's central services division, sums it up by saying, "The tendency now is to give people more and more information"—which is why "there is definitely more and more stress being laid on making the conference as public as possible."

Offhand, we can't think of a healthier tendency, as regards either this inter-Allied conference or any of the numerous conferences that will have to be held, as the peace is hammered together and some kind of organization for world safety set up.

As time has run on in this war, it has become apparent to more and more people that the fullest possible publicity on the meetings, plans and decisions of national leaders is indispensable to popular understanding and support of those leaders. Indispensable, that is, in countries which have long been accustomed to freedom of the press, such as the United States, Great Britain and France.

Try to keep these things hidden from the people, and you insult their intelligence; you encourage circulation of horrific rumors about what the nations' leaders are plotting to do to the world; you toss big slabs of rich, red meat to enemy propagandists.

Freedom of the press is not just a privilege granted to magazines and newspapers. It is of the very essence of democracy itself; and when and if it goes, our democracy will go with it.

This doctrine, axiomatic to most of us, is being preached as an excellent doctrine for all the world by such American press leaders as Kent Cooper of the Associated Press and Hugh Baillie of the United Press. We hope they may succeed in selling this doctrine to large areas of the world which haven't bought it yet and don't know what they are missing. Meanwhile, congratulations to the State Department on its decision to keep the San Francisco conference under a searchlight.

COLLIER'S

WILLIAM L. CHENERY Publisher
HENRY LA COSSITT Editor
JOE ALEX MORRIS Managing Editor

HOME-FRONT "HAPPINESS"

YOUR correspondent and some visiting pals were in a night club one evening, shortly before James F. Byrnes blew the midnight whistle on all such places. If said whistle saved any appreciable fuel and power for the war, okay. However, we ran into an officer ashore off one of Admiral "Bull" Halsey's cruisers; and after a while the talk got around to home-front conditions.

"How," this naval fighting man was asked, "does it strike you to come home and find a place like this going full blast, with everybody apparently having a good time while there's a war on?"

"Hell!" was the warrior's reply. "I love it! We get a hatful of the war while we're on duty. What would we want to come home for at all, if all the people were running around in sackcloth sprinkling ashes in their hair, if any? I only hope you folks at home keep plenty of these joints going, and plenty of sports and theaters and saloons in operation, so that I can always count on forgetting the war for a while when I come ashore." Or words to that effect.

The statement seems a good one to pass along for the comfort of numerous earnest souls on the home front who think the home front is having too good a time in the war.

It isn't, of course. How could it, with the great majority of American families worried about members in the services, and every day more families grieving for lost members?

But the home front is able, because of the exuberant productivity of the U.S., to maintain more of the outward trappings of fun than is any other warring nation.

If our Navy acquaintance's views on the subject are shared by most of the service men and women (and we have a strong hunch that they are), then one of the home front's major war duties is to keep itself as bright and cheerful-looking as it can, within unavoidable war limits.

OIL IN THEM THAR SHALES

AS CONSTRUCTIVE a piece of news as we've seen of late was Secretary of the Interior Ickes' recent announcement that the federal Bureau of Mines is going to set up, near Rifle, Colorado, a $1,500,000 plant to test methods of getting petroleum from shale.

The little Colorado town is in a big oil-shale area, with an estimated 48,000,000,000 barrels waiting there to be processed out of the soft, scaly rock. Total U.S. shale-oil reserves are calculated at 92,000,000,000 barrels, or enough to last us 60 years at present rates of consumption.

The Bureau of Mines, too, plans to put up a test plant someday, somewhere, to work on methods of making petroleum from coal, and is already building a laboratory at Bruceton, Pennsylvania, for experiments in making synthetic fuels from coal.

As most of us know, production of petroleum from both shale and coal is eminently feasible. The Germans have made a lot of oil from coal in the present war. Costs in both cases, though, are at present too high to enable shale petroleum or coal petroleum to compete at current market prices with the petroleum that gushes or seeps or is pumped out of the ground.

The job of these government pilot plants will be to try to work out ways of cutting production costs to such an extent that private industry will become interested in shale and coal petroleum production.

Thus, we can hope to kill two birds with one well-aimed stone heaved by the government. We should push further into the future the date of exhaustion of our oil supplies; and we should line up two new sources of oil for the quickest and most efficient utilization in case we get into another war.

Such researches are eminently proper activities for government to undertake, and we think this project deserves applause from all of us.

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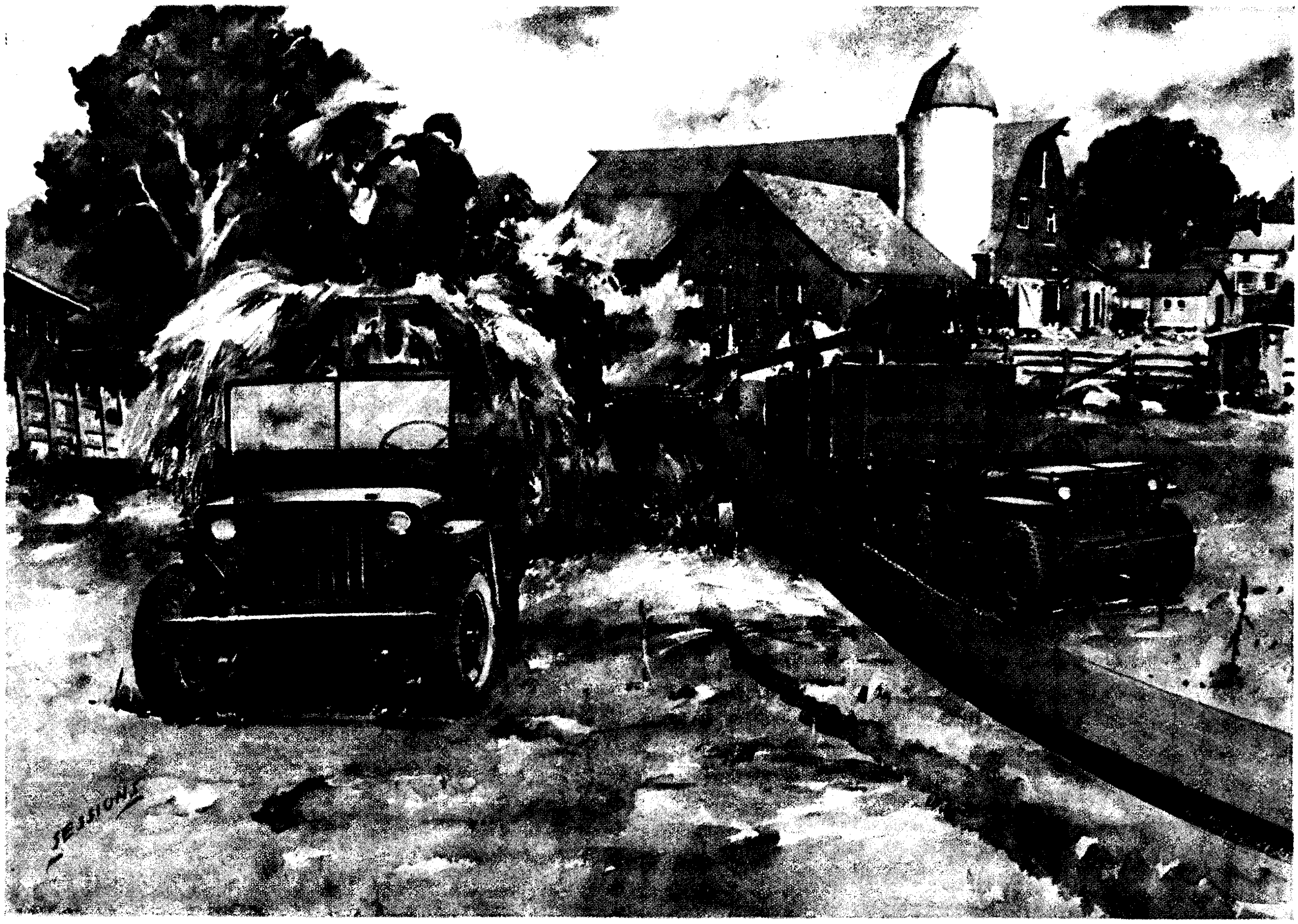

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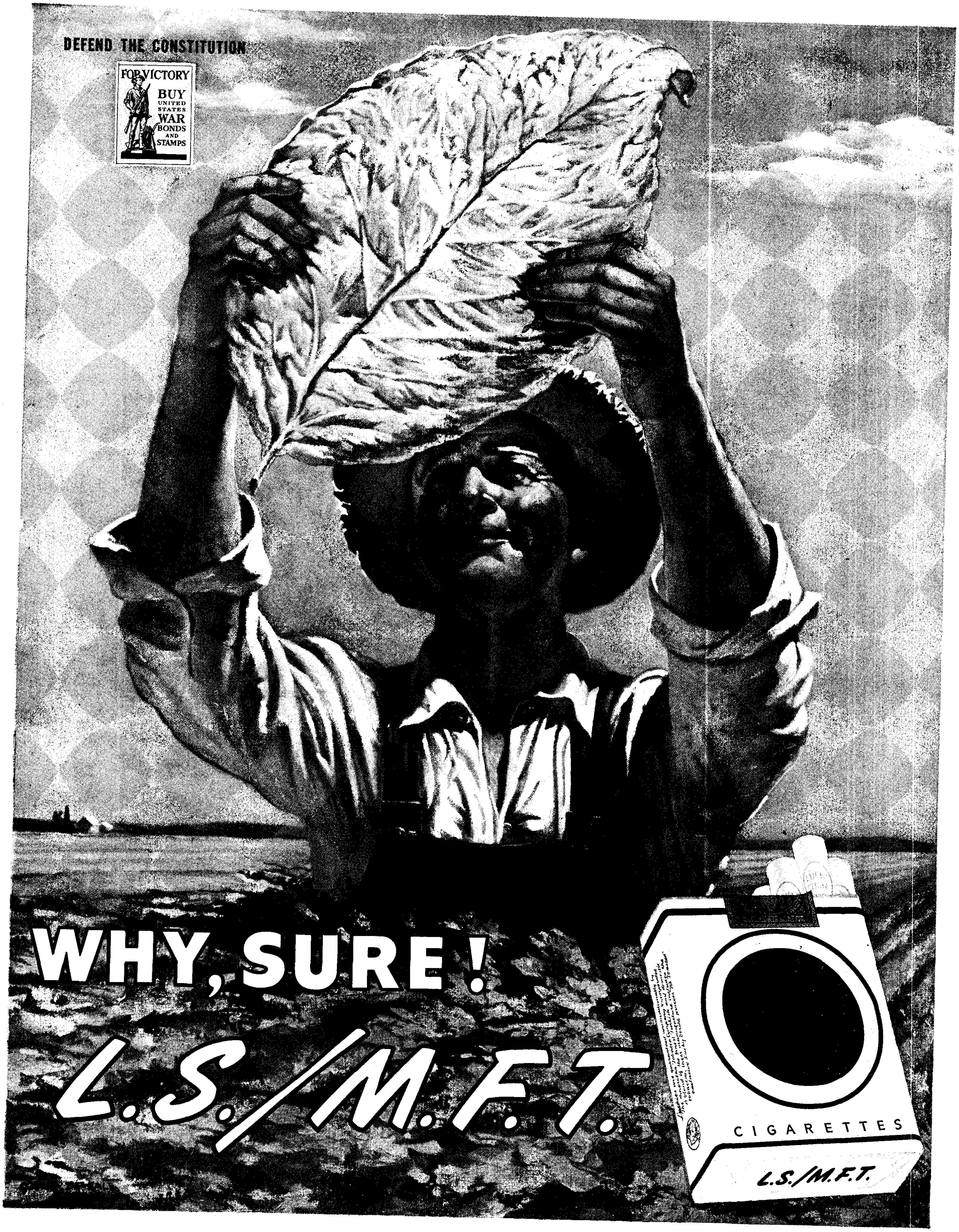
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